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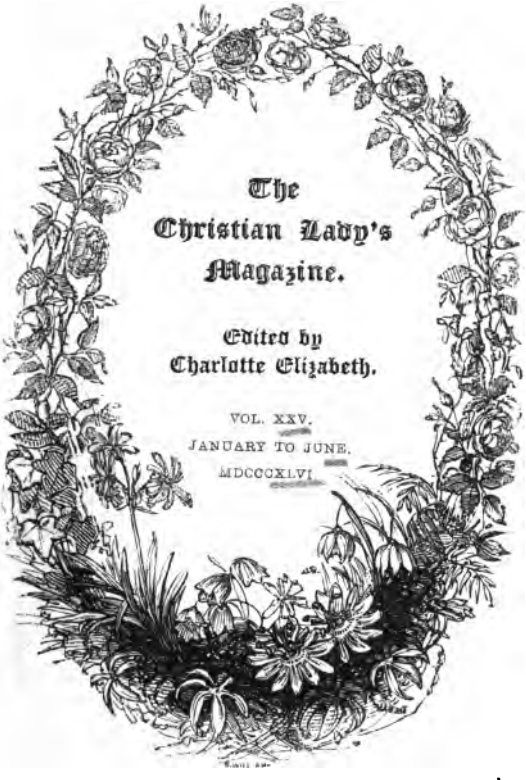

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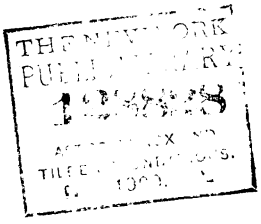
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PREFACE.

In the common order of things, we could scarcely, perhaps, have calculated on completing our present volume with a good hope of continuing the work endeared by more than twelve years' devotion to it. But such is the tender mercy of the Lord; so gentle his dealings, so mild the hand of fatherly chastisement, that by his dear help we not only continue to this day, in the enjoyment of unabated bodily health and cheerfulness of mind, but we feel more strongly than ever the blessed privilege of holding up even so humble and unpretending a banner as the Christian Lady's Magazine, among the ranks of those who are battling for the truth, against multiplying error.

It is recorded among the touching legends of Ireland, that when the followers of Brien the Brave were contending for their liberties and their homes against the Danes, a severe contest had left many wounded among them. On the following day, the host was again called into the field, and the poor maimed sufferers who were unable to support themselves, demanded to be placed, each wounded man between two sound ones; thus going once more into action, and winning with their commanders a brilliant victory ere they died. We often think on this: like the true-hearted Irish, we are loth to quit the field, or to withhold our poor crippled aid from the glorious cause. But protracted suffering induces some feebleness: the mechanical action of writing is exceedingly difficult now; and we call on our dear friends to help us on, by their continued prayers, the blessed effect of which we have so richly experienced; that we may neither faint nor flee, but labour still with untiring devotion; and if such be the Lord's good pleasure, live to behold the coming triumph.

It *is* coming, and even at hand. On every side the clouds are breaking, which so long have veiled the bright future. All is in a state of transition; nothing remains as it was a few years back; and dimly seen, yet

sufficiently so to be identified, the lion-banner of Judah loosens its mighty folds from the bands of many generations, gleaming in the distance, a sure star of hope; of rest to the troubled world. We never closed a volume with more joyous feelings than the present: may the Lord quickly realize every anticipation that is founded on the firm basis of his unchangeable promise!

Whitehall, June, 1846.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1846.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XV.

As no affliction for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; and as it cannot be but that the heart of man will desire to see, if it be God's will, the cup of bitter sorrow removed from before him, we may feel assured that the persecuted people of God hailed with gladness the hope opening upon them when their lawful rulers, the Counts of Toulouse, of Foix, and of Comminges, the Viscount of Bearn, Savary de Mauléon, and others, prepared to assail the invader, and to drive him from his prey. De Montfort was in his turn besieged, in Castelnaudery, and for some time it appeared doubtful whether the day of retribution had not arrived, and deliverance dawned on the afflicted heritage of the Lord; but after some desperate encounters, the persecutor es-

caped this threatening danger, and found himself reinforced by new levies. Still a measure of success attended the union of those who desired to protect their Christian subjects; and Simon found himself driven back from his advanced position, the greater part of the castles which he had captured retaken, his garrisons put to flight, or perishing by the sword that his unprecedented barbarities had whetted against all who followed his banner; and his immense multitude of military auxiliaries dwindled away to a very small band of personal adherents. At the end of the year, such was his position, and such it remained for the next six months; not through any slackening of the pace of those whose feet were ever swift to shed blood; but because it had pleased the bishop of Rome to proclaim a new crusade in Spain, whither a great multitude hastened to wash out their sins in the blood of the Moors.

On this expedition, as being foreign to our subject, we do not dwell; merely pausing to remark, that the exploits performed in Spain were by no means commensurate with the preparations made, and the great demonstration of military strength that the crusaders succeeded in displaying. The most remarkable feature of the campaign was the triumphant massacre of a whole population of innocent and defenceless Jews, in Castile. It seemed as though, wherever a curse could be gathered, Rome must even step out of her regular path to appropriate it; and here, for a little space, the lambs of the Lord's fold were left unmolested, that by a murderous attack on the poor lost sheep of the house of Israel, the daring adversary of the Most High might secure a claim to that awful promise, given respecting the seed of Abraham; "I will curse them that curse thee." In vain did the Spaniards of Castille, at

that time untainted with the desperate spirit of hatred and cruelty afterwards manifested in Spain against the ancient people of God, rally round the Hebrew compatriots whom they had learned by observation and experience to love and respect, as did the Provençals their Albigensic neighbours: their aid was ineffectual, and Jewish blood dyed every garment among the ferocious soldiers of the cross. After this meritorious work, they took their departure, alleging that the climate of Spain became too sultry for them as summer advanced; and returning home they found fresh excitements to retrace their former march under the Count de Montfort.

Military events had indeed been stationary in the south of France, for an unusually long period; but the great wheels of the machinery, the ecclesiastical department, had moved in a singular revolution. We have seen in the case of Fouquet, Bishop of Toulouse, with how fiery, how subtle, and how persevering a zeal the cause of Rome could be maintained by a prelate in what was regarded as the very nest and nucleus of all heresy; and doubtless there were many others equally devoted with himself to that cause: but the Papal policy is to account nothing of friendly intentions, even when borne out by deeds, where others have shown themselves able to render more weighty service. The monks of Citeaux, as we have all along seen, were the great propelling power of the crusade, and their farther services must be secured, under the guise of a recompense for the past; all being made, of course, subservient to the high interests and honour of their holy mother church. To accomplish this, a pretext was made of great lack of zeal and activity among the secular clergy of the invaded provinces; to their supineness were attributed the recent reverses of De Montfort;

and to their indifferentism, the alarming spread of deadly heresies in their respective dioceses. This was enough: all must be sacrificed to the good cause; and as a matter of course the suspected parties were removed, to make room for the righteous brethren of Citeaux. Guy, the famous abbot of Vaux-cernay, obtained the bishopric of Carcassonne, by the resignation (forced, no doubt) of its previous occupant; but Arnold Amalric, the ferocious legate, chief of the order of Citeaux, here outdid himself, and somewhat damaged the cause, by his unscrupulous and unblushing ambition. Not content with the Archbishopric of Narbonne, he contrived, by a very characteristic manœuvre, to add thereto the temporal sovereignty of that rich province: when he fulminated the sentence of excommunication against Raymond VI., instead of naming a successor to the several states, he added a clause, securing each lordship to whosoever should be first to occupy the place. It only remained for him to repair to Narbonne, which he did in the character of Archbishop, and thereon grounded his claim to the entire sovereignty. Only six days elapsed between his assumption of the archiepiscopal dignity, and his demand for homage as the Viscount de Narbonne.

This step exceedingly enraged de Montfort; who, reasonably enough, supposed that his compact with Rome, while it secured to her the blood of the inhabitants, left the land and the gold, no less than the spiritual recompense, to her warrior executioners. A rupture between two such leaders as the Count and the Legate boded no good; and a deeper effect was produced, by convincing some, even of the persecuting party, that these enthusiastic missionaries of Citeaux had somewhat of more tangible value in prospect, while

exercising their vocation to the slaughter of so many thousand innocent fellow-beings, than the canonization with which the Church might perchance some day to crown their memories. The effect was widely felt, and perhaps it was a stroke of policy on the part of Arnold to leave as he did his new-found honours for a while, and volunteer to accompany the crusade into Spain. We can penetrate but a little way the mystery of iniquity in these its dark and long-past workings, but whether more or less be revealed to our gaze, we find it ever the same, ever wily, active, inveterately hostile in its actings against God's truth and people ; but never losing sight of the great object of temporal aggrandisement, whether as a whole, or in its several parts.

The return of midsummer found the devastated provinces but little recovered from the wretched state in which the destroyer had left them. The land, indeed, was but too richly watered with the blood that tended to fertilize it anew ; but hands were lacking to dress the sprouting vine, and where such were found, the hearts that should have cheered them to the work were sad, and heavy, and full of despondency. Too well they knew that the vulture held his perch on their confines ; and that the diversion which had for a short season kept him unaided, would speedily be at an end. The extirmination of such as dared openly to protest against any of Rome's abominations, was, moreover, nearly complete in those territories ; the life and strength-giving faith that had upheld the martyrs was only to be found, scattered and obscured, beneath the low roofs of distant cottages ; and little could be descried beyond the melancholy inertness of a mass who knew themselves doomed to temporal destruction, without enjoying the assured prospect of an inheritance reserved in heaven

for them—the purchase and the gift of the Son of God.

Their anticipations were realized: the monks of Citeaux, inflamed with the new ardour by the substantial marks of gratitude recently conferred on their order, betook themselves to preaching in an enlarged sphere, and with increased vehemence. De Montfort's army was quickly swelled again to its wonted extent; and as he renewed his advance, the intimidated Toulousians were glad to abandon every fortress that they had retaken, saving by flight their own lives. Occasionally the footsteps of the Church of Christ were to be traced again, even over this worn-out track, in vestiges of blood and scorching embers, when some simple country hind, some vine-dresser, or peasant girl, who had been captured by the scouts of the crusading force, had witnessed a good profession, and endured the last fiery trial of a faith that could not fail: but so well had the work been accomplished in the preceding years, that of all the few castles which now dared a show of resistance, two only, those of St. Antonin and of St. Marcel, furnished a tolerable number of victims whom the persecutors could put to death really for the truth's sake which they openly held. Many suffered here. At another place, Boissac, against which he prevailed after a spirited defence, de Montfort could not find a pretext for bringing the charge of heresy against any of its inhabitants: yet to allow them, as then it was his policy to do, to capitulate, without a massacre of some sort, would have been too severe a trial for him: he therefore hit on an expedient scarcely credible in our days. The people of Boissac had been greatly aided in their defence by the willing services of a body of routiers, who happened then to be within their walls, to the number of three

hundred men. These rude soldiers, who knew nothing of controversial matters, and lived merely by the sword, wherever they could find employ, had enabled the garrison not only to hold out so far, but to demand fair terms as the price of a surrender now. The only terms that the ferocious conqueror would grant were these—that the citizens should suddenly rise upon and massacre their unsuspecting and valuable fellow-helpers, the routiers. There was no alternative: the cold calculations of de Montfort were always borne out by the event; and no hope, save for a short and uncertain respite, with a general destruction very certain to follow it, appeared to the wretched citizens. That they were not true christians is evident from the fact of their fulfilling the terms of this infamous contract: that the routiers were not accounted as belonging to the people of Christ is equally evident from the crusaders being willing that any hands but their own should perpetrate the murder.

Toulouse and Montauban were now become the only places of refuge for the terrified people: no other was considered of strength sufficient to withstand the terrible siege of de Montfort, whose natural cruelty and thirst for blood seemed to have received a new stimulus and to rage with tenfold violence, since the defection of the legate, and his subsequent inactivity during the Spanish crusade. So rapid was his advance, and so alarming his successes, that Count Raymond deemed it right to hasten in person to the court of his Sovereign, and brother-in-law, Peter, King of Arragon, to claim as a vassal that Sovereign's aid against an invader who, under pretence of more fully establishing the ecclesiastical supremacy which both the Count and the King acknowledged, was wresting the temporal possessions of the

former from their rightful lord, and bringing the dominions of the latter into subjection to a foreign Prince. For it was de Montfort's care, wheresoever he established his authority, to render every thing French: he issued formal decrees compelling, among other things, all widows and heiresses to marry Frenchmen only, for the space of the next ten years: and thus most effectually extinguishing the pride of those high Provençal houses who had ever gloried in their unsullied descent from the ancient Goths, or from the ancient Romans; thence deriving no small share of that independence which led the most worldly among them to espouse the cause of their humble Christian compatriots against what they regarded as an attempt at foreign temporal usurpation.

We have already seen Peter of Arragon under very favorable circumstances, as encouraging his noble nephew, Raymond Roger, to maintain the cause of his oppressed and persecuted subjects at Carcassonne, and labouring on that injured young man's behalf. He was, indeed, a man of generous mind, and honourable temper; with a cultivated understanding which raised him as far above the credulity of Rome's few honest followers as his high sense of honour did above the cunning craftiness of her many self-interested flatterers. That he was an enlightened man in spiritual things we cannot venture to hope: his name comes down to us as that of a gallant warrior, actuated by the romantic spirit of chivalry, an elegant, but frivolous poet; a king who never willingly or knowingly acquiesced in the oppression of his subjects for conscience' sake; and one who was ready to peril his life in defence of any that he deemed a just cause. Beyond this, we can ascertain nothing: he was greatly misled by habits of

flattering admiration towards women, and by the general laxity then, and alas! now, too characteristic of regal courts. We can only look upon him as a monarch called forth to defend the scattered fragments of the riven Church, to prove how vain was the help of man, when the Lord had permitted the terrible Beast of prophecy to make war with the saints, and for a time to overcome them.

The publication of Simon's tyrannical decrees, issued from Pamiers at the time of Count Raymond's visit to Arragon, greatly tended to the furtherance of his suit. As lord of Beziers and of Carcassonne, de Montfort would have been the subject of Peter, and his first duty was to tender the homage of allegiance to his rightful monarch: but so far from being this, he openly proclaimed himself a liege-man of France, and with eager haste proceeded to supplant whatever savoured of ancient fidelity to the rightful king. Pedro was considered to be in high favour with the Pope, who had always regarded him with peculiar good will, and his intercession was considered powerful enough to cope with the mighty influence of de Montfort at Rome; the more reasonably, as it could be plainly shewn that in his sanguinary progress the latter had made the well-being of the so-called Church a very minor consideration indeed; being intent only on establishing his own authority, and enlarging the kingdom of France, at the expence of a dutiful son of that church, such as Peter of Arragon had always shewn himself to be. No doubt his shutting himself up with a handful of personal adherents to retain a grasp on the conquered Carcassonne, when Innocent himself had sounded the alarm for a crusade beyond the Pyrennees, was kept in view; and the fact that in the last province which he had both

invaded and devastated, Agenois, no taint of heresy had been alleged to prevail, all the inhabitants being professedly Romanists, made exceedingly against the supposed pious devotion of the Count. That any actual compunction visited the papal bosom, for the cruel sufferings of the innocent Albigenses, it would be hard to believe : that any softening of the opposing and self-exalting spirit which warreth against God and his saints took place, would be to suppose that, for a short season, Antichrist forsook his seat on the seven-hilled city. We must refer all these changes and mutations, overruled as they were and are, and always shall be, by the sovereign power of the Most High, to the wisdom that cometh from beneath ; earthly, sensual, devilish : always seeking the pre-eminence, and always thirsting for the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.

One thing more must be kept in view : it appears that Count Raymond had anew placed himself under the unreserved and unlimited control of the Pope : that he had offered a pledge to go to the Holy Land, or whithersoever he might be commanded to go, leaving his son to inherit his possessions, whose unshaken fidelity to the Roman pontificate was doubly guaranteed by the king of Arragon ; and so far from weakening, the plan proposed was calculated to strengthen the power of the Pope ; who could not but feel that with all his wonderful daring, and all his most unrivalled craftiness, he was often made individually of less account by his own creatures than he was willing to admit. In the present instance, he was incited to act a part rarely ventured on by the occupant of Peter's feigned seat, to try the power of a Pope against the spirit of Popery : to raise the voice of the Beast's image against those who gave it life, and motion, and utterance, and at

whose command the world worshipped it. This experiment never yet succeeded ; the sharp reprimands of Innocent III., addressed to the fierce and arrogant prelate of Narbonne, and the other usurped sees, were indeed received with all outward respect : but when the council assembled, which he had commanded them to call together, for the reparation of some of the many scandalous wrongs, perpetrated during the crusades, against such as held allegiance to Rome, and the restoration of the Counts of Toulouse, Béarn, Foix, and other excommunicate lords to their rights, temporal and spiritual, their every decree was in direct defiance alike of the letter and of the spirit of these public instructions. They justified all that was there condemned ; made doubly fast all that they were told to unloose ; renewed their insolent sentences of excommunication ; and, moreover, rendered to the Vatican reasons so satisfactory for these proceedings, by means of that subtle, ever-working machinery that, making Rome its centre, has for many centuries convulsed, and in a great measure governed the whole world, that the wretched puppet of Satanic rule again veered round, and granted a tacit confirmation of all these iniquitous proceedings.

The relation of the war, in a military point of view, becomes at this juncture exceeding interesting ; but with wars and fighting we have nothing to do, except as they bear on the history of the persecuted saints. The king of Arragon, justly exasperated at such double perfidy, no longer hesitated to aid in person the aggrieved lords : he chose out a thousand knights, the flower of his army, long accustomed to battle against the Moors in Spain, and placing himself at their head, joined the forces of the Languedocian nobles, now prepared to give battle to de Montfort, wheresoever he should choos e

his ground. The recruiting brethren of Citeaux were everywhere on the alert; France poured forth her chivalry in bright and terrible legions of mail-clad horsemen, the great strength, in those days, of a hostile force. Squadron after squadron, clad in iron mail, and most formidably armed with every weapon of destruction, while gold and silver, and gorgeous housings in every variety, added to the imposing magnificence of their army, were marshalled on the plains. Seven bishops, in all the harlot pomp and bravery of their apostate Church, had joined to bless, in solemn mockery, the various standards of this embattled host, which numbered in its ranks but too many representatives from every country over which the idol crucifix bore sway: and then, followed by shoals of priestly abettors, they proceeded on the wonted scent of blood. It was truly a fearful war, of man against man; of Papal vassals defending the fair land bequeathed them by their fathers against papal vassals, who sought, on any pretext, to shed their blood, and to despoil them of those possessions. They met near the town of Muret, three miles from Toulouse; de Montfort was victorious, the king of Arragon was slain by some who had bound themselves to fight with none but him; but who, by surrounding and overpowering, succeeded in completing what may well be called a murder. For the rest of the routed host, not one escaped whom the spear of the merciless victor could pierce, or his mailed hands succeed in plunging beneath the waters of the Garonne, which that day ran red with the blood of thousands.

C. E.

THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.

WITH sincere grief, we insert the following sad particulars just made public, of an event that must awaken the sympathy of every Christian among us. The late period at which they reach us, preclude further remark at present. A friendship of many years enables us to testify strongly to the worth of the lamented Bishop: he was a conscientious believer; one who embraced the gospel not in the prospect of any earthly reward, but for the sole love of the truth as it is in Jesus. His subsequent exaltation was as unlooked-for by him, even to the hour in which it was communicated to him, as it would have been extravagantly improbable to any calculator twenty years previously; and though the manner of his death precluded such oral testimony as he might otherwise have borne to the power of that faith and hope which sustained his soul in the last conflict, none who knew him could require such witness: the great day will confirm the assurance that when he took his short passage through the valley of the shadow of death, the rod and the staff of the Shepherd of Israel were his comfort; and in his presence, henceforth, our dear brother dwells for ever.

'I have a very melancholy and painful duty now before me. I write in Mrs. Alexander's name, and my sad information is, that the Bishop is no more. It pleased God to remove him from us, by one of those extraordinary dispensations which so painfully prove how frail

is the tenure by which we hold what is valuable or dear; and I feel that *silent* submission is the proper position for us. We know *who* has acted, but not yet *why* he has acted thus; doubtless, ere long, the vision will speak; at present all seems dark and mysterious.

'I can afford time but for a brief account of this sad event. We (the Bishop, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Alexander, and myself) were on the way to Egypt,—crossing the Desert. We had got as far as a place called Abou-Suwyreh, on Friday, the 21st. Here, for the first time, we had a severe fall of rain during the night; and the next morning the Bishop complained of indisposition, very similar to that from which he suffered at the conclusion of his journey from Damascus to Beyrout, last spring. During the day he gave up his horse and went in the litter on a camel, in which Mrs. Alexander travelled; and on our arrival on Saturday night at a place on the eastern branch of the Nile, just opposite the town of Ras Ovaddi, where we encamped for the night, he seemed very much better—was very cheerful at dinner in my tent—so much so that we all remarked it, and fondly hoped that the next day's rest, to which we all looked with great pleasure, would enable him to make out the remainder of the journey in comfort. But it was otherwise ordered: he had rest, indeed, but not on earth. As soon as dinner was over he retired, and very soon went to bed. Some time after I had retired, I was roused by some exclamations from Mrs. Alexander; I ran instantly into his tent, and saw at once that all was over. We tried all we could think of: applied hot water to the feet, chafed the body, and I even ventured to bind up the arm and got a lancet ready, but it was impossible to make the vein rise, so as to see where it was. I also put a cordial between the lips, but it

produced no movement of the throat. Death had taken place in a moment; and we have since ascertained, by a *post mortem* examination, the cause to have been a rupture of the descending aorta close to the heart.

'The account Mrs. Alexander gives is this:—About an hour or more after she had retired to rest, she was aroused from a sound sleep, by a noise like a stifled groan; she immediately got a light, and saw that the Bishop was lying quite insensible, The rest you know from what I have said above. It was truly a heart-rending scene. In a tent in the wild sandy desert, no medical help at hand, to see the widowed wife and fatherless daughter, bending over the lowly pallet, on which were stretched the lifeless remains! Never shall I forget that harrowing scene, or the fortitude with which so awful a bereavement was endured. I persuaded Mrs. and Miss Alexander to retire; and after waiting an hour, I returned again to the scene of death, and with the assistance of my servant disposed the body as decently as I could, in the bed on which it was lying. About eight o'clock on Sunday morning, the 23d (the death occurred at two), we commenced our sad journey to Cairo, which we reached about one o'clock, A.M. on Monday.

'P.S.—Since writing the above I have seen Mrs. Alexander, who acts with the advice and concurrence of her friends here, in not returning to Jerusalem. I propose, therefore, to convey the remains to Jerusalem, and send the family from thence to join Mrs. Alexander in Cairo, from whence she will proceed at once to England. Deeply do I sympathize with all the excellent Bishop's friends in England. May He who has done this, show us soon, the good He meditates; for

good it must be, through we in our ignorance see it not yet.'

The next appointment rests with the king of Prussia. God grant that he may be moved to break the dreadful bond laid on the first Bishop, who was not permitted to receive into the Protestant Church the poor, conscience-stricken members of the idolatrous Greek system, who, impressed by the word of Gospel truth, desired to renounce their false religion. If this be not done, if the fear of man is thus to prevail over the fear of God, we say from our heart that we believe a curse, and not a blessing, will light upon the work.

THE DAYS OF LAUD.—PART II.

CHAPTER III.

'THE captives are free! the prison doors are thrown open!' exclaimed Camden as he once more rushed into the presence of his sister and his aunt. 'The prison doors are thrown open. The Commons of England have found the key!'

Cuthbert expected to see the smile of joy, the transport of delight rush at once over Lucy's pale face, and in his eagerness to communicate the glad tidings, and to convince Mr. Parnell, that the vengeance which hung over Strafford and Laud, was but a passing cloud on the brightness of England's present political hopes, he forgot the probable effects of a sudden shock, joyous as it was, on his sister's worn and weakened frame. Lucy had been supported through long years of bitter grief, had heard her husband's heavy sentence, and awaited its fearful fulfilment supported by faith, and urged on by strong affection. She had not once sunk beneath her trial, and now Cuthbert knelt beside her, full of grief and consternation, as she lay unconscious alike of joy or sorrow.

'They have killed her too—ye have slain my child!' said Catherine Redford, who felt for her suffering niece the warm love of a parent. 'Why did you mock her with vain hopes, and joys that never come in this bleak world?'

'God forbid! that I should thus cruelly deceive my sister,' said Cuthbert. 'I spoke but the truth. An order has been issued, that those who have been unjustly detained in bonds for conscience' sake, shall immediately regain their liberty—To-morrow morning Wentworth leaves the Fleet.'

'Ay!' said Mrs. Redford bitterly; 'he has a summons from the High Court of heaven, which none can gainsay. But tell me not that a band of churchmen would unite to show mercy to the miserable, or to let the oppressed go free. Did they not send their emissaries to disturb the assembly of the just, who met last Lord's day in Deadman's place, to worship God in fear and trembling? Did they not cast them into the Clink Prison to die there as Mark Wentworth has done? Are they not Prelatists to a man,* and whoever yet saw Prelacy and mercy go hand in hand?'

'The Anabaptists of whom you speak,' said Mr. Parnell, 'were dismissed with a gentle rebuke, though they obstinately persisted in denying the supremacy of the king.'

Neither Cuthbert or Mrs. Redford replied. Lucy's strength and consciousness were returning, and in feeble tones she demanded a confirmation of the tidings she had heard. She listened eagerly while Cuthbert told his tale, and when she no longer doubted that Mark Wentworth would leave his wretched cell, would breathe pure air and see the clear light of day; that she might now minister to his every want, and no jailer should again have power to thrust her from the side of his sick bed, she clasped her hands together, and in words

* "As to their religion they were all members of the Established Church, and almost to a man for episcopal government."—Clarendon quoted by Neale, Vol. ii. p. 313.

inaudible to those who stood around her, poured out her soul in thankfulness to that God who had known her soul in adversities.

Long indeed did the hours of that evening appear to Lucy, and Mr. Parnell, who felt his interest in her sorrows and piety momentarily increasing, was easily persuaded to remain and relieve their length by his conversation and his sympathy. He felt that the Commons, when they opened the doors of those prisons in which the Puritans were confined, did a god-like deed. He saw a quiet and unearthly joy lighting up in Lucy's eye, and when Catherine Redford again told the sufferings of the martyrs of St. Edmond's Bury, he referred with pleasure to the escape of their brethren who had been dismissed without punishment.

'The tyrant Elizabeth would have sent them to the scaffold,' said Catherine Redford.

'Laud would have cut off their ears at the very least,' said Cuthbert, 'but happily his hands are tied. The Church no longer crushes the bodies and the souls of men.'

'The Church,' said Mr. Parnell, 'does not persecute. The laws of the land may be harsh. The bishops in their office as rulers may do unjustly, but blame not the church for their ill deeds.'

'You are right, sir,' said Cuthbert Camden; 'for that which wears the title of Church, and in the name of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, has domineered, anathematized and persecuted, is but the genius of old Rome in a subtle disguise. She stole the white raiment of her holier sister, and again creeping into the seat of dominion which she occupied for ages, has stained that white raiment with deeds of violence which the meek spirit of the Church of England utterly eschews. It matters

not that priests and jesuits were often the victims of this power. It was conceived and brought forth at Rome. It was moulded and fashioned by Romish canons and councils. It is an anti-christian power not "ordained of God." The Star Chamber and Court of High Commission are essentially Romish. This glorious Parliament, which in its first session shall compass the downfal of both, is English—thoroughly English.'

Mr. Parnell continued for some time to indulge in silent meditation. He loved the Church of England with a sort of filial reverence, having embodied in idea her laws and her liturgy, her rulers and her clergy, and then decked this personification with exact proportion, and peerless beauty. He loved the old institutions of his country, and loved not to hear them lightly spoken of. But his had been a life of tranquillity. Harsh laws and cruel rulers had passed him by unscathed. The Shunamite "dwelt among her own people," while the house of Ahab tyrannised on the throne of Israel. So had this son of peace dwelt at ease on his own estate in a distant county, none making him afraid, while some of God's children in the dungeon, and others upon the stormy sea felt the crushing weight of a power they could not resist. He had heard of these things. He had not believed them, at least not in all their fearful reality. Now when he saw Lucy's thin fragile form; when he heard her story of sorrow, and knew that griefs darker still had clouded the youth of the sightless old woman who sat before him, the beauty even of English rule and English system began to darken.

'Your vaunted Parliament,' he said at length, 'has already passed an act which leaves its duration in its own power. It will continue until it is self-dissolved.'

'Without such security,' replied Camden, 'they must

leave all their brightest projects unachieved. The king would not suffer them to sit another month.'

'And should your Pyms and your Seldens be called to give account of the power they have seized,' returned Mr. Parnell, 'into whose hands may it fall? The commons of England may prove as despotic a sovereign, as even yet was found beneath a single diadem.'

'God preserve the lives that England needs!' said Cuthbert. 'And God avert such fearful results to a glorious beginning!'

'Thy kingdom come!' fearlessly ejaculated Mr. Parnell. His prayer best suited the wisdom of threescore years.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY in the morning of the 17th of November, a litter stood before the door of the Fleet prison. A crowd of people had at a still earlier hour collected round this door, anxious to catch a glimpse of the captives as they first came forth into the pure fresh air. Some had remained in bondage for thirteen or fourteen years.* One old man came out crippled with former tortures and sufferings long endured. He was almost blind, and so changed that those who knew him ten years before, scarcely recognized him when the day of his liberation came. The Commons of England wept when they read his petition for their favour. They knew him as the victim of tyranny. We know him best as the father of Archbishop Leighton.

* Neale, Vol. ii.

But the litter stood waiting at the prison-door. Cuthbert and Lucy found their beloved captive still under the influence of a slow fever, and though conscious of their presence, almost incapable of deriving enjoyment from it, or feeling glad of heart when told he was no longer to lie on that hard pallet, never again to pass his solitary night in that dark cell.

'"When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"' said the sufferer, quite forgetting that earthly consolation was offered to him, and clinging only to that spiritual sustenance which had supported his soul when he was alone. Lucy wept bitterly. 'He is too weak, Cuthbert,' she said. 'We cannot move him now, and he will not live another night.'

Mark Wentworth raised his attenuated hand, and passed it fondly over her face, as she bent over him. He scarcely seemed to understand her words, but said in a soothing tone, '"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Lucy, "the Lord is with me," his "rod and his staff they comfort me."'

He lay silent for a few moments, and they thought he slept, but he spoke again as if replying to some conflicting thought, '"Will he plead against me with his great power! No; but he would put strength in me."' (Job xxiii. 6.)

'He will—he will,' said Lucy, kneeling down beside him, and gently raising his head upon her arm. 'He has put strength in thy soul—his own strength, Mark, and He will put strength in thy worn-out frame.' She stopped; her warm tears fell upon his cheek. His wandering mind became collected in an instant; he tried to return her embrace, but failed. 'Surely, my Lucy,' he said, 'you will not mourn that my fetters are

broken, that "this corruptible will put on incorruption." God will be a husband to the widow, Lucy. The city, with the gates of pearl, looks very bright. There is no dark—dark solitude there.' He was beginning to wander again, and Cuthbert Camden, though he feared deliverance had come too late to restore the life which seemed to be fast passing away, was determined if possible to effect his immediate removal that he might not be carried from prison to the grave. He gently drew Lucy from her husband's side, and soon succeeded in making Wentworth conscious that an order for the liberation of the prisoners had indeed been issued.

'I thank my God,' the sufferer said, 'that he has sent deliverance unto his people—that this day has dawned on England—but for me—I have not strength to go.'

'We will take you away. We will carry you home,' said Cuthbert, interrupting him. Everything is prepared. At least you shall not die in this loathsome cell.'

The jailor, whose former insolence had given place to officious civility, attended at once when Camden called him to assist in moving Wentworth. They raised him carefully from his pallet, and the first fresh breeze that had blown upon his face for three years, kept him from swooning as he was borne through the crowd.

The men who carried the litter moved slowly on. Lucy walked by it, watching with her whole soul the varying expression of her husband's face. When it was calm and peaceful she did not speak, but when it told that he was suffering acute pain, she said in a low tone, '"Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call, answer me speedily."' He smiled his reply, and Lucy walked on keeping her silent watch, dreading

almost that death would put an end to her strange delight.

'"I had fainted, she said again. I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in *the land of the living.*"' The last few words she spoke with the peculiar emphasis of trembling hope.

'"Wait on the Lord," replied Mark Wentworth in a feeble tone. "Be of good courage and he shall strengthen thine heart."'

Their converse was suddenly interrupted by Cuthbert Camden desiring the bearers of the litter to turn aside from the road they had been directed to take, for the purpose of avoiding a vast concourse of people who thronged the way from Whitehall to Westminster. The members of both houses were assembling to hold their solemn fast. When Mark Wentworth and Lucy heard why the people were thus gathered together, the conviction that they had not waited on the Lord in vain for themselves or for their country, rushed into both their hearts, and gave to each the strength that each could bear. Mark Wentworth, too weak for deep reflection or earnest looking forward into futurity, was satisfied that the Lord now worked for his people,—that he would, for them, bring to pass his brightest designs,—and thus the tidings which Camden had communicated, made his rest more calmly in God's present care. But Lucy's thoughts were ranging farther. 'The Earl of Strafford and Bishop Laud are impeached,' she reasoned. 'They will be tried for their lives. Will these men who fast and wait before the Lord, put them to death?'

The crimes for which the ex-governor of Ireland deserved such a fate were not clearly defined in Lucy's mind. Of mal-administration in his viceregal office,

and being the evil counsellor of his sovereign, she knew he was accused. That errors such as these were too hardly punished when they brought their perpetrator to the block, Lucy, in the seventeenth century was not fitted clearly to determine. The sins of Bishop Laud had written their malignity on her heart, yet she could hardly believe that men of faith and prayer would "bring down his hoar head to the grave with blood." 'The crimson spot will stain the beauty of their religion in the eyes of all men,' she thought; and then continuing to muse, she said to herself, '"Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, for he is the minister of God to thee for good."' She looked at her husband's emaciated face. She knew he had done that which was good. Whence then was the power that crushed him? She thought again, '"But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." These men who thus assemble to seek the Lord are our rulers now. God grant they may bear the sword with righteousness.'

Again Lucy forgot the rulers and their deep responsibilities. The length of the way had increased her husband's sufferings, and she suffered with him, till she saw him laid, exhausted indeed, but free from the power of the oppressor, on the bed which had been prepared to receive him.

'Thank thy God, girl,' said Mrs. Catherine Redford, when Lucy told the fear that preyed upon her gladness, 'thou wilt be permitted to close his eyes in peace. Thou wilt not see the horrid cap drawn over his blessed face. The crowd staring at thy sorrow. Thou canst

watch him day and night—canst hear his last—last sigh, and lay him in an honourable grave.'

The consolation which her aunt offered did not remove fear from Lucy's mind, but it did enhance in her eyes the value of her present blessing; and through that day and night as a hundred times she adjusted the sufferer's pillows, and taxed her powers of invention to soothe the restlessness which she could not remove, her heart glowed with thankfulness that she was thus allowed to labour, to plan, to weary her own frame, that she might bring repose and relief to his. '"He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind."' (Isaiah xxvii. 8.) she said looking thankfully upwards: for then she had not time to fall upon her knees and give vent to her gratitude.

The morning dawned, and still Mark Wentworth lived. He was quiet. He was able to take some slight refreshment. "'Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee,"' said Lucy: '"Thou saidst, Fear not."' (Lam. iii. 57.)

The next day came. The fever was abated. The intolerable thirst was gone. Lucy hoped and trembled, but she said with a feeling that her confidence would not be vain—'"The living, the living, he shall praise thee as I do this day.'" (Isaiah xxxviii. 19.) The sure but slow progress of amendment had commenced, and Catherine Redford, who could not see the colour returning into Lucy's cheek, yet heard the placid joyousness of her voice, and noticed that her step had grown more light even before Mark Wentworth had known a second week of freedom. Still his recovery was slow indeed, and as the spring advanced, Lucy persuaded her aunt to leave the house in which she had dwelt for so many years, and to

remove with her a few miles beyond the crowded neighbourhood of Westminster.

The little cottage which they selected made up for many wants by the beauty of its quiet situation. Though near London, it seemed beyond the clash of contending parties; and Lucy as she walked by her husband's side, suiting her steps to his enfeebled pace, and watching the buds bursting into new life, felt that a second spring-time had been granted to her existence.

"He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul," is one of the most fearful lessons taught us in the word of God. Our requests are of the earth, earthy; but it was not so with Lucy Wentworth. She had patiently waited the Lord's time; she had meekly drunk her bitter cup, and now it was taken out of her hand. She could say, "Because he hath inclined his ear to me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." Her request was granted, yet her soul prospered and was in health; and she listened with wonder and thankfulness as Mark Wentworth told of the inward support, the deep experience of his Saviour's love which had been granted to him.

'It was in those long dark nights, Lucy,' he said 'when no sound reached my ears, save a groan from some fellow-sufferer in an adjoining cell, when I began to say, "I am cast out of thy sight;—the earth with her bars is about me for ever;"—it was in these moments that I felt the truth of the blessed promise, "And my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and make our abode with him." Sometimes my soul seemed to forget its union with this dying body, and to triumph as in the presence of the Lord.'

'But the fainting flesh was victorious,' said Lucy, 'when we came to bring you from that dismal place!'

'It was my worst, my weakest moment, my own Lucy,' returned Wentworth. 'Death seemed at hand, sometimes even the promises disappeared, and my soul "chose strangling rather than life;" but "the Lord never suffers us to be tempted above that we are able." He made a way to escape.'

THE TOWER OF CONSTANCE.

DURING the atrocious persecution which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and which at length was only stopped by the universal horror it caused among the mass of the French, the tower of Constance always contained within its walls a considerable number of Protestant women. Huddled together in the two rooms of this tower, where air and light could scarcely penetrate, reduced to the coarsest nourishment, and deprived of the most indispensable conveniences of life they saw the whole course of their miserable existence, waste away without hope or consolation.

We cannot describe the situation of these unhappy people clearer than by giving a sketch of it, as traced by an eye-witness, M. de Boufflers, who visited their prison in the year 1768, when the persecution began to slacken.

'I accompanied,' he says, 'M. D. Beauvau in a survey of the coasts of Languedoc. We reached the tower of Constance by Aiguesmortes. We found a jailor at the entrance of the tower, who after leading us up a dark and winding staircase, opened, with dreadful noise, a great door, on which we might fancy we read the inscription of Dante—

'All hope forsake who enter here.'

Colours are wanting to depict a scene to which we were so unaccustomed; it was a hideous but most affecting picture, the interest of which was heightened by disgust. We saw a large round chamber, deprived of air and

light, where fourteen women languished in misery and tears. The governor could scarcely repress his emotion, and, for the first time, doubtless, these poor creatures perceived compassion in a human countenance. I still see them, at his sudden appearance, fall together at his feet, which they drown with their tears, and, attempting to speak, find only sobs. Then, emboldened by our sympathy, they all narrated to us their joint sorrows. Alas! their whole crime was to have been brought up in the religion of Henry IV. The youngest of these martyrs was more than fifty years of age; she was only eight when she was seized, going to hear a sermon with her mother, and the punishment for it still continued.'

Let us pause a moment to give rein to our imagination over this most disproportionate punishment. Forty-two years imprisonment for going to hear a sermon! The criminal only eight years of age at the period of committing the offence! The country where she was imprisoned, and which she was forbidden again to gaze upon, one of the most beautiful in the world! The nation to which she belonged, the liveliest on the face of the earth! What must have been her feelings at eighteen? What at eight-and-forty? I should like a portrait of her; her story touches me. To grow up within sound of the Mediterranean, but never to see it; within reach of the vines and olives of the south, but never to gather a leaf from a tree of any sort, or to feel the blessed influences of earth, and air, and sky! She must have remembered the face of nature, as women remember the face of a father lost in early childhood. It is a vague and shadowy form that affection touches and fills up with its own lines and hues; imperfect it may be and most unlike, but still bright and warm

with reality—with more than reality; for it is an everlasting creation: not an image transmitted by memory, with the light and shade of all earthly things; but a glorious personification of all that is beautiful, and true, and holy in the relationship, safe from cloud or change by season or time. And there was this beloved, this venerated parent, waiting for two-and-forty years outside the prison-door of this poor Frenchwoman, and she, 'fast bound in misery and iron,' cannot cross the threshold.

How precious in the tower of Constance must have been the passages from the Bible, which, no doubt, many of these fourteen women could repeat! That child knew some verses and some hymns most likely. How keenly must they all have fed upon the promises in scripture of protection to those who trust in God, "who will make all things work together for good to those that love him." But how difficult at times must it have been to them to realize the truth of this to their hearts, under their mysterious punishment!

That youngest woman (I cannot forget her) was fifty in 1768, she would then be seventy in 1788. Did she live on to the time when the Most High remembered them?—when He "made inquisition for blood?"—when prince and noble of the land in which she suffered were swept away like chaff before the wind. But we will not pursue such a subject, neither will we afflict ourselves longer about these fourteen poor women, who would all have died a natural death long before this. They have passed away from the theatre of this world, like the Plantagenets, or the Pharaohs, or the giants before the flood. They have finished their course, and "through much tribulation have entered," we trust, "on their rest."

THOUGHTS ON COMING EVENTS.

DID it occur to you that it is not a single person or Pope, who is one of the Antichrists, but the PAPACY? Without entering on the subject of the "many Antichrists," may I say on Rev. xiii. (a most remarkable chapter at this period) that the Power or Potentate on the seat, or throne, given by the dragon, had his whole history in its reverse as to empire, from Dan. vii.; and adds his wound unto death, followed by a long parenthesis (verses 4—10), which delineates the particulars:—first, the object worshipped—*i. e.* the dragon, during both the Pagan and the Papal state of the fourth empire, styled 'the Beast,' also the conduct of its *seventh* head, from the time the 1260 years began till its close. The BEING who is blasphemed, clearly specified, and no less so, those canonized and made occasions of blasphemy, as robbing the one *only* Mediator of his rights.

Verse 7 shows that Providence permitted his prevailing war against the saints of Dan. vii., till Daniel's people shall possess the kingdom. What kingdom? surely that described in Dan. ii. 44, 45.

Verse 8 describes the conduct of those who dwell on the earth of all that empire, which engrossed the territories of its predecessors, and assumed universal supremacy; also the success of his pretensions over all but the ELECTION OF GRACE. For, who besides those re-

ceive the gift of the hearing ear, for v. 9., either as to the reality of that empire's history, or that of its long *papal dynasty* for 1260 years.

Verse 10 predicts his fatal wound, whilst uniting the regular and ecclesiastical authority, and whilst exercising the patient faith of the saints, even as the nation of Israel exercised and exercises the forbearance of the God of Israel.

A fresh vision is noted by verse 11 presenting a scene peculiarly changed. But referring to history, we know that the Roman empire in its pagan state consisted of Western and Eastern divisions, the latter under the conflicting ecclesiastical rule of the patriarch of the professedly Christian Greek Church; the other under that of the Bishop of the professedly Christian Roman Church. This empire, which when united, had an emperor, and when separated two emperors, I think will again be united under one head.

Rev. xvii. describes the woman symbolical of the Roman Church, carried by the seven-headed beast of empire. "It was,—it is not,—it shall ascend out of the bottomless pit, and go into perdition." Rev. xvii. 8, with xx. 20, to the wonder of the same company, the election of grace.

After the seventh head falls, the one who cometh up out of the earth for a short space is the *eighth*, who is nevertheless, only one of the *seven*. In other words, he is the same Beast of Empire with its revived imperial or secular head (in Gog, as I think). He rises (Rev. xiii. 11), not from the sea, the emblem of conflicting Gentile nations, as he had done before (Daniel vii.), but now he rises out of the earth. (This I consider to be the Scripture symbol for the kingdom, which is the subject of the prophecy). Here occurs a curious coin-

cident text, proving the period of his ascent by chap. xi. 7, in connexion with his slaying, in a moral sense, God's two witnesses. It concides with chap. xvii. 8, in that "he ascendeth out of the bottomless pit;" and with his conduct in chap. xiii., which shows his overcoming the saints of Dan. vii. by the image of the seventh head, and by *killing* all who do not worship it.

He is now characterized as in days of youth, by uniting the two persons or kingdoms of the fourth empire, not as before Pagan, but as Christian; yet, though the horns are both those of a Lamb, in outward form, the Beast is, to speak as of yore, like a Dragon. However, he is to exercise all the (secular) power of the first (or chief) BEAST that was before him, and to heal his wound in point of secular power, by making the universal empire bow in *unity* to his ecclesiastical supremacy. He is then characterized by lying wonders; and his subjects "given up to strong delusion *to believe a lie*"—even the lie of the Dragon himself during his rude anti-christian abhorrence of Christ. Therefore in his universally-acknowledged episcopate, you find, I think,

THE ANTI-CHRIST,

and so the mover of the last great tribulation of the saints in his state of ultimate dragon-like perfectness. His designation from that period is,

THE FALSE PROPHET.

He thus becomes the faithful image of the Beast that was killed as the seventh head of the Beast, when he united priestly and regal despotism on earth, in heaven, and in *hades*. Faithful to his lust of power, of riches, of destroying souls, of establishing infidelity and blasphemy, and all abominations of body, and soul, and spirit. I speak not of any *man*, but of the system to which every Pope must agree.

His mark may still be the pre-eminent lie of the worshipped crucifix taking place of the crucified Christ, so striking in all their services, books and buildings. His law of death taking place of Christ's law of life, his influential spiritual power being that of the Dragon; while that of the elect is the all-sustaining power of the Spirit of God and of Christ.

From the moment that the Beast, with his two-horned imperial head, gives life to the image of the former Beast, the seven vials begin their continuing plagues. For on whom will the first be poured? On those who will bear the *mark of the Beast* on the right hand and forehead, and who worship *his image*. Clearly, therefore, wrath will not be poured out till this offence shall have been committed, whatever that mark may be. Will not its being on the *right hand* distinguish it from the existing sign of the cross in baptism, &c. on the forehead? as well as its *abiding* on both during the peculiar period of his reign—*i. e.* the three and half years of the witnesses for God, lying in the street of the city, called Sodom and Egypt. The act of worshipping the *image* of the Beast, cannot take place till the wounded Beast shall be restored as an image of what he had been. Like an image of himself in a mirror, his tyranny over mankind will enforce idolatry—universal in spiritual domination, in power of evil, in the fulness of fixed opposition to Christ Jesus. At first it will pervade his modern empire: the second vial will therefore be poured on those Gentile nations of Christendom which will have one mind, and give their power and strength to the BEAST. In Ezek. xxxviii. we see him in the imperial headship, gathering his kings and bands from all nations of Europe by the aid of the unclean

spirit of Rev. xvii. I often think I perceive his Russian predecessor preparing them.

The Witnesses will be slain then, or just previously. For years I have considered one of them to be, first, the Protestants, in respect of the union of Church and State, through which union they testify *nationally* to the Trinity in Unity, exclusively of all *besides* that is called God and is worshipped. When slain, in that state only individual confessors and martyrs will remain. While those who make war with the Lamb, make havoc in his flock, his scattered sheep wander as (Heb. xi. 36—38.) satisfied with their reward, their names being written in the Book of Life of the Lamb, slain for them. The rest, who had seemed to be living souls, died in the sea, so it became like the blood of a dead one, *all unclean* (see Leviticus)—*i. e.* a professing Church, incapable of worship according to the truth of God, a just judgment on having, like the Jews, rejected Christ.

The other Witness always appeared to me to denote the Jewish Church at the period of its endeavour (Dan. xi.) to establish the vision (of Ezekiel) as a national church in the Holy Land, in expectation of '*the shout of a king*' soon echoing amongst them. But overcome by the lawless king through flattery, their possessions and strongholds being divided among his *warriors*, before he comes to his ignoble end, previously to the real Prince of the Covenant, MICHAEL (*i. e.* one like God,) standing up on behalf of his people; after what is detailed in Ezekiel xxxviii. and xxxix. shall have taken place during the three years and a half of their lying dead (in a moral sense) in the streets (aforesaid).

The third vial pours poison into the artificial fountains of instruction, which are not the Lord's.

Many of the transactions seem to have a sort of rehearsal now, previous to the actual presentation and enactment of them by the personages then to exist, before the Dragon, to complete the purposes of his permitted reign, *so far as to the opening of Christ's mediatorial reign of glory.*

'The Angel of the Waters,' once scripturally pure, before their corruption, gave rise to Protestantism,—when he sees that righteous retribution of God, will glorify Him in and for his righteous vengeance on those who reject his Son's supremacy, His truth, His worship, His salvation, all *known* and *cast away* for a figment of their own imagination. Are we not beginning to follow Rome in this rejection, giving our *mind and strength* to the seventh head of the Beast of empire the fourth, and to his imaginary unity? Do we not thus dishearten Prussia, &c., and the Romanists, who, under a new flash of light in their consciences, are struggling on the continent and in Ireland to give a more scriptural testimony throughout the ranks of blasphemers of every denomination, from East to West, from North to South? Oh! that Protestants were true to God, as real soldiers of Christ Jesus! How the gathering of the kings to the battle might be delayed, like the destruction of Nineveh, that the souls of the existing generation might be safely housed in the garner of God. To return from this digression to the fourth angel, who will pour his vial on the sun: that symbolic source of ecclesiastical light shall scorch its votaries to death by its self-assumed power, presuming to shine on the hierarchy of its own creation, like the sun of the starry system. But it shall be darkened; its moon, or church, shall cease to reflect its lurid light (Matt. xxiv. 29; Luke xxi. 25; Rev. vi. 12, 17) under the fifth vial. Rev. xvi. 8—11.

The seat, or throne of the beast, seems to be shared hereafter by the ecclesiastical power called in Rev. xvi. 13, the "FALSE PROPHET" for the first time; and again in chapter xix. 20, when he will come under the condemnation of God, together with the Beast, or secular eighth head of the fourth empire, when in the fulness of their power and the zenith of this world's glory. Also Rev. xx. 10, when the devil, after being restrained 1000 years, will be loosed and successful in rekindling hatred to God and his saints, in some of all parts of mankind, will finally be cast into that lake of fire, where the Beast and that false prophet shall be already found to have existed. The note of which, as to period and identity of the two parties, may be seen by comparing Rev. xiv. 9—12 with Rev. xiii. 10—17.

The king of Dan. viii. I understand to be Mahomet; his chief scene of action was in the seat of the third empire, eastward to the Holy Land, and southward against the Greek Church.

Afterward an Angel made Daniel understand what should befal his people in the *latter* days. The vision was for *many* days; i. e. not to come to pass for a long time *after* the vision of the eighth chapter, and that of the ninth chapter. The vision which the Angel shewed concerning the *latter* days, places the "VILE PERSON" between two royal enemies of the North and of the South; he conquers the *latter* in Egypt, and this passage of his history seems coincident with part of that in Isaiah xix. He invades the land repeopled with Jews, and under a prince of the covenant; but has no appearance, to my mind, of being a Jew, because he despises the God of his Fathers. (I fancy him to be some Syrian Pasha). He overcomes the Covenant Nation. The King of the North comes against him

with ships and by land. The precursor of Gog is not far from obtaining power in his father-land Magog, near the Caspian Sea, to go over the mountains of Taurus like a whirlwind. He will probably dry up Turkey in his career to overflow the countries. He will trouble the "vile person" in his palaces in the Holy Mountain, where that person will perish without hand. Therefore the "vile person" is not the Antichrist, but a careless Infidel magnifying himself above every God. I thought Ibrahim was "*the raiser of taxes*" before him; (see his character and conduct at the close of Lord Lindsay's travels in the Holy Land). The "vile person" will take no pains for or against Christ; he leaves that trouble to the "false prophet," the spiritual image of the dragon's favourite dynasty *against* Christ. The "vile person" will have no concern in the *western* apostacy or dominion: he heeds not the waning Crescent, nor the foolish apostacy of the Greek empire; an empire revived, that with the Chaldean and Persian, their lives may be prolonged to come together under the crushing stone cut out without hands. See Isaiah ix. 20, 21. In the day described in verses 1—4, the day when the Lord will re-assemble the outcasts of Israel, the tribe of Dan will find that, secure in the promises of the covenant of Abraham, he will not have waited in vain for the salvation of the God of Abraham.

Now, as to Dan, there is something to weigh, (but I cannot do it); if one of his posterity were predicted, it would be in a more individual capacity, than the tenor of Jacob's prophecy admits. He foretold the state of each tribe as a tribe. But, were Gog to prove a descendant of Dan, (I discover it not in Scripture) for Genesis xlix. 16, 17, refers to the tribes, and no descendant is signalized but the Shepherd, the Stone of

Israel (verse 24); and secondly, because that tribe causes its rider or ruler to *fall backward;* not to triumph like Antichrist, till overthrown by the power of the rider on the "*white horse.*"

Scripture never, I think, changes its use of symbols. Ever since, as I believe, the Song of Miriam, the horse and his rider are used to signify the government and its ruler connected with the subject treated of, as were Pharaoh and his princes in the first instance.

In Jeremiah viii. 16, the town of Dan as the north boundary of the land, is that distant spot from whence Palestine will hear the neighing of Gog's invading army, which may well be characterized as *Antichristian,* being led by the secular Antichrist; he the flying serpent, sent forth by the cockatrice, the serpent's brood, who could not be charmed by the charmer to seek salvation, or to restrain their permitted power to hurt God's people.

Alas! one of the most touchingly melancholy passages of Scripture follows: "The harvest is past! the summer is ended! and we are not saved!"—No: two-thirds will be the sinners taken out of the way, that those called righteous may possess the land of promise, being dealt with according to their kinsman Immanuel's blood-bought right of inheritance, and believers in Him being joint-heirs with him by adoption and grace.

Ezekiel xlviii. 1 pictures the fulfilment of "Dan shall judge his people." His will be the first northern allotment, extending from the sea eastward,—though he waits long ages before he sees salvation as one under God's covenant with Abraham and his posterity.

True, Rev. vii. enumerates none of his serpent-like brood as being sealed among the tribes of the Lord, because that tribe was specially condemned for setting up

the accursed thing that spread the idolatry of the golden calf, even to Bethel, continued by the sin of Jeroboam; so as to cause Israel's long, long captivity, so great, so rendering the venom of the Serpent which empoisoned Dan's tribe with idolatry, and by them spread it from the head to the foot of the land in Beersheba.

What a lesson for us now drinking in the honeyed poison through idols, bearing the name of Christ's servants and of his CROSS! what a sting is there! the old symbol of the saving health of God's anointed Son, the serpent of brass was broken in pieces with the cry of "NEHUSHTAN," when made an idol; but the CROSS is still made to receive worship *instead* of Him who bore it to save sinners from God's abhorrence of idolatry, so that he declares, "No idolater shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Oh! for the Spirit who influenced Hezekiah to influence all the rulers of Christendom in 1845.

J. H. H.

[The foregoing extracts are taken, by permission, from a letter that has been in our hands several months —*long* before any one dreamed of the great Autocrat visiting Rome, with the supposed purpose of re-uniting the two divided branches of a Church, idolatrous in both its sections, under the ecclesiastical headship of the Pope. We cannot but note this singular coincidence. —ED.]

"OUR YEARS ARE NUMBERED."

By the Author of "Token of Love to Little Children," &c. &c.

OUR *years are numbered*, is a declaration fraught with solemn importance, and if the truth it conveys were allowed to exert its full influence over our minds, where should we find an individual disposed to waste or fritter away the precious moments of which these years are composed? A love of life is a strong and inherent principle of our nature, and although the life is oft-times clouded by sorrow, blasted with disappointment, afflicted with pain and disease, beset with snares, over-charged with care—yet we cling to it with a fondness increased by every passing year. We cannot bear to be told, far removed as our life *may* be from happiness, that it is in danger, nor that our years are hastening to a close. Even those of us who may have *within*, the sure substance of things hoped for, the clear evidence of things not seen, seldom possess any thing beyond a tranquil acquiescence in that sentence "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And were the solemn passage to be audibly addressed to either of us on this, the first morning of the new year as was delivered to Hananiah of old—"*This* year thou shalt die:" (Jer. xxviii. 16.) we apprehend the sternest amongst us would feel something like awe and sadness at the announcement, and be ready to adopt the prayer of David

—"Spare me a little that I may recover my strength." But He who gave us our being "has determined our days, the *number* of our months are with him, and he has appointed us bounds that we cannot pass." Job xiv. 3. Yes! There *is* an appointed (*or set*) time to man upon the earth. Job vii. 1. And no device of ours, no skill of the Physician, no tenderness of friends, can carry us *one hour* beyond this allotted time. Many have been the efforts to overrule the arrangements of the Most High; but in spite of all, yea in *solemn mocking* of all man's futile schemes, the destined moment has come, and the fond hopes of years descended to the silent tomb!

If instead of wrapping the tattered garment of our mortality, so closely and lovingly about us, we sought more earnestly to clothe ourselves with the robe which is *ever new*, and which so completely shields from the gaze of infinite purity, all the defects and pollutions of our nature, we should be able to listen with the utmost composure to the sentence pronounced on our fallen parents; and whether it were *this* year, or a year *far* future, in which it was to be executed upon *us* we should in the confidence of faith, contemplate the song of heaven—"*Just* and true are *all* thy ways, thou King of saints;" (Rev. xv. 3.) or say, "It is the LORD, let him do as seemeth him good!" FAITH is the only grace that can enable us to look death *calmly* and *steadily* in the face, for by faith we lay hold on our second Adam, who hath brought life and immortality to light, and opened a way through the gloomy portals of the tomb to the regions of unclouded light, and life, and joy! It is faith which deprives death of its sting, robs the grave of its victory, and the judgment of its terror. Faith claims all the promises, and transforms them into glo-

rious and blessed *realities*, it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Faith acts as a telescope to the mind, and enables us to look into the dire future, and assure ourselves that the present disordered state is not an *eternal* one. The Apostle tells us, that "once in the *end of the world* Christ hath appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. . . . And unto them that *look* for him, shall he appear the *second time* without sin unto salvation." We would just observe, that it has been argued by some who oppose the doctrine of the Second Advent, that the term "end of the world," as used by Christ in Matt. xiii. 39, means literally the final destruction of this habitable globe; but if such persons would carefully compare scripture with scripture, they would find their conclusions were not sanctioned by analogy. We have in this sentence of St. Paul's, which we have just quoted, the very sentence "end of the world," and in such a connection, that no person could possibly say that it referred to the breaking up of this mighty fabric; if then the term used by St. Paul *must* be understood as referring to the *age* or *dispensation*, why should not the one used by the Saviour? and then one of the great barriers to a belief in the Second Advent and a FIRST resurrection would be done away! But it is not our intention to meet the objections which are raised on this, to us enchanting subject, but merely to offer a few remarks in accordance with it, and suitable to the solemn season to which we are now brought, and which we trust will not be deemed unconnected with the sentence at the head of this article.

All theoretically acknowledge that man has lost the image of his Maker in which he was first created! The one simple law of obedience was violated, where-

upon the sceptre of authority by which he had been invested, fell from his trembling hand, and the crown of dominion was struck from his rebel brow! He lost also at the same moment the *moral* and *intellectual* likeness of his Creator. This formed the climax of his misery, and gave to Satan his *fullest triumph!* For a moment at least this foul fiend must have felt himself a conqueror, not only over those he had seduced but almost over him who had created them. The MERCY of the Deity was an unknown attribute to him, and little did he dream of that goodly fabric to be raised from the ruins he was contemplating with such hellish triumph. Short indeed was his bold shout of victory. But oh! can we look back without experiencing the most poignant sorrow and burning shame? If we *can* we are not yet prepared to contemplate the recovery with gratitude and love. Yet surely every chord of our hearts should deeply vibrate with these hallowed feelings when we read the thrilling sentence "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." This promise, sublime in its very indistinctness, *has been* accomplished, the head *has been bruised*, and will ere long be CRUSHED! Oh, the wonders of redemption! Can we not sympathize with the Apostle's feelings when he exclaimed "Great is the mystery of godliness."

Obscure as was the *first* entry of the woman's seed into our world, we find it did not pass altogether unnoticed. Shepherds listen to *angel's* songs—wise men from the East are guided by a new and beauteous star—Joseph has nocturnal communications with the heavenly world—while Herod and all Jerusalem are *troubled* at the report of a new born king, and in madness resolve to destroy him who came to *save!* The reckless mandate is issued, and Bethlehem and its coast are deluged

with innocent blood, but JESUS is not destroyed! Let us follow him into the temple and listen to other attestations to his Divine and sacrificial character. Simeon takes him in his aged arms, blesses God and says, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have *seen thy salvation.*" Then comes the devout Anna, and "gave thanks likewise to all that looked for REDEMPTION in Israel." Groaning under a foreign yoke as the Jews then were, we cannot but imagine, that all who were acquainted with their ancient Prophets *did look* for redemption; we may therefore justly wonder at the apathy with which they regarded this *great*, though mean One, of whom such marvels had been spoken! REDEMPTION to those enslaved, is more than a magic word, and yet when ZION'S DELIVERER came, she treated him with the vilest contempt, and like a maniac as she was, hugged her chains about her, and shouted "We have no king but Ceasar." This, we are ready enough to acknowledge was the perfection of folly and wickedness; but do we not in this enlightened age, act over again the same soul-destroying tragedy? We profess to look for redemption, but *reject* the Redeemer, at least in his promised *kingly* character, as entirely as the Jews rejected him in his sacrificial one; and yet the time for *looking* for redemption is hastily drawing to a *close!* *Soon*, instead of the sentence "our years are numbered," will be shouted from the vaunted arches of the universe "*The year of my Redeemed is come.*" Gather my saints together; call to the scattered members of my Mystical Bride, that her Lord is ready to consummate her espousals! Oh our God, what wonders will THIS year witness?

The *true* believer with such prospects before him, ascends his watch tower, and with faith as his telescope

gazes with *intense* delight on those promises, which like so many stars of peerless lustre sparkle in the prophetic hemisphere. Promises which, though grand and marvellous in their character, he *knows* are *sure* and *certain* in their accomplishment! *Now*, he says to himself, the ungodly prosper, the wicked are in power, the enemies of the Lord triumph, but years are rapidly revolving, and they bring near the appointed time when the REDEEMER of our purchased possession shall appear, and the saints be given that kingdom which they are to possess for ever and ever. Dan. vii. 21, 27.

It is *this time*, dear readers, towards which *all* the promises converge, and the nearer they approach thereto, the fuller and more glorious they are. Is it not then strange that we should so lose sight of their *import*, and the *near* approach of their fulfilment? A *spiritual* and *invisible* reign could never answer to those sublime descriptions drawn by the pen of inspiration under the Old Testament dispensation any more than could the Advent of his humiliation at its close. Oh no, Christ *must* come in *visible* pomp and glory, to reign over his redeemed Church in *this world*, in which he was insulted, despised, forsaken, condemned, and *crucified!* The saints too *must triumph on the earth*, where even their name was cast out as evil; where some of them wandered in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, (Heb. xi. 37—40.) and others tortured, not accepting deliverance. In the anticipation of this great event, these worthies with an innumerable company of others, are now shouting that song of triumph which we shall ere long see realized, "And hast made us unto God kings and priests, and *we shall reign on the earth*."

Hence the blessing pronounced by Jesus in his Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v. 5), which must really be

without meaning to those who reject this precious doctrine, for surely it requires no metaphysical reasoning to prove, that the saints do *not inherit* the earth *now!* Sir Isaac Newton says, 'there is scarce a prophecy in the Old Testament concerning Christ which doth not in something or other relate to his *second* coming.' Isaiah launches out in all the majesty of his lofty strain on the dignity and glory of Zion's King, and looking forward to his appearing, calls upon the widowed, the desolate Zion, to awake and arise. "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem. Arise! shine, for thy light is come"—a light which shall never again suffer an eclipse, but continue to shed unsullied and undiminished brightness over all the countless number of the redeemed! The *exact* time when this BRIGHT LIGHT—this day-star—yea, this SUN of righteousness shall arise, we know not; but if we prayerfully study the prophetic Word, as well as the *signs of the times*, we shall be delivered from much of that *criminal* indifference which is everywhere now so palpably manifest. And why should we not study the prophetic word? "All scripture is given by inspiration of God," says Paul, and in his defence before Agrippa, he boldly asks, "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets?" It was therefore *not* wrong in the apostle's time to study the prophetic word, for it was touching the *resurrection of the dead*, an event then, as well as now, *future*, or unfulfilled, of which he was accused (Acts xxvi.), and yet he not only proposes the question, but answers it, "*I know that thou believest.*" Would that the same answer could be given with regard to this professedly Christian country, and that we were all, from the monarch to the meanest peasant, deeply impressed with the *literal* truth, as well as the grandeur

of the prophets, but, alas! there is, as St. Peter tells us, a willing ignorance on this subject; and, what is still more to be deplored, *some* boast of this very ignorance as a proof of humility, in not wishing to pry into the secrets of the Most High! but if *this* is right, why was St. John so particularly told *not to seal* or make *private* the sublime prophecy of the Revelation? and at the commencement of the vision, a blessing was pronounced on those who should read, and hear the prophecy, and keep, or study those things which are written therein. Rev. i. 3; xxii. 10.

The fact is, we are so blinded by custom, that the mind seems bewildered in contemplating a state of things so totally different from all our preconceived notions: hence the difficulty of realizing those mighty wonders which are spoken of in connexion with the revelation of our King, even Jesus. Even the disciples themselves, before the *departure* of their Master, and consequent outpouring of the Spirit, had very confused ideas of *both* advents; it was therefore expedient for them in every sense of the word that Christ should "*go away.*" They had been in such close and intimate intercourse with his *humanity.* They had seen him so completely *one* with themselves, wearied as they were—hungering as they did—sharing their poverty, and partaking of their sorrows, that it was more than difficult for them to pierce the veil, which concealed his divinity, and moreover to look forward to a time when their lowly Master should appear as *King!* But when the Redeemer had withdrawn himself from them, their minds were at liberty to follow their invisible guide; and accordingly, we soon find they form more correct ideas as to the efficacy of his *first* advent, and the nature of his second. We see this beautifully exemplified in Peter's first ser-

mon, recorded in Acts iii. 20, of which he tells his audience, that the heavens had received Jesus *until* the times of restitution of all things. And if we examine and compare the following passages, we shall find that this restitution of all things or, in other words, the coming of Christ in his day, is dwelt on by all the *New* Testament writers, as well as the Old; indeed, it is the one bright spot on which, in the eternity before us, the eye is taught to rest—Luke xii. 36; 1 Cor. xv. 49—53; Phil. iii. 20, 21; Col. iii. 4; Heb. ix. 28; 1 Thess. i. 9, 10; iv. 14—17; 2 Thess. iii. 5; 1 John iii. 5: with many, many others which we have not space or time to cite, most of which speak of an advent more glorious than can possibly be conceived of by those who are still shrouded with humanity. But beyond our comprehension as it may be, do not let us reject its reality. *He will come*, verifying all the sublime and majestic descriptions of him as recorded in both Testaments! *He will come*, and the earth shall tremble, and the mountains shake! *He will come*, and the graves shall be burst open, and the thundering voice be heard. "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment!" *He will come*, and while the *saints*, quietly sleeping in their graves, shall be raised, the wicked found on the earth shall be destroyed! Awful destruction! *He will come*, and the saints shall be put in possession of the kingdom prepared for them from before the foundation of the world. (Matt. xxv. 34.) *He will come*, and added to his many crowns receive yet one—the crown of all the earth! *He will come*, and the joyful acclamation shall resound from earth and from heaven,—"Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

This is *the coming* which the Jews looked for first, and so were disappointed. Oh, that as a nation we may

learn wisdom from them, and prepare to meet him! *None* can be prepared to share his throne who have not been cleansed in his blood. Profession will not do: we must have the "*earnest*" (as St. Paul calls the *Spirit*) of our future greatness and bliss *in our hearts* now. And are these things so? How is it then that *time* is wasted, mercies slighted, invitations rejected?

How is it that all the tinsel and glare of this life attracts our attention, and excites our desires, and sometimes, alas! our envy, while the hope set before us in the gospel of crowns of glory, sceptres of royalty, robes of state, and thrones of dominion, fall on the heart without producing any emotion? Earth worms indeed we must be, *of the earth earthy*, loving earth, content with earth, while all the glories of eternity are courting our attention! O Lord, how long shall even *thy* children grasp at toys, forgetful of the substance? How long shall they toil and labour to load themselves with thick clay to the neglect of that true wealth which Christ has purchased for them, and which is *reserved in heaven* till the day of His revelation. Had our rich inheritance been left in our *own* possession, there is too much reason to fear that Esau-like we should have despised it, and for some mess of pottage—some fancied good—have sold our birth-right! Happy for us that during our time of training, it is beyond our reach, when the day of possession actually arrives, our senses will be better exercised to discern good and evil. There will be no danger then of squandering our patrimony, or forfeiting our inheritance,—all probability of failure will be done away,—every *trace* of imperfection be removed, and even our worst enemy now be at an *impassable* distance. Ought we not then to long for this *full* redemption; and instead of being startled by the sen-

tence—"Our years are numbered," should we not rejoice, knowing that every day and years' delay was keeping us from our CHIEF GOOD, our true glory?

As the greatness to which we are to be exalted is so vast, we need some substantial pledge to encourage our hope and confirm our faith; in pity to our weakness, God has given *the Spirit* to assure us thereof. (See 2 Cor. i. 22; v. 5. Eph. iv. 30. Rom. viii. 23.) We know that in earthly transactions parties making *large* purchases lay down a part of the money as a pledge for the remainder, or give a bond as security for the whole, —so Christ having made the purchase for us, gives his Spirit as the earnest that *all* will eventually be ours; and a blessed earnest it is to those who have received it. The possessor of this sweet boon may be in poverty *now*, but it speaks to him of riches: he may be loaded with contempt now, but it assures him of *honours* which the breath of calumny cannot taint: he may be subject to pain and suffering now, but it tells him of ease and comfort anon. He may dread death, and yet be daily expecting his approach now; but oh, with more than seraph sweetness does this dear pledge sing to him of *life*, and light, and joy, and peace in his Redeemer's kingdom! Happy saint! Never mind the worn and tattered state of thy earthly covering: *the Spirit* tells thee "that when the earthly house of thy tabernacle shall be dissolved, those shall have a building with God, a house *not* made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Should this then be the year of your dismissal, faint not at the swellings of Jordan. Your High Priest will go before you, and conduct you safely to the other side, where in all the eagerness of fond and tender love he will welcome you to his presence to rest yet a *little* while till the number of his elect be complete, and then

he will bring you *with* him to join in his triumph and share his dignity! How, ye suffering ones, will your trials then appear? more insignificant than the bursting bubble on the rippling stream.

> Haste then, and wheel away a shattered world,
> Ye slow revolving seasons.

We pine not at your flight, for we know that we shall have anxiety, pain, and care *till he come*, but *everlasting* joy and gladness at his appearing. Let us then, through the bars of our prison-house, watch for his approach and join with the Church of old in language of strong desire, "*Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.*"

THE BIBLE OUR STRONGHOLD.

THE traveller, as he journies, makes frequent reference to his map: he there traces the road he has already gone over; he marks the position of the spot at which he has arrived, and he carries his eye forward with hope and gladness to his ultimate destination: how careful is he not to diverge from the path marked out for him, and which will conduct him safely to his wished-for home. Such an one needs not to be reminded of the treasure he possesses, for he constantly stands in need of direction; he feels practically its importance and value, and knows well, what a poor bewildered wanderer he would become, were he deprived of a resource so indispensable to his condition.

And is not each one of us a traveller? With eternity before us, must not that be of inestimable price which tells us of it, and would fit us for it? Must not that be truly valuable which reveals to us our position, and our responsibilities? and which, while it tells us that our Lord is for a season absent, yet that he will surely return, and will take account of us his servants,—points out at the same time how we may render up our account with joy, and meet our Master with confidence, and not be ashamed at his coming?—which shows us guilty trembling man, hiding himself from his Maker among the trees of the garden, opens also to our view a way of restoration and reconciliation, by which way

of access we shall be enabled to adopt the language of one in a state of contrast to enmity and dread—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." To the same rejoicing of a hope that maketh not ashamed, we may attain—the Holy Spirit sheds abroad on the heart the love of God,—we love him, because he first loved us, and "there is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear"—and which, while it informs us of one, who, "as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour,"—tells us likewise of our defence: "Whom resist, stedfast in the faith—resist the Devil, and he will flee from you."

We are well versed in the truths of the Bible, but important as they are, how little do they move us: we have ears, and hear not, eyes, and see not; the seed often falls upon a stony place, the cares and pleasures of the world rise up, and would choke the growth of spiritual life: the flesh is weak, Satan is busy, we are encompassed with infirmity. Oh! where is our resource, but in our weakness and helplessness—in our folly and ignorance—in our dangers and temptations—to throw ourselves upon a God of infinite love and compassion and long-suffering? to show unto him our trouble—to plead his faithful promises, and to ask (nothing doubting) for the abundant supply of the Holy Spirit, who will open our eyes, soften our hearts, teach and comfort us, and guide our feet into the way of peace. We have a throne of grace always open to us, thither we may resort in *every time of need*, and when is it not *a time?* when do we *not* want fresh grace, more succour? When does Satan *cease* to watch us, to lay his plans, to renew his devices, to prepare his snares? Surely these four words, "every time of need," supply a copious com-

ment on the exhortations, "pray without ceasing"—"continue instant in prayer."

The Israelites were indeed in a stronghold, when the commandments and statutes of the Lord God were bound upon their hand, and were as frontlets between their eyes, and when they were written upon the posts of their houses, and upon their gates. God knew their wants, their temptations, their enemies, and graciously made a provision for their necessities—he clothed them in a "whole armour." With the law of the Lord so constantly before them, they were furnished amidst trial with a defence—"how can I do this wickedness, and sin against God?" The Psalmist knew well the security of him who was encased in this armour, for he had proved it—"Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

And is our position *less* happy, *less* secure than those of old? The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. The Gospel worketh effectually in those that believe—"I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy statutes."

The power and the value of the Scriptures cannot be over-rated, and why? because they are the work of the High and Holy One, who has given them to us, that we too may be holy, as he is holy. We have in them a revelation of God's character; they reflect his image, and we, by looking into this "glass," shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory—they are profitable for all things, that we may be *throughly* furnished unto *all* good works: there is nothing want-

ing, for "the law of the Lord is perfect"—there are no weak points in our stronghold, no crevice through which the enemy may aim his darts. Oh, that we had true wisdom ever to abide where God would have us to be, then should we "dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places!"

But then, in bringing forward the triumphs of the Bible, we are made acquainted with our own nothingness, for we see that its saving power *entirely* depends upon the blessing of him from whom the bible came. Are imaginations cast down? Is every thought brought into obedience? It is "*through God.*" Does the image change? It is "*by the* Spirit." Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God; but faith is "not of ourselves, it is the *gift of God.*"

Our stronghold under depression, is in the *freeness* of God's gifts;—the uniform language of the Spirit in the bible is, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." There is such completeness and adaptation, and applicability in the Bible, that whatever the source of our discomfort, we may be enabled through the Spirit to say with the Psalmist, "In the midst of the sorrows I had in my heart, thy comforts refreshed my soul, unless thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction." And if we have not, like the Israelites, the word of God bound upon our hand, and if it do not admonish us from our door posts and our gates, we are nevertheless not less fortified than they; for the Lord will graciously put his laws into our minds, and write them in our hearts, that we may be kept from sinning against him. One kind of defence with which the Bible furnishes us, is the recorded prayers of the Saints. What benefit would arise to our souls if we lived in the constant adoption

of them as our own. What holiness of life would ensue from the abiding wish for the fulfilment of the petition, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." What comfort would spring from the assurance which would follow the prayer, "Lead me in thy truth, and learn me. Send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me, and bring me to thy holy hill, and to thy habitation." And what heights of spirituality should we gain, were we to be instant in using for ourselves the prayers of St. Paul, which he sent up for believers in his day: "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory may give unto you the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened, that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the *height and depth* and *breadth and length*, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword; and this we should find exemplified in the case of countless numbers now in glory who, once living according to the course of this world, workers of iniquity, were arrested in their headlong course, led to see the error of their way, and to fly for refuge, from an accidental sight of perhaps a few detached words of the Bible. May the same Holy Spirit, who wrought effectually on these, be sent upon

us, so that by looking into the Scriptures we may be directed to some good word applicable to our case.

Of what overwhelming importance, and how calculated to quicken are many passages of the Bible, taken unconnectedly and without reference to what precedes or follows. The attention is often arrested, self-examination is suggested, and the result is a happy one. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." It is related of one who was once "a blasphemer and injurious," that he was led to feel the awfulness of his position, from reading the fifth chapter of Genesis, which contains a list of Patriarchs with their respective ages; and closes the allusion to each of them with these striking and solemn words—"*and he died.*"

And there are many recorded instances of bitter opposers of the truth who, in their earthly wisdom have sat down with the determination to disprove revelation, have risen changed men, convinced of the truth which they had hoped to injure and destroy. This truly is "the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." "But every man in his own order, Christ the first fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming." In this passage there is a simple statement of truth, no comment, no warning, no exhortation; the primary intention was to reveal the order of the resurrection. And yet what do not the words *Christ's at his coming*, bring before the mind? What will not be involved in that "coming?" All things dissolved, the elements melting with fervent heat—man vainly seeking refuge amidst the fall of rocks and mountains. But it will not be so with all—the exception will be to those who are

"Christ's." Does not the inquiry occur, am I Christ's *now*, that I may be found his in the day he maketh up his jewels?

Again in Rom. viii. 29, a doctrine is stated; there is no practical duty enforced, but conformity to the image of God's Son is spoken of as the spot of his children. What an image was his,—holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and seeking not his own glory, but his Father's, pleasing not himself; but though he were rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. Always going about doing good, submitting every thing to his Father, —"Not my will, but thine be done." And this was uttered under no trifling trial, no partial cup of bitterness; his sweat was great drops of blood, so intense was his agony. Have we any thing of such a mind? Are we not awfully guilty in this matter of conformity? May Jesus' precious blood wash away our stains: may we obtain pardon for our omissions, and may we have grace and strength to strive more after the beauty of holiness, to amend our lives according to God's holy word, to tread in the example of Christ's steps, being filled with his Spirit. Our old man must be crucified. We must cease to fulfil the lusts of the flesh; and where our risen Saviour now ever liveth, thither may we in mind and heart ascend, our affections being set on things above, and not on things on the earth—dead to sin, but alive unto righteousness, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Bible is the incorruptible seed by which souls are born again: of his own will begat he us unto the word of truth. It is a light which shines in a dark place, piercing through the thick clouds of superstition and ignorance with which the world is enclosed, and

causing truth to spring out of the earth; it disperses the darkness and gloom in which we are by nature sitting, and brings comfort and peace and joy. It comes to each with authority from God, accompanied to each with the command, "Search the Scriptures." It is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth,—the spring of wisdom and hope and truth and light and understanding. Considering these things, how awfully presumptuous a sin against God—what injustice and cruelty towards man—what an injury to the world is it, in those who would deprive us of it, and would so arrange themselves in a contracted circle around the light, as to exclude all beyond their limited ring from feeling the warmth and benefit of its cheering beams.

The world is a dark place, notwithstanding the boasted enlightenment of the education of its advanced age: the Bible is the only light which shines. There are many truths of Scripture that we must take by faith; but this is a fact that has had its actual illustration in our own land. What was the state of England with the Bible in an unknown tongue, with its possession known only to a few, before the providential invention of printing scattered its blessings, and shed its light far and near? What is to prevent thick darkness from again covering the people, should the enemy make void God's law? A striking evidence have we, in the attempt to suppress the circulation of the Bible, of the workings of Satan. The Devils believe and tremble; and they know full well that their evil devices and interests are best answered when the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, is kept in its scabbard. No! the Bible as it comes from God has *no scabbard;* but man would give it one, and keep it sheathed.

But to us Protestants belong the words, "While ye have the light walk in the light, that ye may be the children of light." Let not our free possession of the Bible be an empty boast, a vaunt of words; but let us give evidence in our lives to its *effectual* working, in much love to God and man, showing ourselves strong in faith, giving glory to God, filled with all joy and peace in believing, abounding in hope through the Holy Ghost, full of goodness, filled with all knowledge. (Rom. xi. 13, 14.) "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea we have a goodly heritage: what can become us better than the sacrifice of praise continually, the fruit of our lips giving thanks unto God's name?" The Bible is our heritage for ever: gratitude should be ours, not only on account of its contents, its glad tidings of great joy, and its strongholds, but also for our great and happy enjoyment in its possession. Naboth's sad tale has often been re-acted; and numbers who claimed the Bible as their heritage, and who faithfully protested against giving up their father's inheritance, have brought down upon their devoted heads, the fatal stones of persecution. What a contrast does our happy position afford to theirs? "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only true God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

S. S.

THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. VII.

By Sidney O'More.

> Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
> Star of Eternity! the only star
> By which the soul of man could navigate
> The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
> Securely!
>
> *The Course of Time.*

The old grey walls of the abbey of Moyne were defined in strong contrast against the snow-covered fields around. The fine arches of the large windows sparkled with innumerable icicles, hanging pendant from the ivy wreaths which festooned them. A bright, yet cold sunshine flung its delusive radiance over the snowy landscape, resembling that gilded lustre which wealth sometimes throws over a chilled home of domestic disunion.

From the hard and icy high road turned a female form, enveloped in the large cloak of the country. Proceeding across the crisp fields, under the partial shelter of a leafless hedge, it entered the ruined abbey, and paused beside a small white cross, bearing the humble inscription—

Pray for the soul of Bridget Moran, who departed this life June 16, 1791. aged 16 years.

The wayfarer seemed overcome with strong emotion,

and wept aloud, as she knelt beside the humble grave, and, drawing forth her beads, recited prayers for the salvation of her daughter's spirit. When she had concluded, she arose and threaded her way among the tomb-stones, until she reached the grave of a priest who had departed in the odour of sanctity. It seemed to be the object of her journey, for her emotion became vehement, as, with bared knees, she bowed herself upon the snowy ground, and recited her orisons with intense fervour. After some time she began to scrape away the snow from a portion of the grave, and succeeded in obtaining some of the clay underneath, which she deposited in a small wooden vessel which she had brought for the purpose. As length her ardent feelings burst through the cold monotony of Paternosters and Ave Marias, and she exclaimed in Irish, 'Holy Virgin, bless this blessed clay to the cure of my darling Norah; you knew what it was to lose a child, you saw my Biddy and Kieran fade away as fast as ever the leaves did. Oh spare the sore heart, and prevent the light of my eyes going down into the cold, dark grave!'

The pilgrim mother turned to retrace the fourteen long Irish miles, which lay between her and her cabin beside Lough Conn. Still fasting, in order to increase the efficacy of the charm, she accomplished her cheerless task. She murmured not, she heeded not fatigue, or cold, for her faculties were absorbed in the illness of her favourite child, and a new hope of prolonging that child's existence gave impulse to her movements, and vigour to her frame.

During the long hours of her absence, Norah had felt much curiosity to know what motive could have induced her mother to leave home at earliest dawn, and

remain away greater part of the day; but on her return Mrs. Moran eluded all inquiries relative to her excursion. Towards evening the old woman busied herself in concocting a mixture, the materials of which she seemed desirous to keep secret. The old women of our district are very skilful in the preparation of herb-medicines; Norah was quite accustomed to see them made; and without any suspicion received a black nauseous draught from the hand of her superstitious parent. Mrs. Moran appeared perfectly happy when she had administered her potion; she now felt confident that the incipient malady of her daughter should be immediately checked, and with a lightened heart she sought a much-needed repose.

In consequence of Father Barrett's orders, Aileen had been interdicted the society of her sister. At all times this restriction was a severe one to both parties; but when Norah began to exhibit some symptoms of hereditary consumption, the anxiety of Aileen became painful in the extreme. After endeavouring to devise some medium of communication on the subject nearest to her heart, she remembered old Fitzgerald, and requested him to call upon Norah.

The reader was not personally known to Mrs. Moran, for her son Cormac had not allowed her to attend his meetings, and his home was not in the immediate neighbourhood. When he entered the house with the usual salutation '*Go manna Djecan shough*,' (God save all here,) Mrs. Moran addressed a stranger, as she responded 'a kindly welcome.' Norah's eye sparkled with delight as she recognized her former instructor; but she dared not mention his name, lest he should be instantly expelled the cottage. The old man warmed himself beside the cheerful hearth and entered into

friendly conversation, while the women plied their spinning-wheels. After a time they began to discuss a future state; their discourse had been carried on in the English language; Fitzgerald drew forth a pocket bible to read a few verses on the subject under discussion, but he had scarcely commenced when Mrs. Moran interrupted him: 'Not a word of that, not a word of the devil's book here to bring a curse on my roof. The sign of the cross betune us and harm! My good man, if I knew it was one of the deludthers you wor, you should never have darkened my door. My Aileen avoon was brought asthray by the likes of you, an' that book, an' I can't lose my Norah afther her.'

Without attempting to parley, Fitzgerald quietly deposited the book in his pocket, while Mrs. Moran arose, and after crossing herself repeatedly, proceeded to purify the house by sprinkling it over with holy water,* thereby in her own opinion, disabling Satan from taking advantage of the heretical words which had been uttered in the precincts. When her arrangements were concluded, and she had re-seated herself at the wheel, Fitzgerald resumed the conversation, and quietly asked permission to read a few verses from an Irish Testament.

'*Any thing Irish you may read, and welcome,*' replied Mrs. Moran, "we all know the *devil can't speak Irish*, so we can't get harm by listenin' to it. You thought to cotch me listenin' to his book, but thanks to Father

* A modern abuse of holy water I will mention. When Ireland was threatened with famine, (Nov. 1845,) Government and the landlords circulated directions for arresting the progress of disease in the potatoe, but thousands of the peasantry in the provinces, refused to adopt any salutary measure, and resorted to their priests for holy water, which they sprinkled on their potatoe-pits, convinced that if the blessed liquid failed, nothing else could avail.

Barret; he told me how the devil helped Ludther and the English king to mix up lies in it. Any way, Ludther never got his tongue round the Irish, so he couldn't make books in it. Read then, in the name of the Virgin.'

Having offered up a secret prayer that the word might be blessed to his hearers, Fitzgerald read one of the latter chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew. The sublime narratives of Holy Writ have become so familiarized to our minds, that their accents too often fall unheeded upon careless ears; even the recital of a Saviour-God's sufferings often fails to elicit our emotion, but it was not so with this child of nature, the warm-hearted devotee. She soon left her wheel, and drawing a stool opposite the reader, fixed her eyes upon his countenance, and drank in every syllable with eagerness. He paused—she begged him to continue. She had never before heard the details of the Man of Sorrow's death, and sitting motionless with rivetted attention, silent tears coursed each other down her faded cheeks. Norah witnessed her emotion with mingled gratitude and delight, and offered an ejaculation that this beloved parent might be snatched as a brand from the burning.

At length the exciteable and variable temperament of her race prevailed. Mrs. Moran could no longer controul her feelings, but casting herself on her knees, with clasped hands she exclaimed, 'Holy Jesus, blessed Jesus! oh what pain of pains you bowed to for the likes of us, sinners as we are. Oh wirra, wirras thrue! Oh then but that's the blessed book entirely, and to think of me so many years past the black of my bloom widout ever hearin' a word of it. Oh then, but 'twas He that had the raal heart-love; 'deed, an' we ought to

wrap Him in our hearts for the sake of what he done for us. Thanks be to Him for the same. Read it again, honest man; read it again, af you plaze.' And again, Fitzgerald read the records of a Saviour's love, while the women listened with absorbed attention.

When the old man was about to depart, Mrs. Moran invited him to renew his visit, and not to forget to bring the 'wonderful book' with him. Meantime she would not allow him to leave her house without partaking of the best refreshment it could afford.

Aileen's heart bounded with delight when Fitzgerald related the result of his mission. She knew that her sister's heart was illumined by the hope of immortality, but when she reflected on the probability of her mother also being brought from darkness into light, her cup of blessings seemed flowing over. But Hope ever dances far before the slow footsteps of Time, and long years were to elapse before Aileen's anticipations were crowned with realization.

Next day the old Abbey of Moyne again received the suppliant mother; again she knelt by her child's grave, ere she passed onwards to the gaol of her pilgrimage. Again she counted her rosary by the tomb of the deceased priest, but now she laid upon the sod, a white muslin bag containing the clay which she had removed, and boiled with water as a restorative for Norah. She hoped that this bag would prove a memorial of the powerful efficacy of priestly remains. Again meekly enduring cold and hunger, she retraced the long snowy route to her humble home.

It happened that she was yet absent on her well-intended journey, when Lily and I called to see Norah, and bring her some nourishing food which my mother had provided. We thought the young girl's eye had

never beamed more brightly, and that her cheek had never worn a warmer hue than when she welcomed us to the cottage. Her hereditary disease had displayed such symptoms as awoke the boding fears of her attached mother, but it had not as yet made inroads upon her frame such as children like us could notice.

She told us the particulars of Fitzgerald's visit, and desired us to inform our mother that she had obtained leave to read to the old couple at night whenever Cormac was absent. 'I know the misthress 'll be glad to hear it, afther giving Aileen and myself our testaments. I thought to see if there was any differ betune the English book and our own; but may be I'll have little time now, and I'd like to spend it all on my father an' mother.'

'If Cormac is likely to object to your reading aloud,' I observed, 'surely he must have been annoyed by the visits of Fitzgerald.'

'You may say that, Miss; he done all he could to make my mother promise to give him the outside of the door, but she said she couldn't, for her heart warmed to the book, and the Irish couldn't harm her; but do ye know what Father Barrett said when he heard it?'

I have not preserved Father Barret's harangue, but in substance it was similar to the following extract from a sermon preached forty years after, by the Rev. —— J——gs, R.C.C., in the presence of McHale, titular archbishop of Tuam. It is as follows:

'Any persons who practise the reading of the Bible, will inevitably fall into everlasting destruction; I would therefore, my dear friends and followers, most earnestly beseech you by the love that you bear the Virgin Mary and the saints,—by the love that you bear your dear priest,—not to allow those Bible readers into your

houses, not to speak to them when you meet them on the roads, but put up your hands and bless yourselves, and pray to God and the Virgin Mary to keep you from being *contaminated by the poison of the Bible.* The worst of all pestilence, the infectious pestilence of the Bible, will entail on you and your children the everlasting ruin of your souls; those who send their children to school where the Scriptures are read, give them bound hand and foot to the Devil.'

So unvarying is the spirit of Popery, that this sermon of the present day was precisely in accordance with the doctrines of Father Barret in 1798-9. My father vainly endeavoured to establish a school for the children of his tenantry. Beloved and respected as he was, all his efforts were rendered nugatory by priestly interference.

Yet his political influence was unquestioned. In compliance with the custom of the day, he always rode to elections at the head of his tenants, who invariably voted with him. Now times are changed, no landlord can command a vote beyond his own; yet all who establish well-conducted schools will find them crowded in despite of denunciations from the altar, or petty persecutions in private. These may scatter the scholars occasionally, and for a very brief period, but the result is always crowned with success.

JERUSALEM.

THE pen of the narrator, the pencil of the delineator, have of late years been very fully occupied on a subject most dear to the heart of every one who loves the Bible. The holy city, Jerusalem, with its surrounding objects, have been brought before us under many varieties of aspect, and a degree of familiarity with the endeared scenery has succeeded the strange ignorance in which for centuries we had remained in all that regarded the localities of that mysterious spot. But another and a far more vivid representation is now before me; neither the volume nor the engraving can compare with it, in that realizing effect which awakens a thrill of emotion throughout the frame. The hand of the modeller* has achieved what no other could attain to; and I sit beside the Holy City, taking in at one view all that characterizes it. Description must needs fall short; but describe I must, as far as ability goes, this precious memento of a glorious past, and of the sure promises of a yet more glorious future.

"The hills stand round about Jerusalem," and the city, itself a cluster of hills, lies embosomed in the midst. I take my station to the south, and looking northward my eye is carried along the deep ravine that fences the valley of the Kedron; or of Jehoshaphat. To the right

* This beautiful model was first designed by an English Clergyman, while on the spot; and is executed with high finish by Mr. Smith of Sheffield. See Advertisement in this Number.

ascends in tranquil majesty the Mount of Olives, its every indentation being accurately marked, with a miniature representative of each building scattered around; from the antique pillar of Absalom at its foot, to the modern erection of superstitious zeal on its summit. This mountain is the highest point of ground; and extends far beyond the length of the city's ancient boundaries.

On the left of the valley rises the once perpendicular and still steep and abrupt rock of Moriah, "the mountain of the Lord's house," the most hallowed spot on earth's wide surface, though now "as a high place of the forest" desecrated by false worship. Still is the spacious area that formed the courts of the Lord's house enclosed within its ancient boundaries; and though in place of the pure, solemn magnificence of the Temple, the mosque now occupies its centre, still it is the same, identically the same chosen mountain, the place where it pleased the God of Israel long to dwell: and the spot whereof He said, "Mine eye and my heart shall be there continually." Dull must be the eye that does not glisten, and cold the heart that does not glow, while contemplating the spot, thus, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, standing apart, sealed up, guarded by the son of Ishmael, the unalienable property of the scattered children of Jacob! From the southern boundary of the Temple courts, the hill Ophel, once the residence of the Levites, and servants of the sanctuary, gently slopes, narrowing to a point; and near to this are seen the steps of Siloam's pool, the softly-going waters of which still refresh the inhabitants of the hill. Westward of Ophel, dividing it from Zion, runs the once formidable pass of the Tyropean, still a considerable cleft, though to so great an extent filled up by the ac-

cumulaled ruins of many ages. This was once so strongly fortified by the wall of Zion, as to offer a long defiance to the conquering Roman; but now it presents little more than a narrow declivity, at the farther extremity of which may be discerned the lingering fragment of the bold arch that spanned it, where the royal inhabitants of Zion's palaces passed over to the courts of the sanctuary. Still farther westward, seen across the "hill of evil counsel," and the valley of the son of Hinnom, swells out that noble hill of Zion, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," now, alas! throughout the southern half of its extent, "ploughed like a field." My eye roves over the ascent, where flocks are pastured, and a scanty crop of grain perchance reared; but not a vestige is there of the gorgeous palaces that once mantled its brow, covered its sides, and grew into stern embattled fortifications of surpassing size and strength as they reached its base. Yet is the summit crowned with the tomb of royal David; and there commences the peopled city of what is still Jerusalem; the northward descent of Zion having lost much of its original features by the city being now "builded upon her own heap; insomuch that the foundations of many existing dwellings are laid above what was formerly the level of the house-tops. This gives more of the character of a plain to the remaining portion of the town; the deep indentation that separated Zion from Acra, and both from Moriah, can scarcely be traced without close observation. Beyond all this is the now vacant space that formed eighteen hundred years ago the modern part of Jerusalem, the populous Bezetha, surrounded by the well-traced line of fortification with which king Agrippa enclosed it. Extending to the north-west to the "tombs of the kings," the course

of this wall is seen marked out, until at the present Jaffa gate it again meets the original boundaries of the Holy City.

Due north, is seen a portion of Scopus, the slightly-elevated plain that always formed a highway and an encamping ground for the enemies, who advanced against Jerusalem, from the earliest period of her revealed history to the present time. The hill of Gihon rises to the left, and from the upper pool the valley of the same name winds round the westward foot of Zion, where the lower pool is seen, and merges in the valley of Hinnom.

Such, most imperfectly described, is the object before me, modelled with beautiful accuracy, presenting with individual exactness every building in and around the city, from the stately mosque of Omar, crowning the holy mountain, to the lowly tomb, the very name of whose occupant has long since been forgotten. Slender minarets raise here and there their shadowy forms; and the more bulky edifices that the idolatrous profanation of falsely-called Christian churches has prevailed to rear upon traditionary spots, are visible also. It is, indeed, a reality rather than a representation to one accustomed to dwell on Scriptural themes: it is the spot itself, contemplated through a reversed telescope.

Here dwelt and ruled the mysterious kingly priest, Melchizedek: here was the city of the Jebusites which warlike David subdued; and his own magnificent structure, "the city of David" covered this noble hill of Zion. Here, upon the broad summit of Moriah, lay the peaceful threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, beside which stood penitent David, while the terrible angel of the Lord, pausing in mid air, pointed his drawn sword over the doomed city, and prepared to smite the people

for their monarch's sin. But mercy prevailed, the prayer was heard, the sacrifice accepted, the sword was sheathed, and the spot for ever consecrated to Israel's God. Here too, where now the scrupulous Moslem has left a clear and walled-in area, king Solomon placed his brazen platform, in front of the magnificent temple which he had builded. Oh, how the scene starts into life and beauty as I recal that unparalleled spectacle! The Mount of Olives, overhanging as it almost does the entire city on that side, teemed with human life, while the countless thousands of Judah and of Israel thronged its verdant steep, and as far as the eye can reach, above, below, around, all, all was animated with vitality, raised into the high spiritual communion that the people brought nigh unto God, the family alone acknowledged by Him among all the families of the earth, were privileged to enjoy. There knelt the monarch, his hands spread out towards the heavens, and breathed the sublimest prayer that man's lip could utter; while the smoke of the Lord's presence filled the house, and fire from above consumed the grateful sacrifice. Alas! alas! how doth the city now sit solitary that was full of people! Lord, how long? Let it repent thee concerning thine ancient inheritance, and gather them, as of old! Deep in the shadow of the Tyropean pass, at the foot of Zion, next unto the nearest point of Moriah, I behold a cluster of poor, mean dwellings, hiding as it were their poverty-stricken inmates from the gaze, the trampling scorn, of Gentile lords: and *this* is the Jewish quarter; this is where the remnant of Israel abide by the haughty permission of the stranger, their only privilege to gaze, at stated times, on some fragmentary yet gigantic remains of what once formed the Temple wall, and there to pray and to weep. I too have wept

over the description of the spot, but here I seem to look upon it, and my inmost soul cries out in passionate supplication, "LORD, HOW LONG!"

Westward, yonder, by the upper pool of Gihon, the vaunting Assyrian uttered his blasphemous defiance of Israel, and Israel's God; and here, over the bridge already mentioned, passed the meek and trustful Hezekiah to the temple, to spread the tyrant's letter before the LORD. So many thrilling scenes of Jewish history are here visibly present; so many overpowering recollections crowd upon the mind, that time and space together fail in essaying to give them utterance. Yet again the beauteous Mount of Olives wins the eye, and on its height stands One who would have gathered Jerusalem together, even as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and they would not. He pauses there, on the meek and lowly triumph of his predicted entry, and weeps in the divine foreknowledge of what shall shortly come to pass; and then he descends the slope, passes the rippling Kedron, and hastens to the beloved spot which it is his high prerogative to purge of all worldly and covetous traffickers. "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandize." The word had not been revoked, "Mine eye and my heart shall be there continually."

Henceforth, all is dark, and sad, and desolate, Messiah is cut off, but not for himself; the day of grace has passed, and the Lord forsakes his holy habitation. From the garden of Gethsemane, the innocent victim is led, to die for that nation; and not for them only, but for all the children of God, scattered throughout the world. The one, all-sufficient atonement was made; divine justice was satisfied; and the kingdom of heaven opened to all believers. Sweet it is to reflect how

many thousands from among the very multitudes who decreed his cruel death, were won by the preaching of the gospel, and became obedient unto the faith ; how many among the priests, yet daily ministering in the temple, believed ; and looking through the divinely appointed typical sacrifices still offered by their hands, to the one glorious antitype, realized a blessedness before unthought of ; and when the savage Roman came, to take away their place and nation, when the daily sacrifice had ceased, and every stone of that stupendous fabric was levelled with the ground, they quailed not ; for they knew that the Great High Priest of all yet lived, and presented not the blood of bulls and of goats, but his own atoning blood, in the Holiest of Holies, above.

From Olivet, Jesus ascended ; on the Mount of Olives, at the great day, now near at hand, his feet shall stand ; and the Messiah of Israel will be welcomed, the longed-for Deliverer of his people. It does seem a vain thing to set forth such broken glimmerings of thought that take from acute pain its sting, and brighten many moments otherwise sad and dark ; but I long to see this lovely representation of the most beloved of all earthly scenes become a study with those who would realize the Bible history. I want the Jew to place it before him, until his eye affects his heart, and all his energies are directed to the promised recovery of his glorious inheritance, knowing, as he does, that this mountain of the Lord's house, now counted as a high place of the forest, shall yet be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it ; that though Zion be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem is become heaps, yet again the law shall go forth from that Zion, and the word of the Lord from that Jerusalem. I want the

Christian to identify it with his daily study, that his prayer may unceasingly ascend, and his heart's best affections, and his hand's strongest efforts may be put forth in helping forward the glorious time when Jerusalem shall be established and made a praise in the whole earth.

And now, for the night, I enclose in its covering this beloved memento. Oh, for that morning to arrive when the Lord shall say to his Zion, "Arise; shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

C. E.

THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

Oh, Thou enthroned in light above,
Let me not now thine anger move,
Ruler of worlds, oh, in thy *love*
Subdue my struggling will!

Now may my heart, though doomed to bear
Keen anguish, though unyielding care
Hath her barbed arrows rankling there,
Yet be submissive still.

Even as *Thou* wert my Saviour when
Derided by malignant men,
Whose sins, a dreadful burden then!
Thyself didst deign to bear!

Thou, who attendant ever nigh,
To heed and aid the suppliant's cry,
Behold my wounds, and oh, apply
The balm of Gilead there!

I, at thy footstool to implore,
Rescue from bondage, Satan's power,
Who waits impatient to devour,
A stedfast suppliant bow.

Blest Spirit, come; thy sword, thy shield,
Now to my foes destruction wield,
Banish the victors from the field,
Subdue my conquerors, Thou!

Review of Books.

UNIVERSAL HISTORY ON SCRIPTURAL PRINCIPLES. *Chiefly designed for the Young. Vol. II. From the death of Constantine to the death of Charlemagne. A.D. 337—A.D. 814.*—Bagsters.

We are glad to see the continuation of a work, the commencement of which afforded us much satisfaction. The Author never, so far as we can judge, loses sight of the main principle on which she professes to conduct her history. We are not here dazzled with the false glare of human exploits, or disgusted by eulogies on heathen virtues; neither, we think, will the next, trying, portion of the work be such as to wrap around its readers those ecclesiastical fetters that have, alas! proved in so many recent cases, the surest preparation for leading the bound victims blindfold into the gulph of Romish Apostacy. So perilous are become the de-

vices of the enemy, spread abroad by means of the press, that we dare not now recommend a pamphlet or a half-penny book without carefully perusing it; and this must account for a paucity of notices, at the time when our table is most abundantly supplied with volumes of attractive title and exterior.

THE MASS AND RUBRICS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, *translated into English. With Notes and Remarks addressed to Roman Catholics. By the Rev. John Rogerson Cotter, A. M., Rector of Furrishannon: and Author of Questions and Answers on St. Matthew and the other Gospels.*—Curry, Dublin: Longman, London.

We should feel great pleasure, could we afford it, in presenting a copy of this book to each of the robed clergymen, and all the masses of awe-struck laity, who were of late congregated in Dr. Pusey's New Church at Leeds. We think it would lead many of them not only to pray a good prayer for 'the sinner that built it,' but also for the many of our poor brethren who have, by him and his confreres, been led to the very perpetration of the blasphemous enormities here set forth; and for themselves also, that their feet may be turned from such perilous paths, and rather guided to where the pure gospel of Christ is proclaimed within the dilapidated walls of a decayed barn, or from the end of a reversed tub under the canopy of God's firmament, than tempted to wander where the "strange woman" has secretly laid her first snares, and can say "I have decked

my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen from Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon." Alas! these gorgeous inconsistencies belong not to the dwelling of the chaste and waiting spouse, who is mourning her Lord's absence, and longing for his return. Mr. Cotter really *has* supplied what he truly terms a great *desideratum* in controversial literature, by giving us the whole service; we trust that it, with his highly scriptural and judicious remarks, will be much blessed to his own poor countrymen, and to ours also.

THE YOUNG PROTESTANT'S HYMN, "*We wont give up the Bible;*" *the words written and adapted by a Clergyman of the Church of England. Arranged for three voices, with accompaniment, &c. By W. H. Kearns.*—Whittemore.

THESE very spirited stanzas first appeared in our Magazine, some years since. They are now adapted to a harmony of Mozart's, and form as animating a trio and chorus as any Protestant parent could wish to hear from the lips of his young family. We hope the musical publication will be as acceptable as we know the lines to have been when first published. It is very handsomely got up, in a neat coloured wrapper: a nice little gift for the juniors of a fire side-circle. Long, long may the fire-sides of dear Old England echo to such strains —"We WONT give up the Bible!"

SKETCHES FOR YOUTH. *By Cæsar Malan.*—Seeleys.

WRITTEN in the most loving, beautiful spirit imaginable. Sweetly interesting it will be to children, and the few pretty pictures in it will enhance its value to them. We rejoice to behold, in imagination, this venerable servant of God bending over the lambs of the fold, obeying the Good Shepherd's injunction to feed them. May his hoary head be recognized as a crown of glory here, and invested hereafter with one far brighter, even the crown laid up for His people by the Lord Jesus Christ!

HEBREW READING LESSONS: *consisting of the first four Chapters of the Book of Genesis, and the eighth Chapter of the Proverbs. With a Grammatical Praxis, and Interlineary Translation.*—Bagster.

THIS appears to be extremely well suited to the purpose intended. It is very full, clear, and comprehensive, so far as the mode of arrangement, and the method of imparting instruction go. The literal translation of the Hebrew reads magnificently, and proves how much they lose who, with leisure and opportunity to increase their store of knowledge, prefer filling their heads with the disgusting trash y'clept "the classics," to acquainting themselves with the Word of God, as actually spoken by Him. We hope that the multiplication of elementary works on the Hebrew language indicates a

corresponding multiplication of its students. The Hebrew Concordance that we lately noticed is so valuable a help, that it really leaves the triflers in heathen literature wholly inexcusable.

THE COMING OF THE LORD TO JUDGE THE EARTH, *doctrinally and practically considered, &c. By the Rev. Edward Gillson, B.A., Curate of Lyncombe and Widcombe, Bath.*—Nisbet.

We rejoice to see another, and a valuable addition to the volumes of sound doctrine on this most momentous subject. Mr. Gillson gives the substance of a series of lectures, delivered in Bath, and published at the request of those to whom they were addressed. They are plain, practical, and scriptural; and will amply repay the perusal.

CALLS OF USEFULNESS.—Religious Tract Society.

A series of familiar 'calls,' or invitations to various imaginary persons, chiefly in humble life; showing that there is no station or position, no temporal disadvantage, wholly precluding an individual from rendering some service, acceptable to God, for the welfare of others. It is, like most of its class from the same source, eminently practical; and this is what we want.

GATHERED FLOWERS FROM A BIBLE CLASS; *being a brief Memoir of two young Believers. By the Rev. Octavius Winslow.*—Shaw.

INTERESTING records of two youthful learners at the Saviour's feet, given with all the improving remarks that might be expected from Mr. Winslow's pen. The profits are designed to increase the advantages already enjoyed by many at the Sabbath-school of that estimable minister, and this renders it the more gratifying to announce it.

SCRIPTURE OUTLINES: *or a Course of Religious Instruction for the Sunday-School or the Family. Illustrated with Notes, Explanatory and Devotional, from the Writings of Eminent Divines. By J. Montague Randall, Curate of Lowestoft, Suffolk.*—Seeleys.

WE hope that we shall be readily pardoned for devoting so much space to works principally intended for juvenile instruction. It is a time of general cessation from the labour of teaching, and from the often uncongenial task of learning; and in recommending such a book as Mr. Randall's to the earnest attention of parents and instructors, we feel that we are helping to smooth a difficult path, and to brighten a dusky one. The work is very small; each day's outline of questions and their references occupying a single page; while its opposite one is devoted to select remarks from our best divines, of all sections in the Christian Church, adapted to supply the mind of the teacher with much that may be most profitably divided again, in easy and simple remarks, among the children.

LEARNING TO ACT.—Religious Tract Society.

A SEQUEL to two preceding little books, entitled, "Learning to Think," and "Learning to Feel." Amusing and instructive.

"THE waters of the Earth," is another of the series of small books of Natural History and the general works of God in creation.

"THE Gift book for the Young" is a sort of miniature annual, confined to instructive and profitable subjects.

IN addition to the annual Christian, Penny, Pocket-Book, and Sheet Almanacks, filled as usual with excellent matter, the Religious Tract Society have put forth a Scripture Pocket-Book, for 1846, containing an almanack, a text for every day, and much useful information.

AN APPEAL *in behalf of the Jewish Nation, in connection with British policy in the Levant. By E. L. Mitford, Esq., Ceylon Civil Service.*—Hatchards.

IT is remarkable that, about the time of Colonel Gawler's admirable pamphlet making its appearance here, a kindred spirit was, unknowingly, putting the last hand in India to a work precisely similar in its *general* object, strengthened by a most pathetic appeal, founded on

events to which the author was a witness, in Africa and other distant lands.

We, of course, go most heartily along with Mr. Mitford in all that he can urge on behalf of those for whose sake we verily believe that England has been entrusted with her great power and wealth; but we must demur to one condition which the Author would impose on the Jews to be restored under British protection, because we should consider it scarcely less impious in a Jew to give than it would be unscripturally presumptuous in us to require, such a pledge. We greatly prefer Colonel Gawler's, as the better digested view; but Mr. Mitford has done a noble work too, in a noble spirit: may the Lord's blessing rest on both!

THE PROTESTANT.

THROUGH the abounding mercy of the Lord, the hearts of his people, now ready to fail them for fear, and for looking to those things that are coming on the earth, are refreshed and strengthened by the assurance that, for ages past, so many individual believers have been uniting, in true brotherly love, to intercede for one another, for the threatened Church of Christ, for a sinful nation, and for a world not merely lying in wickedness, but rampant in it. At this time, at the commencement of the New Year, a spirit of grace and supplication seems to be poured out in a remarkable degree; accompanied by the sweet sign of His presence among them who is not the Author of confusion but of peace. It is wonderful how great a support the soul derives that dwells on this spectacle: how idle seems the roaring of the winds without; how vain the rapid rise of encroaching floods; how harmless the descending torrent that once prevailed to drown a world, when we find the people of Christ collecting themselves, or rather collected by Him, into an openly conspicuous position, as a city built on a hill, and know that city to be the House, that hill to be the Rock, whereof He hath emphatically decreed that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. We earnestly hope that not one of those into whose hands these pages may fall at the opening of the year 1846, will allow that day to close without having joined in spirit, if they cannot in per-

son, the praying brethren who will then be placing themselves, their families, their whole concerns in the Hand of a loving Father and most merciful Saviour. It cannot be denied, and it ought not to be concealed, that we stand in a position of fearful peril; exposed, as formerly, to enemies many and mighty, but alas! no longer as a nation sheltered behind the buckler of the Lord. This is the sad truth which it behoves us to bear in mind; that our transgressions against Him are multiplied almost beyond the power of enumeration; especially in that point where He is most jealous, the hallowing of a sabbath of rest. When Israel was taken into covenant with God, this formed the particular in that covenant most perpetually kept before the eyes of the people; and their breach of it is alleged as a principal reason for the heavy calamities inflicted on them; and the sentence of long protracted sterility pronounced on the most fertile of all lands, is declared to be a just awarding to her of the sabbaths whereof her children had defrauded her. With us, who, under divine sanction, have taken upon ourselves as a binding rule of life the ten commandments given to Israel, there is not a whit less of presumptuous sin, nay, there is much more, if we, under such a weight of clearly revealed mercy and love, persist in wronging our poorer brethren of their only season of spiritual refreshments, and defrauding the brute creation of the bounteous portion assigned them of bodily repose. Recent events have placed us in a dreadful position before God, in this matter: our systematic violation of the Lord's day in railway travelling, now universal throughout the land, comes up into His ears as a shout of defiance; and the one, daring, shameless deed of the government, which caused a single Christian Sabbath to be trampled on in all parts of the country,

while the very focus and rallying-point of the whole outrageous proceeding was at the door of a government office in Whitehall, will not, cannot be forgotten by Him who has denounced shame and contempt before men on such as have dared to shew that they despise Him.

Every thing points us to one object, and that one object is the throne of grace, where sits the Great High Priest of our profession, Jesus Christ, equally willing as able to succour the tempted, to encourage the trembling, to give rest to the weary-laden, and to speak again and again that sweet word of promise, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Dangers may surround us, and the very terrors of death encompass our hitherto peaceful dwellings; but there is One, yea, a Man, one in our nature, albeit possessed of all power in heaven and on earth, of whom we assuredly know that He will be "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

And not only so; not only is He a defence, and His name a strong tower into which we may run and be safe, but He is a Mighty Avenger of His own and His people's cause: "The Lord is a man of war;" He will not always sit upon that throne of grace, but will gird upon His thigh the terrible sword which shall yet, and that speedily, lay low in the dust the proud, and the oppressor; the violent and cruel man; the forger of lies, and the guilty circulators thereof. He is a King too; King of kings, and Lord of lords; King at this moment of the world, and shortly to reign an absolute, a glorious King upon it. What a heart-cheering thought for the broken-spirited believer, that he, or she, is an acknowledged subject of this Almighty Monarch! ac-

knowledged now in heaven, and enjoying privileges of spiritual access to that most royal court: soon to be openly owned and claimed before heaven and earth, when the King shall appear in His glory, and pronounce the two-fold sentence, "Gather my saints together unto me:"—"Those mine enemies, who would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." Famine may come, tribulation, persecution, and the terrible sword; but what eye can quail to meet them all, which has been strengthened by habitually gazing on such things as these? unseen as yet by flesh, but clearly visible to faith, sealed to the humblest, the weakest, the poorest, the most heart-stricken sinner who comes to Jesus believingly. Here is the guarantee: "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." "Whosoever cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Whatsoever draws us nearer to Christ must needs also unite us more closely together. The living branches are found clinging to one stem, and intermingling their foliage together; and though the fancy of man may prevail, or his presumed wisdom, to train them apart in parallel lines, and nail them fast with various coloured shreds, yet no sooner do they begin to grow freely, and to cast out shoots, than every little tendril will stretch its graceful wire to catch hold of some neighbouring sprout, and every broad leaf will seek to blend with others in a general shield to protect the tender fruit. Unity is the grand principle of God's lovely creation, and woe to the dissevering hands that deface His glorious design! Unity, like a sunbeam from heaven, seems to smile and to sparkle from amid

the clouds that mantle this opening year. God of love! Spirit of peace! perpetuate this light; invest it with warming power, and let it rest upon, and evermore abide in, the Church to which the atoning Saviour has bequeathed at once His commandment of love, and His donation of peace!

It is sorely disheartening to turn from such a theme as this to the striving of the potsherds with the potsherds of the earth; but this unhallowed strife of theirs is only a part of their great battle against the Lord and against His Anointed, and we are cautioned not only to rejoice and to give thanks, but also to be sober and vigilant, marking the devices of our adversary the Devil, who is truly now taking his rounds almost in visible shape among us; and scarcely seeming to consider it worth his while any longer to retain either cloak or mask. On this subject, many conversations take place, leaving us more and more deeply impressed with the conviction that to fight any battle except the battle of the faith, is now utterly useless, altogether a delusion.

'Protestantism,' said my uncle, 'is the one sole watchword to rally us now. Whatever might formerly have been its latitude of application, it is now again reduced within its ancient boundaries, a term of open scorn and reproach; of secret dread and suspicion. No man scarcely ventures to call himself a Protestant who is entangled in ecclesiastical trammels, bigotted to a form of Church government, and willing, under the dogma of Catholicity, to include within the pale of the Church such as have cast off the headship of Christ, or debased it to a level with things altogether vain and unprofitable. No man cares publicly to call himself a Protestant who, separating religion from the secular

duties of the state, would legislate on a basis of worldly expediency, and leave the cause of the Gospel unguarded by the powers that be. Some such there are, who still style themselves evangelical; but from the name of Protestant they are shrinking, even as they have abandoned the thing really signified by that name.'

'To whom, in particular, do you allude?'

'To the class calling themselves liberal, who would place every mode of faith, true or false, on a level; leaving the right to defend itself, and to prevail if it can.'

'And so it will, surely.'

'Ay, but can he be said to rule in the fear of the Lord, who ever uses his prerogatives for the advancement of what is most glaringly opposed to it? Is he a Christian Bishop who sees the accursed taint of idolatrous superstition creeping, or perchance striding openly through the fold committed to his charge? Is he a Christian legislator who devotes the public money committed to his trust to the support, the propagation, of undisguised apostacy from God? Is he a Christian man, who, for any consideration under heaven will st[illegible] the convictions of his own mind, and yield even a tacit assent to such doings? Yet, unless such were at this moment actually the prevailing character of the country, should we have been, as we have been, day after day, a gazing-stock and a laughing-stock to Europe and to the world, because it could not be decided which of two parties should rule the land; those who make it their open boast that they have dealt, and will deal, heavy blows, and cast great discouragements on Protestantism, or those whose conduct is systematically that of Joab's to Amasa, taking it by the hand, en-

quiring lovingly after its welfare, giving it a friendly kiss, and at the same time running a sword under the fifth rib. Why, there never has, during this disgraceful interregnum, been even a hint of the possibility of any men coming into power on Protestant principles; the idea would have been scoffed at; the only contest has been between the shooters of arrows by day, and the bearers of the pestilence that walketh in darkness.'

'Hardly so, uncle: I am sure that all the Whigs and all the Radicals in the land, united, have never done the hundredth part of mischief to the Protestant cause that has openly, not secretly, been wrought by the so-called Conservatives. Look at twenty-nine: look at the act of last session! Is it possible for hostility to be more open; or a man less likely to be trusted by any rational Protestant than he who has wrought this evil?'

'Unhappily, my dear, we have a multitude of very irrational Protestants, who are so captivated by that man's talents, and so persuaded, good souls! that he means well, howsoever he may err in particular measures, that he will ever command a dangerous influence over those too trustful Amasas, and they will neglect to lay hold on the spear and buckler to resist him. Strictly speaking, I never on any public matter felt such a perfect indifference, such careless contentment as to what the result might be, as during this last manœuvre of the fellows who ran our vessel aground to avoid the responsible duties of working her. My only emotion was, a sort of longing that they might be compelled to keep the pumps going, just because fair retribution required it. I know right well that none of them can ever get her afloat again, and that she lies at the mercy of the first hostile flag that may be hoisted in defiance,

unless she goes to pieces before any such can near her: but above all this, I look to the Sovereign Disposer of every event, to provide for His own, even as He has promised to do; and not a throb of anxiety disturbs my bosom.'

'Alas for the decline, if not the extinction of true, old Protestantism among us! To what do you attribute it?'

'To the itching of ears that could no longer endure sound doctrine, but muster to themselves teachers adroit in prophesying smooth things, prophesying deceits. I have a letter in my pocket from one who has drank so deeply into the spirit of Luther, and so rightly appreciates the real root of this evil, as regards the misuse or neglect of appointed means, that I would rather give you his words than my own. He says, "the style of Luther is rough, and not always coherent: his sentences not studied: his taste not always refined: he must be looked upon as a man for *his* day. But who is there for *our* day like him? Where, among our boasted prigs of divinity is the man who has stood up, to grapple with and to silence both Pusey and Newman? Luther's views are indeed unsuitable to our times; inasmuch as our religion is but a grand relic of the ancient regime, not half enough cleansed and purified." Now, that was called forth by your putting extracts from Luther into your Magazine: does it not alarm you? It is very strong.'

'Just as strong as truth always is, when undiluted. Tell your friend he need not fear but that the spirit of Luthor *must* revive among us ere long. Nothing less decided can save the remnant of the Lord's heritage from being swallowed up in the great flood which the old Dragon is pouring forth to sweep them away. I

feel, uncle, that there MUST be a mighty breaking up of the system where discordant elements are now harshly clashing together, and for this we must wait, patiently looking to the Lord, doing nothing rashly, but prepared to do and to suffer every thing when the voice of His Providence shall call us to stand forth as witnesses to the truth as it is in Jesus, AND IN JESUS ALONE.'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1846.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XVI.

"PRINCE of the kings of the earth;" "King of kings, and Lord of lords;" these are among the many incommunicable titles of the Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ; and it cannot but be that the enemy who usurps his power and authority over so vast a portion of his nominal subjects, should lay claim to these high, distinctive names. It has been so, from the commencement of the reign of the developed "Man of Sin," even to our day, to this period, when the ruler of the Vatican received from the mighty Prince of Rosh, of Meshech and Tubal, the feudal homage of kissing his ring; and when he denounced as sore rebellion against God the measures taken by the lofty Czar to curb the power of Rome. In this world of change, it is really wonderful to mark

unchanging features of that gigantic imposture which has lorded it so long over God's heritage; and which is destined to fall at last from a more fearfully daring height of wickedness than it has ever yet attained to.

In this usurped character of "Prince of the kings of the earth," did the papacy adjudge the gallant king of Arragon to be a traitor, and to have justly fallen in the act of rebellion against its power. Innocent, 'servant of the servants of God,' assuming to dispose at will of the kingdoms of the world, ever sought to place his heel on the neck of refractory monarchs; and the death of Peter, falling in battle against the priest-led crusaders, could not but be an event highly favourable to his assumptions; nor did they fail to represent it as a direct judgment from above. The fact of the royal heir, Don Jayme, being actually in the hands of de Montfort, to whom, in some moment of infatuation, his father had confided him, increased the exultation of one party, and the dismay of the other. But an appeal to Rome, on the part of his subjects, vigorously supported, and secretly, no doubt, aided by a growing jealousy of de Montfort's immense power, proved effectual: the prince was restored, and allowed to ascend his father's throne. Meanwhile, though Muret was so near Toulouse that the perfect victory obtained there seemed to decide the fate of the capital, it was productive of no important results to the victors. Satisfied with their achievements, and deeply dyed in the blood of those who, if not themselves accused of heresy, were fighting in the heretical cause of excommunicated princes, the crusaders quickly dispersed themselves after the battle; and whatever advantages de Montfort might have anticipated from being the unresisted master of the field, within some half-hour's march of Toulouse, he was

unable to carry out his designs, by seeing his legions melt away, until only a skeleton army remained with him; while the new legate appointed to succeed Arnold proved a poor ally; for he, instead of pursuing with fire and sword the lords of Toulouse, of Foix, and others, as did his predecessor, persuaded them to take shelter under his protection, and made peace between them and his Church, on terms exceedingly advantageous to the latter; ruinous and disgraceful to them, as independent lords. This took place at Narbonne; and Peter, our great authority, characterises it as a pious fraud, by which the legate cajoled the heretical leaders, while de Montfort, with a recruited army, passed unresisted into Agenois, carrying on, with very little hindrance, the work of cruelty and blood. Few victims, of the kind which they most panted after, remained to glut their ferocious hatred: the Lord's people had fallen by the sword, by famine, and by the miseries of hopeless flight, for so many days, that they seemed to be well nigh extinct. Yet, occasionally, a company was collected, worthy the martyrdom that awaited them, and who, instead of being like their less suspected countrymen, merely slaughtered in an ordinary way, were burnt alive with all the solemnity, and all the joy, that such a spectacle was calculated to call forth. Murillac was one of the places so happily distinguished; and Peter de Vaux-Cernay thus records it. 'I must not omit to state that we found there seven heretics, of the sect called Waldenses. Being conducted to the legate, they confessed their unbelief; and were then seized by our pilgrims, and burned with unspeakable joy.' This is the first instance of our finding the ancient and truly apostolic Church of the Waldenses providing victims the Albigensic persecution. Distinct in their origin,

history, and their place of abode, these were yet twin branches of the true Vine ; holding one Lord, one faith, one baptism ; and ultimately sharing one doom of all that man's most deadly cruelty could inflict on earth : all that God has reserved for His dear children, the saints and martyrs of Jesus, in heaven. Success appeared to wait on the steps of the wretched man whose whole life was devoted to this most awfully wicked work of seeking to root out the Church of Christ from the earth. He made it, indeed, notoriously subservient to his selfish passions, his lust of plunder and of power ; his natural cruelty, and detestation of all that was good ; but though on many occasions it was manifest that the dragon's vicegerent understood the baseness of Simon's character as well as the dragon himself understood his, he was too able and too successful in the work of slaughter to be discarded as a fitting tool. He, therefore, remained unchecked in his frightful career of blood and rapacity ; to fall, in due time, beneath the arm of Almighty vengeance.

But the flock of the Lord, the beautiful and harmless flock that had so long been pastured in those vallies, where now were they ? Seven years had elapsed since the first outrage was committed by attacking Beziers ; and changed as was the face of the once-smiling country, far more changed was its spiritual aspect. What the apostate Church called heresy, could no where be found : the light was extinguished ; the gates of hell had to all appearance prevailed against the Church of Christ throughout the region where it had for so long a period flourished in peace.

Behold that toil-worn traveller, who, in homely apparel, and with a pack of humble wares slung from his shoulders, is slowly and listlessly pursuing his way

along a path once well defined and frequented, but now torn up, and well-nigh obliterated by continual alternations of the trampling march, and the utter desertion that must needs follow, where those who proceeded onward left not alive any human being within reach of their grasp. He seems to know it well, and keeps so correctly within its original boundaries as to excite the attention of some few scattered labourers, who have rebuilt their ruined cots, and are tilling the deteriorated soil. These had fled to the mountain caves, or otherwise concealed themselves, while the destroying hosts swept by: and now they are again on the site of their former houses, again engaged in rural occupation, and one might hope that it is with them as in days past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon their tabernacle. The traveller is one who formerly stood conspicuous among the bold teachers of Gospel truth, in that neighbourhood, where pure religion was more openly countenanced, and the doctors of the faithful Church more freely encouraged than in most other places around it. He, the pedlar, now bending less with age or bodily feebleness than with sorrow, had there held many a disputation with the assailants of the faith, and put to silence the subtle sophistries with which they sought to beguile the souls of his people. He had oft been the honoured guest of the feudal sovereign, who ruled that province; and well was he remembered when, in his progress, but a few days since, he presented himself at the castle-gate that had always been flung wide at his approach; but terror and dismay overspread the countenances of those who so readily recalled the voice and features of one concerning whom it was doubtful whether he had perished in the flames, or fallen by the sword or famine, or found a refuge in some di[illegible]

clime. Word was speedily brought to the Count of the dangerous guest who stood without; and he, lately reconciled to Rome, and delivered from the ban of excommunication on a pledge of using his utmost efforts to root out every vestige of heresy wheresoever he should detect it, was for a moment in doubt whether to connive at the escape of a teacher, to whom his masters would have adjudged an abode in the deepest dungeon of the castle, with no means of prolonging life, even if that life were not publicly sacrificed to Rome. A better feeling prevailed; remembrance of the happy past, and the knowledge that the victim of persecution was a holy man, devoted to God in the Gospel of His Son, and eminently fruitful in every good word and work, restrained the unhappy noble from adding to his own sin, and to the sorrows of a helpless exile: he despatched a knight who fully understood the matter, and participated in his feeling, to inform the wanderer that the inmates of the castle had no need of his merchandise, nor was it agreeable to their lord's will that strangers of doubtful aspect should find admittance in these troublous times, when some evil-disposed persons were supposed to be creeping abroad, to unsettle the minds of the people, and to shake their allegiance to their sovereign lord and ruler, the vicegerent of God, the most holy and venerated pontiff.

All this was spoken, in a loud, a fierce, and a decided voice, in the hearing of those who stood near: but there was that in the old knight's eye, as, with face averted from the rest he kept it stedfastly fixed on the pastor's, which bespoke a grief and a sympathy strangely opposed both to the tenor and the tone of his speech. Touched to his inmost soul, the preacher [illegible]dly bowed submission; and with upraised eyes,

silently invoking the blessing that he dared not to utter aloud, he turned from the frowning battlements, to seek a lowlier shelter in the vale below.

The scattered huts among which he now passed were occupied by a race altogether unknown to him: probably adventurers from France, placed there by the wily de Montfort, to supply the lack of inhabitants where his sword had cut off every living thing. With these he sought and found a supply of his present wants; bartering the small wares of his pack for their simple fare. But ere long the scene changed, and he now finds himself among familiar faces, though intermingled with many perfectly strange. These latter were staunch and vigilant adherents to the papacy, carefully scattered about the land, to watch, and to give due notice if a symptom appeared, in public or in private, either of the retention or revival of heresy in any form whatever.

With an overflowing heart does that beloved teacher approach the objects of his former care; and quickly is he recognized, as the deep pantings of many a bosom declare, while the brow perchance is knitted, to discourage, and the head bent or the eye averted, to shun him. There is no sign of welcome, no whispered salutation of peace: nothing but an evident dread, lest his presence should lead to their destruction. By some, the crucifix is hastily displayed, as a token that, before man at least, they know no better hope than such lying vanities can impart; and others, by a loud remark to a neighbouring assistant, convey the intimation that their creed is that which of old they abjured.

Meanwhile, a group of children, and very young persons, gather around the traveller, demanding to see contents of his pack, which he readily spreads

them; gazing with wistful curiosity in their blooming faces, touched as some among them were with traces of early suffering, and more than one or two exhibiting scars from the cuts of a merciless sabre. Among those who bent over the scattered treasures, he is struck by the countenances of two lovely girls, twins, whose close resemblance to each other is scarcely greater than what both bear to a peasant who was once the very flower of his flock in that district, and well he remembers baptizing twin girls of hers some ten years previously, and sweet is the recollection of the season of prayer and praise that marked the event. A longing desire to hear of her, half subdued by fear lest the tale of apostacy should blight his once confident hope in the firm faith of that devoted woman, leads him to watch every movement of the lively twins, until at length one of them, selecting an article, holds it up, demanding its price. As she shakes back the wild ringlets from her brow, the resemblance becomes more striking; and he answers her enquiry adding, 'If your mother, young maiden, approves the purchase, we shall not dispute about the price.' 'What know you of her mother?' asked a sinister-looking young man who stood by: and the teacher, fearing for these lambs of a broken fold, replies, 'I know not even their names, or yours, or any around me: but the young should seek to be guided by parental wisdom, even in trifling things.' 'She has no mother, happily for her;' was the remark of several of the bystanders: and the girl herself hastily added, 'My mother was burnt with fifteen other heretics, by the holy pilgrims, four years ago.' 'And we are good Catholics, and hate all heresy,' said the other twin.

This little incident told a tale more comprehensive, heart-rending, than many a day's investigation

might have done. The children spoke, evidently in some terror: and the very tone in which their remarks were made proved them to have been learned by rote. The pedlar gathered his wares up, after disposing of a few, and crossing in heavy silence the vineyard, he perceived the father of the twins engaged at his work. Resolved to discover some ground of consolation here, he neither approached him nor attracted his attention: but seeking present rest in a secluded corner, awaited the close of day, then to seek the humble dwelling where his heart told him he should find the wonted welcome.

He went: the father was seated in his hut, and around him the few children left of a large family, one of whom was crippled and helpless from the effects of savage cruelty. The teacher entered, and threw off his slouching cap, and stood fully revealed, prepared to fold in a paternal embrace these objects of his solicitous care. The father sprang from his seat, and with frantic gesture in tones of wild, but smothered passion, exclaimed, 'Begone! begone! Is it not yet enough? has not the flame been fed? has not the sword been glutted? has not the rack enjoyed its prey? Come you here to mark out the victims anew, to let loose the blood-hounds—the holy pilgrims—the crusaders—on a ravaged district? Begone to your concealment, be it where it may; and God help you safe back to it! but leave us, leave the place, we are changed now: we are loyal to —— begone!'

It was enough: the pastor's cup of sorrow was full. Farther search he deemed fruitless for any good effect, and pregnant with peril to his lost flock. He turned, prepared to retrace his steps to the place of his dist[illegible] refuge, where, in rocks and caves, were hidden a s[illegible]

band of fugitives to whose persevering entreaties, and almost violence, he owed his own safety. Sad were the tidings he must bear to them, of many whom he had seen under circumstances that scarcely allowed a hope to linger in his breast, as to their fidelity to the faith: but he cast himself on the firm rock of Christ's word, in reference to such as were truly his sheep—"I give unto them eternal life, and none is able to pluck them out of my hand;" and thus, sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing, he pursued the pathway home.

Seldom indeed was any found sufficiently daring to make, however disguised, such a pilgrimage; for the terrors that had led perhaps not a few into open apostacy from the faith in which they had been brought up, prevailed with multitudes to whom that faith was never more than an object of careless toleration or involuntary respect, to become vigilant observers of, and eager informers against, suspected characters. They were not generally actuated by real hostility, but wrought upon by the unspeakable dread that such horrors as they had recently witnessed could not but inspire: and in some instances, no doubt, regarding the Albigenses as the authors of their calamities, they entertained a vindictive feeling which their spiritual guides well knew how to keep alive, and to turn to their own account. Of the former class was he from whose abode the pastor had been rudely expelled; and who well knew that he was surrounded and watched by many of the latter. One effect, and indeed the most fatal of all, was the cessation of all scriptural instruction in the families of those who themselves still cherished in their hearts the love of the truth. Children were too open and unarded to be entrusted with the perilous secret: they carefully looked after, and rigidly questioned by

the priests and friars who now ruled the land despotically; and to keep them in utter ignorance of their parents' sentiments, to help them to forget what they might already have learned, and to inculcate implicit obedience to the papacy in all its branches, was the only resource of those who still looked forward to a time when the Lord should arise on their behalf, and restore to them the precious privilege of worshipping Him according to the revelation of his will, and the dictates of his Spirit. So far as outward appearance went, true religion was utterly extinct among them; the most abject submission to Popish authority having succeeded liberty of conscience. The reconciled lords set the example of scrupulous observances where their inmost souls scorned and detested the puerile follies, unmeaning mummeries, and burdensome restraints by which they were shackled. The manliness of simple truth had won their respect, and its fruits of straight-forward integrity had excited their admiration, contrasted as they were with the marked opposites in the clergy and the devotees of Rome: but they had not given their hearts to God: they were not personally partakers in the like precious faith with those whom they had esteemed and protected: and when the alternative alone remained to them of indeed losing all, including probably their lives, for the gospel's sake, or of purchasing security in their possessions at the price of a seeming submission in all things to a power whose yoke they had always professed to wear, little hesitation could be expected. Their subjects, seeing them ostentatiously forward in all acts of outward obsequiousness to the priesthood, and all observances of Romish superstition, felt that no hope remained for them. The most devoted of the simple followers of Christ had perish

the flames, on the gibbet, by the sword, or the rack; others, following the direction given to the early Church, fled from the scene of their persecution to such places of refuge as they could find: and the remnant sank under the weight of calamities that had left them a mere handful, scattered up and down in what was now an enemy's country. Public teaching was of course unthought of, where men dared not assemble three or four together for private exhortation and united prayer, lest one of the number should prove a traitor. Ordinances ceased from among them: all means of grace were withheld; and the light of the gospel faded away, and the tree which the Lord had planted, withered and drooped, and cast its leaves, a bare, desolate monument of what it once had been.

By such means has the great Mystery of Iniquity always prevailed in warring against the saints, where power was permitted answerable to its wicked will. Its dragon voice has been heard to the uttermost bounds of the earth, saying to its agents, "Arise, devour much flesh." It is only when some limit is placed to its external working, that the lamb's horns are exhibited in ostentatious meekness to a deceived world, and the 'servant of the servants of God' ceases to fulminate decrees of universal slaughter, breathing out gentle tones of humility and peace. We have seen, so far, its operations against the true followers of the true Lamb: it will be our next step to show the actual embodying, the solemn ratification, the indelible stamping and sealing of Papal Rome's most murderous principles, as acted out in the twelfth century, in an unrepealed decree of the infallible Church, now in full force all over world; and even now, thanks to the desperate in- tion of nominally Protestant rulers, in full opera-

tion HERE, in Great Britain, the supposed fortress of Protestantism, the chosen and favoured, but, alas! not the faithful witness among all nations, of those truths for which her noblest and her lowliest children yielded with equal freeness their lives at the stake, as a testimony against what their descendants are warming and cherishing in their bosoms, to give new vigour to the sting already aimed at their immortal souls. The fourth Council of Lateran was held during this pause of death, and we cannot lightly pass it over.

C. E.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty."—2 Cor. x. 4.

On, Christians, rush ye boldly on,
The weapons of your warfare wield,
Lay not your mighty armour down
Till the last foe hath fled the field.

Though armed hosts encamp around,
Soon shall thy blest deliverance come;
Then shrink not from the dreadful strife,
And faint not till the fight is won.

The gates of Heaven shall open then,
There victors ye shall entrance gain;
There ye shall rest from care and toil,
And *there* the conqueror's wreath obtain.

Then, Christians, on! rush boldly on!
The weapons of your warfare wield,
Lay not your mighty armour down,
Till the last foe hath fled the field.

PAUL BEFORE NERO.

CHRIST'S presence is sustaining. The apostles were wonderfully calm and collected men. People, considering that they were, many of them, unlearned and ignorant, were amazed at their dignified composure in most difficult circumstances. It was scarcely possible to alarm or agitate them. When brought before kings and rulers, it was usually their judges who trembled, but they themselves were tranquil. And Paul tells us the secret of it. When he himself was brought before Cæsar, it was an agitating occasion. Nero was a cruel prince, and the people looked on his palace much as they would have looked on a leopard's den. An order has arrived to bring the Galilean prisoner to the emperor's judgment-hall. The apostle has just time to warn a few friends, and like enough they came and condoled with him; but they thought it prudent not to go with him into court. It might compromise their own safety, and it could do him no effectual good;—and he did not urge them. The soldiers arrived, and he went away cheerily with them—the old weather-beaten man—without his cloak, for he had left it at Troas; without his friends, for he had left them behind at his own hired house—as forlorn as ever prisoner stood before Cæsar. And how was it that the infirm old man passed, with so serene a look, the clashing swords, and scowling se[illegible] tries at the palace-front? How was it that he tro[illegible] gloomy gateway with a step so full of merry inn[illegible]

and martyr-zeal, and never noticed Nero's lions snuffling and howling in their hungry den? And how was it that in the dim and dangerous presence-chamber, where cruelty sat upon the throne of luxury,—how was it that, with that wolf upon the judgment-seat and those blood-hounds all around him—with none but pagans present, and not one believing friend to bear thee company—how was it, O Paul! that in such an hour of peril, instead of pleading not guilty, and falling down on suppliant knees, thou didst commit the very crime they charged against thee—the crime of loyalty to Jesus—and urge Christ's claims upon Cæsar? Why the secret of this strange courage was, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me. Notwithstanding, THE LORD stood with me and strengthened me, that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear; and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion."—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

THE DAYS OF LAUD.

PART II: CHAPTER V.

THE peace which Lucy now enjoyed was interrupted by one only cause of deep concern, anxiety for the future lot of her restless but noble-minded brother. Cuthbert did not often visit Mark Wentworth's dwelling. He was not indifferent to the happiness of its inmates, or careless of their affection, but Wentworth was a man of peace, who would submit to wrong or forego his own right, rather than cause or continue strife; while Cuthbert's hand was upon his sword, ready to avenge injury whenever he saw it inflicted, and even to search it out when it was not so apparent. His chosen companions were men of a similar spirit; men who at first only entertained just grounds of discontent against their civil and ecclesiastical rulers; but not having sufficient wisdom to curb that dangerous spirit, they now almost considered it as a mark of apostacy from the cause of truth and liberty, if one of their party approved any deed done by the monarch, or hesitated to wish for the "root and branch" extirpation of the Established Church. One man alone held a calmer influence over Cuthbert Camden, and Lucy wondered at the strange friendship that existed betwe[illegible] her brother and Mr. Parnell, the high uncompromi[illegible] churchman, who had never been stigmatized wit[illegible]

name of Puritan, or accused of neglecting one church rite.

During the three years of Wentworth's captivity, Camden had been frequently a guest in Mr. Parnell's family, who resided in the neighbourhood of York. From these visits he always returned unchanged in his favourite opinions, but thoughtful and sad; exercising more self-controul than he showed at other times. This improvement was only transitory. A few weeks spent in London plunged him again into all the mental warfare, and distracting heart-burnings that preceded the outburst of the civil war. Mark Wentworth and Lucy, who believed that success would continue to attend the measures of the Parliament, only feared that Camden's friends would draw him into crime. They had few apprehensions for his safety. But Mr. Parnell, who already began to regard the English Commons as rebels, and could not think that rebellion would be suffered to triumph, trembled lest his young friend should put his life in jeopardy, while he united with the party who opposed their rightful king. Urged on by this fear he came to London, determined to make one more effort to win Cuthbert from the side he had chosen, and prevail upon him to leave England, or retire into the country and live contentedly upon the small patrimony which he had inherited from his father, until the storm which threatened England should pass over. To follow such advice, Cuthbert Camden would have deemed a base betrayal of his country, but he loved the man who gave it, and therefore when he refused to be guided by him, he did so with a moderation quite unusual to his very temper.

'What more do you seek?' said Mr. Parnell. 'The power of the bishops is broken. The Star Chamber

and Court of High Commission are abolished. The Earl's head has fallen, and Archbishop Laud is in your hands—benefits ye are strangely wont to class together! "My son, fear the Lord and the king, and meddle not with them who are given to change."'

'"Given to change!"' repeated Cuthbert Camden. 'Would you thus speak of the reformation effected by the king Josiah, or even by the less holy Jehu, when in his zeal he slew the prophets of Baal?'

'Jehu was armed with a special mission,' said Mark Wentworth. 'Better close your Bible for ever, Cuthbert, than open it but to seek lessons of revenge and blood.'

'The disciples are as their master,' said Mr. Parnell; 'they whet the earthly sword upon the hallowed stone of scripture, and then give it their followers to wield.'

'Man's passions will sully the most glorious work,' said Mark Wentworth thoughtfully. 'Yet is there something in this reformation of our Government marked clearly by the finger of the Lord. Our Parliament is the "power ordained of God" to put an end to centuries of oppression. The terrible tribunal is no more, which hindered the preaching of God's word, and punished the scruples of the righteous with more rigour than the vilest sins of the wicked.'

'Ay,' said Cuthbert; 'some bishops have even been less eager on those who condemn the Church, than on those who on weak conscience, or (as they will have it) on weak reason, only abstain from it. It has been more dangerous for men to go to a neighbouring parish when they had no sermon in their own, than to be ob[illegible] stinate and perpetual recusants. While mass has [illegible] said in security, a conventicle has been a crim[illegible] what is yet more, the conforming to ceremon[illegible]

been more exacted than the conforming to christianity; and while men for scruples have been undone, for crimes of the deepest die they have only been admonished.' *

'Your "root and branch" men will soon put the Digbys and the Falklands to silence,' said Mr. Parnell, recognizing with pleasure in Cuthbert's words, the moderate sentiments of the excellent young nobleman.

'Intriguers and hypocrites there will be,' said Mark Wentworth. 'But God forbid that we should fix that deadly brand on the forehead of any man whose own deeds have not yet written it there. Much evil will be done. The words of scripture, now the heart-language of some who give the watch-words to the people, will be but the lip-language of their followers, and some more skilful than the rest will cover dark designs with such fair leaves.' He paused abruptly, but in a few moments added, 'Nevertheless, our present good is from God.'

'God will bring good out of man's evil,' said Lucy, who had hitherto listened in silence to the discourse.

'He will do so,' said Mr. Parnell; 'yet I fear the fabric of our constitution, both in Church and State, will be overthrown in the coming struggle.'

'Purified perhaps,' said Mark Wentworth, 'but not destroyed.'

'If it be destroyed,' said Cuthbert Camden, 'a fairer will rise on its ruins—a government fit for free men to dwell under. A church bereft of earthly power and uncumbered with the world's dignities and titles; ontent with those only which the primitive church ved.'

* Lord Falkland's speech before the House. Neale, Vol. ii. p. d from Rushworth.

'Camden,' said Mr. Parnell solemnly, 'you are young, very young. You may live to see the day when you would lay down your life to restore that order which you are now bent on overthrowing. I grant that no mean degree of guilt may be charged against some who hold the Episcopal Office; this does not lie against Episcopacy, but against the persons who have abused that sacred function. We must consider that the first spreaders of Christianity, the first defenders of it both with their ink and their blood, as well as our late Reformers, were all bishops; and even now in this great defection of the order, there are some that have been neither proud nor ambitious; some that have been learned opposers of popery, and zealous suppressors of Arminianism; between whom and their inferior clergy, there has been no distinction in frequent preaching, whose lives are untouched, not only by guilt, but by malice. Thus even if some change be indeed necessary, I would say again with Lord Falkland, 'that bishops may be good men, and let us but give good men good rules, and we shall have good governments and good times.' *

'They might be good men,' said old Catherine Redford, in a tone of bitterness which of late she had seldom used; 'if the pomp and the power did not spoil them; but I trow that for ten Aylmers and ten Whitgifts, ye will find but one Grindal.'

'Let the scripture which Mr. Marshall expounded before the assembled Commons, sink into our own hearts,' said Mark Wentworth. '"The Lord is with you while you are with him; if ye seek him, he will be found of you, but if you forsake him he will fors[illegible] you."' 2 Chron. xv. 2.

'May it tingle in the ears of all who hear[illegible]

* Lord Falkland's speech. Neale, Vol. ii.

that day,' said Mr. Parnell. 'They will need the warning.'

Cuthbert Camden was beginning to grow impatient. The evening was far advanced, and he was eagerly waiting the hour when he was to fulfil some appointment which he did not choose to communicate to his friends. When he was gone, Catherine Redford, to allay their fears, told them he was gone at her bidding, to feed on the heavenly manna which Master Rippon was even then dispensing to a large assembly.

'I fear,' said Mr. Parnell, 'the bread he offers to the hungry souls around him, has in it some of the leaven of malice and wickedness; and the stomachs of those who eat thereof will be overloaded with pride and high-mindedness.'

'The Bread of God,' said Mark Wentworth, 'is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.'

'Master Rippon was wont to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ,' said Mrs. Redford, 'and when my soul was secretly desiring a bitter vengeance for all my wrongs, the sweet harp of that holy doctrine on which he played with skilful hand, drove the evil spirit from my breast, and I was calm again and strove to love my enemies.'

'Prosperity is a furnace which will most surely try the metal,' said Mr. Parnell.

'Contempt and persecution,' said Mark Wentworth, 'often favor the growth of humility and self-denial; yet surely the lowliness which they foster must be a [illegible] christian grace. In hearts wanting these, surely [illegible]ice would breed only stubbornness and bitterness. [illegible]e who, we fondly hoped, sought not their own [illegible]things that are Christ's, now seem to forget the

Lord and seek help from an arm of flesh. These make the errors of the bishops and even of our gracious king, their text, to inflame the hearts of their hearers with rancour rather than with holy love. The yoke is withdrawn from their necks and they "use their liberty for an occasion to the flesh."'

A loud and repeated knocking at the door put an end to their conversation. Public strife had not yet sent fear to every private hearth, yet the unusual importunity of those without, made their only domestic hesitate to open the door. Mark Wentworth, who thought but of the inconvenience suffered by the stranger without, rose as hastily as his still feeble limbs would permit him to do, and was going to admit his unknown guest without inquiry, but Mr. Parnell prevented him, saying in a voice of caution, 'These are uncertain times, perhaps ——'

'Oh we fear nothing now,' exclaimed Lucy, looking at her husband with a fond smile, which painful memory had pictured on her countenance. 'We fear nothing now—no king's pursuivant—no Fleet Prison—no pillory!'

Mr. Parnell could argue for the old order of things, could even refute and deny any thing that was advanced in favour of the plans adopted by the Commons; but when that beaming smile, that look of happy fearlessness, told the bright results of their first deeds, he was convinced against his will that the men who had fasted and prayed before the Lord, had done some things well. He no longer hesitated to open the door. As he did so, a man wrapped in a large cloak, and so cl[illegible] muffled that his face was scarcely visible, rus[illegible] 'I seek a shelter but for one night,' he said. [illegible] will not have the guilt of innocent blood laid [illegible]

charge, do not deny it me. Those who seek my life are close at hand, but I shall be safe here.'

Supposing from his words that the stranger fled from the wrath of some private foe, the inmates of the cottage did not wait to question him farther, but endeavoured to overcome the fear that had driven him to seek shelter with them, by admitting him at once into their peaceful dwelling. Lucy alone regarded him with some distrust. He did not at once remove the coverings which he had worn to conceal his person, but said with a design of satisfying her doubts, 'I am a clergyman, and having unwittingly displeased some of those who now thrust themselves into our churches, I have been accused as a tool of the prelates, and am charged with assisting the Archbishop in some scheme against the laws and constitution of the realm. I am innocent of these charges, but no consistent minister is safe under the rule of schismatics. I feared for my life and fled. My pursuers were not far behind, but they will seek me in the inns and more public haunts of the place. The quiet and seclusion of your dwelling tempted me to intrude my troubles upon you.'

A minister of the Established Church fleeing from the danger of an unjust accusation, must needs find a welcome in Mark Wentworth's home, and Mr. Parnell redoubled his attentions to the stranger-guest, when he believed him to be a victim of the Parliament.

'Yet,' said Mr. Parnell, 'I thought not that our clergy were as yet the open aversion of the new rulers. I believe their countenance to be rather towards the [redacted]byterian ministers, but I heard of no public denun- [redacted] against any, save indeed the misguided recu-

[redacted]tranger had removed his hat, and thrown aside

the cloak which covered his person. Lucy's eyes were fixed upon him, and just as Mr. Parnell's words had crimsoned his cheek with a sudden flush, she had completely recognized Mr. Atterbury. She expected the recognition would be mutual, and thought shame for past treachery would at once force him to seek another refuge from the dangers which threatened him. But Lucy was mistaken. Atterbury did not know his victims. Mark Wentworth's form was thin, almost to emaciation; besides, he had not lost the sunken cheek and hollow eye that had changed the former comeliness of his countenance. Lucy, though less altered in her personal appearance, was disguised by the Puritan plainness of the attire which she had adopted, from a taste corresponding with the prevailing custom of the time, and her own lowlier station. The Christian pair consulted privately together, and agreed to return the bitter evils which the Jesuit had done them, with a good which, in some measure endangered themselves.

'Goodman will be hanged, I fear,' said Mr. Parnell, returning to the subject of the search for recusants, and quite unconscious of the fear he was causing in a bosom that seldom knew dread. 'He will surely be hanged. The king has left him to the Parliament, and the Commons are not likely to show mercy to a Jesuit.'

'Would that the day were come,' said Mark Wentworth earnestly, 'when none shall presume to try the conscience, or search the heart of another; when human laws shall touch nothing, that human power cannot by its chastisement reform and purify.'

'Beware,' said Mr. Parnell, 'lest in your earnest gaspings after liberty for all, you make a way for the enfranchised papist to deprive you of your own, and put the papal yoke again upon the neck of our c[illegible]

'I would not give him power,' said Mark Wentworth, 'or suffer the idol-priest to hold any place of trust in a nation that has avowed the Lord to be their God. I would discourage his attempts to spread his fatal creed; but should a Christian State shed his blood for such endeavours?'

Mr. Parnell was silent; and Atterbury, encouraged by the general benevolence of Wentworth's views, ventured to speak in behalf of the priest who then lay under sentence of death. 'Goodman,' he said, 'has at least shown a generosity worthy of a better creed. He has offered his life to assuage the feud between King Charles and his people.' *

'With the individual man,' said Mark Wentworth, 'we need not contend. It is the doctrine of Rome that we abhor, not her poor deluded votaries. The great contradiction to Jehovah's laws, that is written on the lintels and door-posts of all her temples, is that which we would fain erase, and write in its room all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord.'

'And the blood that has been shed,' said Catherine Redford, eagerly. 'The blood that popery and prelacy have shed—this also shall be required.'

'Names are but an empty sound,' replied Wentworth, 'and systems of Church government do not bear the guilt that has been incurred. It is the spirit of apostacy—of utter rottenness, that eats into the heart of the Church, and still spreads its taint where its worst foulness has been purged away. If the heart be right with God, the knee cannot bend to an idol. If the heart be [illegible] astray, outward worship is vain, though it be [illegible] to none but the living God.'

[illegible]ury, with the purpose of changing the dis-

* Neale, Vol. ii. 372.

course, turned it upon his own immediate affairs, and being unconscious in whose presence he conversed, he spoke freely of his connection with the family of Sir Humphry Clive. From him Lucy learned that her uncle was dead, and that Lady Clive and Marian had left Laytonfield, to avoid any unpleasantness that might arise from the search now carried on for the person of their persecuted chaplain. The night wore away. The inmates of the cottage, with the exception of Atterbury, retired to rest. He remained up, lest he should sleep beyond the hour at which it would be safe for him to continue his flight, and Lucy, without disturbing the slumber which was so needful for her husband's slowly returning health, rose with the sun that she might perform the last duties of hospitality for her departing guest.

Assisted by her single domestic, she prepared his morning repast, and sat almost in silence while Atterbury partook of it. He made several attempts to converse on subjects which he thought would be agreeable to her, but the scriptures of God quoted in the spirit of guile, jarred on Lucy Wentworth's ear. Still she did not reply until her guest having again wrapped himself in his cloak, prepared to leave her dwelling.

'My pursuers,' he said, have by this time changed their course. I must seek some obscure hiding-place in London, till I find a favourable opportunity of passing into France.'

'You wrong our rulers, sir,' said Lucy, assuming an air of severe dignity. 'Such precautions are not now necessary to insure the safety of any minister of the Church whose conscience does not charge him with some grievous ill. From the danger which now threatens Mr. Atterbury, perhaps he can at present

security in the protection of Queen Henrietta. The past is forgiven, Sir, for so hath our Lord commanded, or 'proofs, clear legal proofs, would not be wanting.' No witness need be suborned, for the wife of Mark Wentworth could tell a tale to which the Commons of England, would surely lend an ear—but I was wrong,' she added, seeing a slight paleness pass over his countenance. 'I would not say one word that would increase your trouble. Lucy Camden alone heard the dark resolve made in the chapel of Laytonfield, and Lucy Wentworth only prays that you may unlearn the dark creed which taught you to plot her husband's woe, and to jeopardy your own immortal soul.'

Atterbury turned from the door without uttering a word. To urge secresy upon one who voluntarily promised he knew was needless. To excuse villany, which had been bared before her eyes, he knew was hopeless.

CHAPTER VI.

THE parish in which Mr. Parnell resided, was in his gift; and when Mark Wentworth's strength was sufficiently restored to admit of his performing even part of a minister's duties, Mr. Parnell offered it to him. 'My judgment,' he said, 'is perhaps in favour of stricter churchmanship than that which you maintain, but I would fain seek vital religion, Master Wentworth.'

'Does it not abound in our days?' said Lucy. 'Does it not increase in spite of the political leaven that min- with it?'

little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,"' re- . Parnell. 'Christian breasts that have ad-

mitted political strife, may forfeit the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.'

'At least,' said Mark Wentworth, 'the minister of God must not strive, but be gentle unto all men. His strength must be kept for a holier warfare, for a struggle with his own sin, and with the sins and miseries of man; not with man himself.'

In this spirit of "good will to man," Mark Wentworth and Lucy took their journey into Yorkshire, carrying with them the aged Catherine Redford, whose fiery spirit was gradually subduing beneath the influence of the truth she had long professed. She could not renounce the idea of vengeance for the past, but when her soul echoed the cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" she began to overlook the perpetrators of wrong, and those who filled their seats, and directing the force of her indignation against sin, the grand destroyer of human happiness, she would only reply, "Till the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

Mr. Parnell and his two daughters were waiting the arrival of their minister and his wife, in the antique hall of Strode Parsonage, and the welcome of that day was but the beginning of a lasting friendship between Lucy Wentworth and Margaret Parnell. The latter was the eldest of Mr. Parnell's three children. She was about twenty-two years of age, but of so grave and matronly an aspect, that but for the youthful beauty of her countenance, she might have been supposed to number several additional years. Her mother's death had left her early the mistress of her father's family, and an intelligent mind using its powers in habits of active thought, had stamped the seal of mature wi[illegible] on her brow. She had been educated in princ[illegible]

strict conformity to the Church of England. She regarded dissent from its laws and liturgy as a grievous sin, and any irreverence towards the person or character of its spiritual rulers as of near kin to the same guilt. She had, in secret, bewailed the avowed Arminianism of Archbishop Laud, but never suffered her tongue so far to break from the bridle with which she reined it in, as to speak of episcopal errors in the presence of any one. The tales of his activity in persecuting the Puritans, she had utterly disbelieved, and, with her father, regarded his impeachment and imprisonment as great national crimes. The revolution then gradually effecting in the state, excited her wonder as, in an almost equal degree, did her father's choice of Mark Wentworth for parish minister of Strode. 'Surely he is in some degree infected with Puritanism?' she questioned with herself, as Mark Wentworth called his family and guests to prayers before they parted for the night. She was surprised when she found that he used the Church prayers, slightly varied indeed to suit the occasion, but still the Church prayers for evening-service.* On the following day she repeated the same doubt respecting Wentworth's freedom from puritanical taint in the presence of her younger sister, and Bertha Parnell replied with the gaiety and carelessness of her nature, 'He was but a little squeamish, sister, touching the Sunday sports and an old painted window, which things you know have found much grace in the good

* 'My father never scrupled common prayer, or ceremonies, nor even so much as prayed but by a book or form; but only for reading Scripture when the rest were dancing on the Lord's day, and for praying by a form of the end of the Common Prayer Book in his house, &c. he was reommonly by the names of puritan, precisian, and hypocrite, and so godly conformable ministers that lived any where in the coun-'—Richard Baxter.

Archbishop's eyes. Master Wentworth should have shown more ready obedience in such trifles, but my father will not dispute with him about them, if he only keeps the fasts with all due strictness.'

The latter part of her speech Bertha accompanied with a shrug of her shoulders, that gave acute pain to her more thoughtful sister. 'Bertha,' she said, 'it is small wonder that the enemies of the Church condemn her as wanting faith and piety, when those who have been nurtured in her wholesome and godly doctrines, treat with levity and ridicule what they should devoutly use for their soul's health.'

Bertha did not reply to her sister's rebuke, but continued to express her light thoughts upon solemn subjects in the same merry mood. 'If it were not,' she said, 'that Puritans, every day of the year, put on the same sour faces that a churchman only wears during Lent, I would turn Puritan myself to console poor Cuthbert Camden for your cruelty, sister. Who but yourself would have rejected a brave man, and a pious one moreover, who long ago gained your good will, only because he signed the Solemn League and Covenant to please the poor dissatisfied Scots. I can vouch for his being no Puritan (though they do say he is over-long at his devotions) for his smile is too bright, and his laugh too merry, at least it was so till you saddened it, Margaret.'

'Mr. Camden is disloyal to his king, and a schismatic,' replied Margaret, gravely. 'These are not small sins, Bertha.'

'Oh, he only speaks in defence of his Scottish friends,' replied Bertha, smiling. 'He did not half that whi[illegible] many good churchmen did, when under the bann[illegible] King Gustavus, they fought with the German [illegible]

tants against their own Emperor. Did not your own uncle, Ralph Parnell, lay down his life in that cause, though he ate no meat on Friday, and would rather have gone to mass itself than to a conventicle.'

'Schism is a fearful sin,' said Margaret, with a deep sigh.

'It's hard knowing what it is,' replied Bertha, in the same thoughtless tone. 'For instance, his gracious Majesty's representative in France was wont to pray with French Protestants, but now my Lord Scudamore would be as a heathen man and a publican, were he to kneel down and pray with those proscribed Huguenots. I pretend not to comprehend these matters, or to understand why you, who have so steadily refused the brother, have at once taken Cuthbert Camden's sister into your love and confidence?'

'Mistress Wentworth holds good and true doctrine,' said Margaret. 'I pity her sorrows, and I love her piety. She is not in fault because her kinsman errs. Why should I withhold my friendship from her?'

In pursuance of her resolution to continue the friendship she had given to Lucy, Margaret Parnell again took her way to the parsonage-house, accompanied by Bertha and their only brother, a boy about fifteen years of age. It was the middle of August, and the hall-door stood wide open to admit the cool air which the sultry season required. Mrs. Catherine Redford was sitting within the porch, upon a settle which, like herself, bore evident marks of antiquity. Lucy stood beside her, with her back towards her approaching friends, whom she did not perceive, but continued to discourse with her aged aunt, unconscious of being overheard. '"Faith [illegible]h worketh by love" will overcome it, dear aunt,' [illegible]d.

'It grows brighter every hour,' replied the old lady. 'My bodily eyes were darkened, that the eye of my soul might gaze more steadily on Him who prayed for those who drove the nails into the cross of Calvary.'

Margaret Parnell stopped involuntarily. It was the Brownist lady who spoke a faith, which she who adhered to the Church of England knew and loved. 'The hour of my departure draws very nigh, Lucy,' said Catherine Redford again. 'I feel that before many days I shall stand in His presence, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. But His robe of righteousness will cover all my dark deeds; his blood wash out my bitter thoughts and words.'

'You will sing your hallelujahs there, dear aunt,' said Lucy, scarcely able to repress her tears, but anxious that patience and forgiveness should have their perfect work in the long-lacerated bosom of her venerable relative. 'You will sing the song of Moses and the Lamb with all—with ransomed churchmen and'—

'With my martyred husband,' said Mrs. Redford, hastily, and a cloud for a moment passed over her face, as though she had profanely suffered spirits less holy to be consorted with his. It was only for a moment, she spoke again, and said, 'Christ will be all there, and there will be all whom he loves.'

Margaret Parnell stepped forward, and as her warm feelings overcame the reserve of manner she generally observed, she grasped the old lady's hand, and said with emotion, '"A great multitude which no man can number, of all kindreds and people and tongues."'

'Ay, Miss Parnell,' said Catherine Redford; 'tongues that can all say the only Shibboleth they will the need skill to pronounce.'

'"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from

sins in His own blood;" said Lucy, taking up the word.

'None there will hate his brother,' said Catherine Redford, 'because he prays not out of his book, nor kneels as he kneels.'

'And yet,' said Margaret, mildly, there will be no jarring note in that hymn of praise, all will be perfect harmony.'

'There will perhaps be as now, said Lucy, hesitating, '"diversity of operation, but the same spirit." Diversity, but not difference, and not, oh! not dissension.'

'Sit down here, young lady,' said Catherine Redford, motioning Margaret Parnell to take her seat beside her; 'and I will tell thee a tale of sorrow that may teach thee to think more of the unity of the Spirit, and less of the uniformity of lip-service. I will tell it thee, and then I will tell it no more on this side of the grave. In heaven I shall not need to tell it, for *He* will be there in his white robes, made white—but not in that blood. No, no! the martyr's blood had no power to cleanse sin—but in the blood of the Lamb.'

Margaret took the seat offered to her, and listened with a throbbing heart, while old Catherine Redford again related the death of her husband and of his fellow sufferers. There was one present into whose heart every word of that story sank deeply. Henry Parnell forgot not to his dying day the history of the blind old lady. It had some influence on the whole of his future life—an influence not benign.

As Catherine Redford ended her discourse, the little gate which fenced off the lawn from the high road [illegible] unclosed. A turn in the winding-path, and a [illegible] trees, prevented the group that stood within [illegible]rch from observing who had entered the gate.

One heart only knew the slow and tired tread which gradually approached. It was but a moment, and Lucy was by her husband's side, and fondly leaning on his arm, she walked with him again towards her guests. Mark Wentworth still looked pale and fragile, unfit to incur the fatigue and anxiety attending his ministerial charge, yet the glow of holy joy that settled on his countenance as he told the toils and sacred pleasures of that day, caused Margaret Parnell to compare him, in her own mind, with some of those ancient saints who stood foremost in her Church Kalendar. But Wentworth's thoughts were rising to the God of all his mercies. He was free. He had that day spoken God's truth from house to house, "none daring to make him afraid," and he came back to render thanks unto the Lord in his own peaceful home.

Margaret Parnell withdrew with her brother and sister, soon after Mark Wentworth rejoined his family. She walked home in silence, for her thoughts were occupied with one important subject—the schism that was rending England in twain. She sought its cause, and made answer to herself, 'It is the pride of those who should submit to the judgment of their rulers. It is a want of the spirit of obedience. And yet,' she argued, 'these schismatics think the laws of the Church at variance with the laws of God. They are wrong indeed, but should commands not expressly enforced in Holy Scripture be so bound upon men's consciences as to tempt them to disobey? What mean these new doctrines which some call Arminianism? Could the highest prelate in the land be himself a schismatic?'

Thus far Margaret Parnell had reasoned, when began to fear she had trod on dangerous ground. mediately, as was her wont, when tempted by v

sinful thoughts, she repeated one of the Psalms which occurred in the daily service. It was the third day of the month, and Margaret chose the 17th Psalm ; but when she came to the fourth verse, her thoughts became more and more solemn, ' " Because of men's works that are done against the words of thy lips : I have kept me from the ways of the destroyer ;" ' and her heart rose in fervent prayer, as she repeated the next words, ' " O hold thou up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." '

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

In three former papers we have considered the Church of God, 1st. As the garden of the Lord ; 2ndly, As the Golden Candlesticks ; and 3rdly, As the King's Daughter. Under these similitudes we saw the training and discipline of the Church during her militant state, while in banishment from her Lord ; and now we proceed to contemplate the moment when he shall come to receive her to Himself, without spot or blemish—that climax to which the work of creation, of redemption, and of sanctification has tended. The eternal purpose of God in saving a Church, and the manner in which his design has been worked out, contains heights and depths which angels cannot fathom ; and so long as the faculties of created beings shall expand, which will be throughout eternity, so long will these glories of grace and power unfold themselves to our enlarged comprehensions.

This display of the manifold wisdom of God to principalities and powers in heavenly places, was the originating cause why there was a Church at all ; for sin was no accidental disturbance of the councils and purposes of Jehovah, but permitted for the disclosure of his character ; so that instead of making the fall of Adam our first step in spiritual history, we must go back into a distant eternity when God entered into covenant to give a people to Christ, who should be his Bride and glory, that the attributes of grace and

might be made known. For without sin there could have been no grace ; and without degradation, no mercy ; nor could the patience, forbearance, or long-suffering of God have been tested except by fallen creatures. The contrast too, between sin and holiness brings out the full manifestation of the latter ; as with regard to ourselves, holiness shows us the true nature of sin : "I had not known sin but by the law ;" for sin, by the commandment, becomes exceeding sinful.

Such purposes could not have been effected, had God restored the world at once to a state of purity in the image of Himself ; nor, even, had the whole world been saved by the death of Christ ; but by His saving a church out of the world, grace is magnified. What does experience show to have been the foreknowledge of God. That sin is so entirely enmity with Him, that redemption is scorned. With hell before our eyes, and heaven offered to our acceptance—with wretchedness around us, and happiness provided, man, resolutely and uniformly, rejects the good, and chooses the evil. It signifies not that the blood of Christ has atoned for all sin,* and that He gave Himself a ransom for all (1 Tim. ii, 6), and tasted death for every man (Heb. ii. 9), as is distinctly asserted in God's word—man does not receive it—the fountain is opened, and all refuse to wash.

Thus, then, the world would have perished notwithstanding the sacrifice of Christ, had there not to this purpose of mercy, been superadded electing grace, whereby some should be saved : and it was in the everlasting covenant that the Father would give the Son as should believe on Him, that they might have

n ii. 2. ; iv. 14. Isaiah liii. 6. See the Thanksgiving in the

everlasting life. On the one hand we see the condemnation of the world justified, because it believed not; and on the other, that God has for his church done greater things. He has chosen her from eternity—influenced her by a constraining grace—drawn her with loving-kindness that she might run after him—hedged about her path—compelled her to come in—and saved her, because it was his good pleasure to make her his Bride, and to give her the kingdom. Thus He can say to the lost, "How often would I have gathered thee, and thou wouldest not" *—and to His Church, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!

It is highly important to have clear views on this subject, that we may understand the fulness of God's design; and because we might otherwise be in danger of dishonouring God, by attributing conduct to Him from which we should ourselves shrink as dishonest. To deny that Christ is the propitiation for the sins of the "WHOLE *world*," is to make God a liar; since, whether the "world" here means Jew or Gentile, the Holy Ghost distinguishes between it and the Church, including both in the benefit bestowed (1 John ii. 2). If it were otherwise, God could not in justice condemn men for unbelief; nor could He have commanded all men everywhere to repent (Acts xvii. 30.); or, with any truth, have declared Himself not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

To the world then, is the sin imputed of rejecting salvation. But the Church having by electing grace received the full benefit of the death of Christ, the

* Though these words were addressed to the Jews, it is suf
the argument that they were spoken to any.

signs of God are worked out in her by the sanctifying power of the Spirit. For, though given by the Father to the Son, it was still decreed that "without holiness no man should see the Lord," and hence there was in the covenant not only election unto life, but predestination unto holiness. The atonement itself was only a means to this end, the Lord giving himself for his Church in order that he might sanctify it. (Eph. v. 25—27.) The accomplishment of this purpose was the joy set before him; and the promise of God, "a seed shall serve him," the sustaining power that carried him through his sufferings.

The Church, therefore, for which his soul has travailed, must be conformed to his likeness; for if in him all fulness of perfection dwells, then it follows, that there can be no perfection but what is like him; and if no perfection in the Church, then could not Christ be glorified by the Church. Thus we know that for the glory of Christ the Church must be sanctified, and consequently such as have been predestinated to holiness are submitted to the refining process of expanding the vital principle implanted in them by the Holy Ghost. This process takes place on earth, and we have seen something of it in our former papers. But it is not perfected on earth—nor, until corruption has put on incorruption, can the Church be presented by Christ to himself without spot. For it is in the flesh that sin dwells—in the members that it reigns; and hence the continual warfare between it and the renewed mind. But when the body itself shall be renewed and be delivered from corruption, and become a glo-[illegible]ed body—then, the work of the Spirit shall be per-[illegible]—the strife ceases, and both in body and in mind, [illegible]iever serves God. When that happy moment

comes, the living and the dead will be instantaneously changed and gathered together to Christ; those who have slept in Jesus, and those who are alive, shall be caught up to meet him in the air. This is the point of time to which the Church has ever looked—Abraham looked for it, and all the holy saints of old, who refused deliverance because they desired to obtain "a better resurrection." It is the mark to which Paul pressed, and after which he eagerly pursued, lest by any means he should fail of attaining it. Year after year, as generation followed generation to the tomb, such as belonged to Christ were taken into an abode of rest and peace, of which we know, it is better to be there than to be here—and still are they waiting till the number of the elect shall be complete, that they without us should not be made perfect—and then shall all, at the same moment, inherit the promises. For this event every thing is preparing, whether on earth or in heaven—Christ longs for it as the joy for which he died. The sons of God having the promise and earnest of future glory, long for it as the crown of all their hopes; even creation longs for it, for then will that also participate in some measure by an increase of earthly blessedness. The Church united and caught up to the clouds, will, to the lost world, be a sign of the reality of those things which they now refuse to believe.

And how are we to describe this blessed meeting in the air? The dismay of those who are left, the happiness of those who are taken! "Thou hast destroyed thyself," ringing in the ears of the world; every mouth being stopped because God had called and they refused to hearken—Jews beholding Gentiles sit[illegible] down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and them[illegible] thrust out, because they would not come unto

that they might have life; (John v. 40.) and, "Come thou blessed," the welcome to the Church, as passing through myriads of assembled angels singing "Alleluia," (See Rev. xix. 6, 7.) and shouting for gladness more loudly than in the day of creation, she surrounds that beloved of her soul, her Redeemer, Saviour, Husband, who receives her as his wife and crown, and admits her into his Father's house. (John xiv. 2, 3.)

The marriage-supper then takes place, which is the first act of those endless felicities which will go on increasing throughout eternity. Jesus then begins to triumph in his Church, exhibiting her as his workmanship to an admiring universe, filling all realms of light with adoration and praise to him who has washed her in his blood. And if now, beholding the work of the Spirit, he can say to her, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee," how much more, when she has dropped the garments of corruption, and there being no longer any hindrance to the operation of the Spirit, the holiness of the Church is perfected at once, and that imparted principle of which St. John says, *it cannot sin*, pervades the glorified bodies of every individual member. Then indeed will his searching eye see no blemish in her, and she will be a "glorious church," worthy to sit down with him on his throne.

How intensely interesting is this subject, when we consider how near these things are, yea, even at the door. Those who read these pages may be alive when the trumpet proclaims that the Master of the house has risen up, and they will either be among those who go in with him to the marriage, or who come too late [illegible] the door is shut, crying in vain, "Lord, Lord, [illegible] us!" Could our eyes behold the preparation [illegible] grand events now going forward above, how

would the world and its concerns "recede and disappear—heaven open to our eyes!" But we walk by faith, and powerfully should that faith influence us. As birds in autumn congregate together when the time draws near for their migratory flight, so ought Christians, seeing these things begin to come to pass, and realizing them in their souls, to cling together, forgetful of minor differences and distinctions, expecting so soon to sit down at the marriage supper in perfect unity, as the bride of Christ, of whom he says, "My dove, my undefiled, is but ONE." Oh that the want of love and fellowship, which is the spot and wrinkle that now destroys her beauty, might be smoothed down before its final disappearance, and that Christians would begin to show the world a spectacle of unity with Christ and with each other.

Oh believers! make your calling and election sure! Let there be no doubts of your interest in Christ, that you may look for him in the full assurance of hope, and separate yourselves from the world. I call upon you solemnly and affectionately to examine yourselves, if you be in Christ, if you are members of his true spiritual church; and then, knowing your high destiny, to walk as becometh those who are the betrothed of the Lord.

Of the state of the glorified, we propose saying a few words, if permitted, at a future time.

S.

PROPOSED EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

DEEPLY impressed by the Redeemer's fervent and last prayer with his disciples, that all who believe on him through their word might be one, as the Father in the Son, and the Son in the Father, that the world might believe the Divine mission of Christ—deeply impressed with the repeated exhortations to be like-minded, having the same love, to be of one accord, and to stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel,—two hundred and sixteen brethren from twenty denominations of Protestants met together on the three first days in last October, at Liverpool, to consult on the promotion of this object. It pleased our heavenly Father, amidst many fears and tremblings, to give to those assembled a remarkable oneness of heart and mind, and much comfort of love and fellowship of spirit.

They were enabled to pass all their resolutions with perfect unanimity. Five of the most important of those Resolutions will give the requisite information respecting the character of the alliance.

'I. That the Conference record with delight, and heartfelt thanksgiving to God, that, after the most frank and unreserved expression of their sentiments, by brethren of various denominations present, there has [redacted] found not only a general and warm desire for ex[redacted]d Christian union, but ample ground of common [redacted] on a cordial belief in which, the assembled

brethren could themselves unite, for many important objects, and also invite the adhesion of all evangelical Christians; so that, cheered by these auspicious commencements, the Conference would go forward with their great object, depending upon continued help from the Divine Head of the Church; and now determine that a more extensive meeting shall be convened in London, in the summer of next year, to which Christians from various parts of the world shall be invited.

'II. That the Conference, postponing the preparation of a full and formal document on the subject, deem it sufficient for the present to intimate, that the parties who shall be invited to the future meeting, should be such persons as hold and maintain what are usually understood to be Evangelical views, in regard to such important matters of doctrine as the following, viz.:—

'1.—The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of Holy Scripture.

'2.—The unity of the Godhead, and the Trinity of Persons therein.

'3.—The utter depravity of human nature, in consequence of the Fall.

'4.—The incarnation of the Son of God, and his work of Atonement for sinners of mankind.

'5.—The Justification of the sinner by faith alone.

'6.—The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.

'7.—The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of Holy Scripture.

'8.—The divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the authority and perpetuity of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper.

'III. That in the prosecution of the present att
the Conference are clearly and unanimously of o

that no compromise of their own views, or sanction of those of others, on the points on which they differ, ought to be either required or expected on the part of any who concur in it; but that all should be held as free as before, to maintain and advocate their views, with all due forbearance and brotherly love;—farther, that any union or alliance to be formed, should be understood to be an alliance of individual Christians, and not of denominations or branches of the Church; and the design of this alliance shall be to exhibit, as far as practicable, the essential unity of the Church of Christ; and, at the same time, to cherish and manifest, in its various branches, the spirit of brotherly love;—to open and maintain, by correspondence and otherwise, fraternal intercourse between all parts of the Christian world;—and, by the press, and by such scriptural means as, in the progress of this alliance, may be deemed expedient, to resist not only the efforts of Popery, but every form of Antichristian superstition and infidelity, and to promote our common Protestant faith in our own and other countries.

'IV. That this meeting desire to express their humiliation before God and his church, for all the divisions of the Christian Church, and especially for everything which they may themselves have aforetime spoken in theological and ecclesiastical discussions, contrary to speaking the truth in love; and that they would earnestly and affectionately recommend to each other in their own conduct, and particularly in their own use of the press, carefully to abstain from and to put away all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and [illegible]our, and evil-speaking, with all malice; and in all [illegible]in which they may yet differ from each other, [illegible]eek to be kind, tender-hearted, forbearing one

another in love, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven them: in everything seeking to be followers of God as dear children, and to walk in love, as Christ also has loved them.

'V. That as the Christian Union which this Conference desires to promote, can only be attained through the blessed energy of the Holy Spirit, the Conference unanimously recommend the members present, and absent brethren, to make this matter the subject of simultaneous weekly petition at the throne of grace, in their closets and families: and suggests the forenoon of Monday as the time for that purpose."

These resolutions by no means describe the whole amount of the real agreement of those who were assembled together, nor all the doctrines of Scripture which they together hold, and which have been the common possession of true Christians in all ages. That all power in heaven and earth is given to our Redeemer, and that he is ever with his people to the end of the world, and will come again to raise the dead, and judge the human race at his appearing, and other precious doctrines, generally held by real Christians, might have been added: but the design was not to give a completed confession of faith, but a summary of such essential truths as would meet the present purpose of those assembled.

The direct object of the Union is to give an opening for brotherly recognition and conference to sincere Christians holding the head, notwithstanding minor differences as to doctrine and discipline.

The great benefit proposed is—a manifestation to the world of that real unity of believers which exists already, but which is obscured from view by

divisions of the Church, which are the necessary result of our imperfect knowledge and grace.

We have no reason to expect the general concurrence, at an early stage of our proceedings, of even real Christians. If all Christians cannot agree in the doctrines of Christ, much less can we reckon on their agreement in a particular expedient for union devised by man. We desire, therefore, to be very careful, not to confound adhesion to the alliance, in any sort or manner, with Christian church-membership; and so making the alliance mechanical and external, and a fresh cause for division; which would be the more unreasonable, because defined by human expedient.

Nor can we now attain to a full Confession of our Faith: all we look for is, as complete a statement as we can secure, of the *bonâ fide* amount of actual agreement in the chief bodies of orthodox Christians. It would at present be injurious to our object, to define it by a full confession. It would exclude whole classes of sincere Christians. We rather desire to make the entrance so WIDE that most sincere Christians—however imperfect their creed, in this or that subordinate truth—may be able to join; and yet so FULL, that some great truths may be testified to the world, and it may be clear from the charge of a latitudinarian confederacy with no fixed principles.

Our chief aim will be to secure real Christianity, the spiritual life, the life of God in the soul of man, as the essential characteristic of those who join us: and to tolerate all varieties not destructive of that life, without any compromise that would make us responsible for views which we may deem defective in others.

have not concealed from ourselves the mighty ents in the way of this manifested union,—

impediments the growth of 1800 years,—impediments deeply seated in that utter depravity which we have confessed,—strengthened by all the differences with each other which at present exist conscientiously in our own minds, and by the still greater difficulties we may expect in more widely diffusing our union among foreign Protestant Churches. We know how good men have laboured to promote this manifested union in all ages, from the earliest authentic human writing preserved to us in the Christian church—the Epistle of Clement,—who thus pleads with the early Christians :—"Have we not all one God and one Christ? Is not one Spirit of grace poured out among us all? Have we not one calling in Christ? Why then do we rend and tear in pieces the members of Christ, and raise seditions against our own body : and are come to such a height of madness as to forget that we were members one of another?" In every age, to the present day, the peacemakers of the Church have never failed to labour; and hitherto their labours, though, doubtless, never entirely without fruit, have not been successful. We cannot look on this past experience, without seeing the mighty impediments to our success. But still, when we weigh the earnest prayer of our Redeemer, we have entire confidence that this prayer cannot fail; and, strengthened by it, we enter on this blessed work of seeking to attain the manifested union of all real believers—of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, to such a degree that it may be evident and visible to the world at large, and full of rich blessings to ourselves and our fellow-men.

We disclaim all merely political or party objects. We desire to acknowledge all as brethren, who with [redacted] heart believe unto righteousness, and with the [redacted] make confession unto salvation. We desire to b[redacted]

ful subjects of our Divine Lord and Head, Jesus Christ, God our Saviour, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and wholly to enter into his mind, who is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

The friends who have thus united trust also that, while following the apostle's directions, "whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing," our God would fulfil his gracious promise, and give to every one of us more and more of his own truth, to bring us into oneness of mind with Himself on things on which we yet conscientiously differ; and so, finally, into greater oneness of mind with each other. The *necessity* for this union of faithful brethren arises from the mighty efforts of Popery and Infidelity within the visible churches, and the vast extent of untouched idolatry and Mohammedanism. The enemies of our common faith are by far the great majority of the human race, and the power of Christians to resist those enemies, has been impeded by so much of their strength being given to maintain their respective positions against each other. Let our faith in the power of all-important common principles to unite us, be greater than our faith in the power of subordinate doctrines which have hitherto kept us asunder. The divided state of Christendom has been the great hindrance to the success of the Gospel, and the constant plea of infidels. The divided state of Protestantism has been the great strength of Rome. We have been scattered and divided, and our common enemies have been united.

There is between all truly converted men, of all denominations holding the Head, a strength of unity vastly and dearer than that which the ties of kindred

or of denomination can give. They have the mind of Christ, and that mind is, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." This unity has ever existed; and it is hoped from the many signs of the times, and the yearnings of heart after this union among all God's children, that the time is hastening on when it will be fully manifested to the world.

It is the great desire of the friends of the proposed Alliance, to carry out this object, in the full spirit of Christian and brotherly affection, even to those who differ from them,—ever speaking the truth in love. They pray God, that they may be preserved from every thing like a spirit of partiality and enmity,—from all judging or condemning, not only of those who decline to join them, but of all who may speak against them. While they would weigh with candour everything that may be alleged against their proceedings, they desire to obey the plain command,—"Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous: not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise, blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing." In this spirit they earnestly desire to meet the opposition of their worst enemies, and of their most mistaken friends.

Many friends have asked for information on the practical measures for doing good which the Alliance designs or hopes to accomplish. There is a wide field of blessedness open before us, and no want of openings for usefulness suitable to the objects of the Society, a[illegible] for which it seems eminently fitted; but it wou[illegible] premature, before our plans have been ripened,

more information than is contained in the general resolutions passed in the Conference at Liverpool.

If any think, that there is yet a vagueness resting, like a mist, on the objects of the Alliance,—we would readily admit a measure of truth in this. We cannot tell, before trial, how far members of different bodies are ripe for union and co-operation. Just because the object is progressive in its nature, it must be, in a measure, undefined. We can see the direction of the movement, but neither its rapidity, nor its extent; nor even the length of each separate step: but we know there must be a real Union, wherever there is the Spirit of Christ; and, blessed be God, we have enjoyed already the foretaste of the reality and the sweetness of that Union. We rejoice, too, in the prospect of that happy and peaceful triumph, when we shall receive one another in full unity, and with full love, as Christ has received us, to the glory of God. We have had the beginnings of all those mutual confessions and humiliations which bring us together; and of all those gushes of mutual affection which endear us to each other, and some experience of the power, thus given to us, to stand for the truth against the mightiest efforts of the kingdom of darkness.

The encouragements already received are great. Many of the faithful brethren among the Swiss churches at Geneva, of different denominations, have sent in their cordial adhesion; and we know brethren in all parts of the world who are one with us. We are continually receiving the names of those desirous of uniting with us. Let the difficulties, then—let the encouragements—let [illegible]astness of the work, and the unutterable blessing [illegible]ttainment—stir up all who love our Lord and [illegible]ople, to earnest and persevering prayer in our

behalf. We rejoice to see that a beloved minister has specially called the attention of Christians to prayer for this object on the first day of the New Year; and we cordially concur in his earnest recommendation for enlarged and earnest prayer. We have no wisdom but what God gives; false steps may easily mar our work. We proceeed in weakness, fear, and trembling. Brethren, help us by your prayers; and especially ask, that the Lord may give us heavenly wisdom, holy love, and the meekness and gentleness of Christ, in every step we may take. Let those ministers, who are disposed to aid this work, give us their names as Corresponding Members of the Committee.

The extent even of the preparatory work calls for contributions: but, in the present stage of the movement, this is not desired from any one who does not enter with all his heart into the design, and into the leading steps which have been taken to promote it.

The names of all those who concur in our principles, and who wish to promote the proposed Evangelical Alliance, will be gladly received by the undersigned Secretaries.

Grace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

EDWARD BICKERSTETH,
JABEZ BUNTING,
JAMES HAMILTON,
JOHN LEIFCHILD,
EDWARD STEANE,
} *Honorary Secretaries.*

ALEX. DIGBY CAMPBELL, *Official Secretary.*

PASSAGES FROM LUTHER.

DEATH-BED OF ST. BERNARD.

In reading the life of this eminent ascetic, we find that his writings had a great influence throughout Europe in promoting the preposterous homage paid to the Virgin Mary;—he certainly ascribed to her that which was exclusively to be rendered to her son, Jesus Christ. He was a great panegyrist of cloistered life.

In the monastery he lived chaste, pure, virtuous, and temperate. He subdued his body by excessive fasting. He completely broke down his health, and spared himself no mortification.

There never was a more conscientious monk in existence before him or since. However, upon his death-bed, he not only forgot all his good works and holy life; for he thoroughly perceived that in the sight of God he could not thereby stand justified: but he raised himself up and spake the following sentence:—"*I have wasted and mis-spent my life. But I take comfort from this fact, that my Lord Jesus Christ died not for himself, but for me and sinners.*" Ah! blessed Bernard! hadst thou died in thy cowl without this looking unto the Lord and Christ, thou hadst been lost. But God taught thee to say this through the Holy Spirit, at this very [illegible], that Christ died for thee, and through his death [illegible]d for thee the kingdom of heaven.

[illegible] same spirit many, (if God will) who are called

spiritual persons, and many laymen too, will continue to hold to their dying hour the doctrines of the Papacy upon absolution, external sanctity, &c.; when they will turn round and become true witnesses, let go their old opinions, and instantly set their heart and reliance upon the Redeemer's death and merits.—*From Luther's Sermon at Smalkald*, 1537.

FALL OF ANTICHRIST.

As many of us as have the mind of Christ, hope for the comforting and glad appearing of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who is now feeble, poor, and despised, yea, rejected, scourged, crucified, and killed. O! that he were near, even at the door, and ready to put the finishing blow on the innumerable mischiefs of the doomed Papacy.

At his Epiphany, Christ, our life and hope, will show and reveal himself in the very same manner, as we now believe and preach concerning his advent. Namely: He will redeem us from all misery and sorrow which now we must needs endure and suffer both in body and soul for the confession of his blessed death and holy name. I say, which we suffer at the hands of an impious world, from their father Satan, and from Antichrist, who favours nothing except sin, and countenances only what leads to destruction.

It will be a mighty operation in him to destroy the wicked one with the breath of his mouth: in other words, through the word of his mouth!! (*mit dem odem des Hern munds*, das ist, *durch das mundlich wort.*) For he calls his servants also his own mouth; inasmuch as he endues them for this very purpose with mouth and wisdom (Jer. xv.) to preach. To pr[illegible] repeat, what is of real benefit to the Redeemer[illegible]

To turn Christians from following the rules and laws of the Antichrist; those rules, those laws which he has praised and exalted for some centuries far above the word of the Eternal. But both he and all his abominable inventions are thus entirely banished from their hearts; he receives a total and irretrievable blow in their spirits: he is, as it were, raked out and then buried; he is no longer a ruler over them: very few can he now terrify with his grievous lightning and thunder. This is (I say) the way that things now proceed, and will go on still more; until at length the blessed moment for our redemption shall arrive, which we anxiously await: of which Paul in the cited place speaks far more expressly, that *the "Lord shall destroy him with the brightness of his coming,"* (2 Thess. ii.) and with the Spirit of his mouth.

So it will be. For Antichrist becomes faint and subdued in the hearts of believers, not by means of the sword, or from human strength. No; rather as Daniel says, "*he shall be broken without hand:*" so also it is written in the eighth Psalm, *through the mouth of babes and sucklings.* A time will surely come, when men shall experience (it is somewhat visible before their eyes) and they can even now, if they will, perceive, that we simple despised Christians, with all our imbecility and foolishness, have effected more reform than the whole world ever could accomplish with all its wisdom and power. Yet we do not lift a threatening hand: (*keine faust*, no fist:) Scarcely a single man draws his sword. We merely open our mouths: we preach the Gospel: the Gospel, I say, which utters a syllable concerning monk's cowls, pilgrimages, tion of saints, masses for souls. &c. No. This entire subject-matter of Antichrist's oratory.

But we preach Christ, as the only destroyer of the law, bearer of transgression, devourer of death, and killer of Satan. (*Geoetzwurger, Sundentreger, Todfresser, und Teuffels morder.*) Whoever regards not the Redeemer in this point of view, then will the Saviour never more rescue him from the grasp of this invincible enemy; although such a despiser of Jesus could produce in his own behalf the sufferings and merits of all the saints of God, much less of all the Papal worthies.—*M. Luther; from a Sermon preached at Smalkald*, 1537.

DESCRIPTION OF PAPAL PREACHING.

You may then expect the last and terrible time; when once Christendom has been emptied of true Christians. On this subject Jesus Christ himself says; "*When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?*" as if he had said, 'The last age will be so sad and perilous as to manifest the disappearance and loss both of the word of God and of faith. Nowhere will Christ be exhibited to view, and every one will teach, believe, pray, and do what pleases self, and is right in a man's own eyes. Certainly thus it has been the custom for *nine hundred years*. And no one has either preached or written in opposition to the destructive fallacies and idolatries of the Babylonish system.'

Was it not a monstrous error and shameless falsehood, when the best partisans of the Papacy, the holy monks, persuaded the people, that if they would but on their decease put on the cowl and be buried in it, then they would attain to forgiveness of sin, and conveyed from earth unto heaven! Oh! rather,

to the bottomless pit! Not a word then was advanced either of the oracles of God, of the sufferings and resurrection of Jesus for our salvation, or of faith. Alas! they turned the very Saviour into a judge and gaoler. They filled our minds with notions that represented Mary the mother of the blessed Lord, (*der lieben Gottes geberin Maria,*) and other saints, as if they were our mediators and advocates to reconcile us unto Almighty God, and to obtain grace.

But this intercessory office and this high prerogative are ascribed in Scripture to the Son of God alone. Is it not written in Romans viii., that "*Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, and maketh intercession for us?*" Is it not said by St. John, that "*God so loved the world,*" &c.? The Bible is full of these and similar comfortable testimonies for Christ. Doubtless the anger of God must be kindled in a high degree against the hierarchy of Antichrist; and against the shocking ingratitude of the world. Nothing now must be seen or heard of this nature; very little else is understood and disseminated, except that which torments sadly disconsolate consciences;—for how can wounded spirits obtain relief from pernicious and artful superstition, from absolution, indulgences, calling upon saints, pilgrimages, and whatever besides is a part of the endless trash and rubbish? They cannot be deceived by such miserable delusions. For to this day there are prayers, and canticles, and their books before them, which point out such modes of consolation. These are injurious to the Saviour, and unhappy consciences hence learn only to increase their danger.

[redacted] is is what the Church is now taught; and as [redacted] the vast cathedrals, and abbeys, and a never-[redacted] range of foundations meet our eyes, otherwise

(I maintain) they would deny the fact. I will hold my tongue concerning other indignities offered unto the Almighty, in the proclamation of the year of Jubilee, and the sale of indulgences, and the deliverance of souls out of purgatory, and the intercession of the saints. Indeed the world is so full of cloisters and religious retreats, that there is hardly a corner to be found free. And does not every one very well know what a trade the apostle of Satan has driven by the widely-diffused absolution? Has he not boasted that he holds all the merits of all the saints within a chest, and that he can parcel them out, how and to whom he will; and that with these you may avert from your guilty head the punishment impending? Men not only learn, but they pay for these deceptions. This is the teaching of the Church. Every one has experienced the same. The world is filled with books written to uphold the same. What a multitude of Saviours, and of Redeemers, have been created; even as many saints as are in heaven! Saviours have been invented from such as could afford no help to man, and from such as never existed but in men's imaginations. For I should be very averse to making a serious affirmation that St. George and St. Christopher were ever born into the world. (*Denn ich wolte nicht gern darauf schweren das S. Georg. und S. Christoff che auf erden komne weren.*)—*Preached at Smalkald in a Sermon which bears the title of Schone Trostliche, 'Delightfully Cheering,'* 1537.

THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. VIII.

By Sidney O'More.

> Death wounds to cure, we fall, we rise, we reign,
> Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
> Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
> Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
> This king of terrors is the prince of peace.—*Night Thoughts.*

Vainly had a pilgrimage of love been undertaken by Norah's anxious parent. The insidious disease which had begun to undermine her frame, slowly progressed, until its ravages might have been traced by the most casual observer. But the invalid trembled not, as she found bar after bar of her earthly tabernacle give way. She knew that a house eternal in the heavens awaited her arrival, a glorious mansion illumined by the presence of a Saviour God; she had been happy in life, but she expected to be happier after death. With trembling terror her sister Bridget had contemplated the hour of dissolution, as the dread moment which should launch her unsupported spirit upon an untried, unknown, and therefore fearful existence. But Norah leaned upon an Almighty arm, and felt confident that it would bear her safely through; she raised the eye of faith to a bleeding Saviour, and could exclaim with the happy Psalmist, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for *Thou* art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Almost daily my mother and I visited this interesting patient, and administered to her comfort; she was always very grateful for any little restorative that we happened to take with us. Very frequently she begged me to read to her the soul-upholding truths of Holy Writ, when weakness had rendered any exertion wearisome to her frame.

One morning Mrs. Moran came up to Glencarra in a state of violent excitement, 'I seen it, I seen it!' were the only words we could extract from her.

'What have you seen?' enquired my mother.

'The Banshee, yer honour, the *banshee* (literally fairy woman) I heerd her scream by the lake the night before little Kieran died, I heerd her again when Biddy died from me; I heerd it last night too, and now I know my darling Norah wont stop any time wid me.'

'Might it not have been the wind shrieking through the old trees which overhang your cabin?' asked my mother, 'or possibly the excited waves of the lake surging, for the night was stormy.'

'Oh no, yer honour, I seen her with my two eyes, dhressed in white and runnin' along the lake side, wringing her hands with the grief; my heart dhropped in me whin I heerd her cryin' for my Norah deelish.'

Nothing that my mother could say, could dissuade Mrs. Moran from the idea that she had really beheld the warning spirit; she maintained that the whole country knew that her family was attended by a Banshee, and could prove that none of them had passed away without a similar summons. It was evident that her excited imagination and over-strung nerves had conjured up an apparition, which had been watch[illegible] for by many.

The same evening Mrs. Moran informed her [illegible]

ter what she fancied she had seen: and rocking backwards and forwards on her stool, she exclaimed 'Oh, what 'ill I do in the wide world when ye lave me, darlin' vein of my heart!'

'Oh mother, only think where I'm goin' to, and you wont fret that away,' replied Norah; 'shure I'm goin' to my own Saviour to the greatest of joy, oh and oh, mother darlin', if you'd axe him to be your Saviour too, and trust to himself entirely, entirely, he 'll bring you afther me, and we'd be together ever an' always.'

'Ah, then, Norah avourneen, it rises my heart to hear you talkin' that a way, but shure its so new to my old head, that I can't rightly take it in.'

'Mother, dear, you see yourself the hand of death is on me, I cant live more nor a week at the farthest, and niver will be able to lift myself from this bed; now, will you have the heart to say no, when I axe you to do one thing for me?'

'Deed I wont, asthore: say the word and I'll do it, no matther what any one says again it; the little time you'll be with me, I'll make you asy in yer mind, any way.'

'Well mother, you wor ever the same to me, child and colleen, always good and kind. Now dont let Cormac keep Aileen from me any more; my heart's sore for thinkin' of her. Mother darlin', let her see me every day till I die. 'Twont be long.'

'I'll go for her this very minit,' exclaimed the warm-hearted parent; 'and she shall come as often as iver you plaze. Father Barrett may put ten years penance on me if he likes, I'd rather do it, aye, ten times over, [illegible]r crass you, vein o' of my heart, an' you goin' to [illegible]me.'

[illegible] emaciated countenance of Norah beamed with

delight on so unexpectedly obtaining her demand. She knew that the priest's wrath would be excited by this open transgression of his commands, but she no longer regarded his opinion. Truth had set free another captive from the bonds of superstition.

When Mrs. Moran returned to the cabin, accompanied with her daughter Aileen, they found their beloved invalid enjoying a most tranquil slumber; a mind at rest had allowed the enfeebled frame to seek the repose which it so much needed. Tears trickled down Aileen's countenance as she noted the progress of decline, since last she had seen Norah, yet she was soon enabled to offer thanksgivings at having been restored to her sister's society. When the sick girl awakened, refreshed and strengthened, the first words that escaped her lips were, 'Aileen, is Aileen here?' The young wife sprung forward to meet her embrace; the joy of the sisters was completed, while their mother stood by enjoying their mutual delight. A long and deeply interesting conversation ensued, and it was not until weakness again drew the curtain of repose around Norah, that Aileen left the cabin to attend to her domestic duties.

When Moran returned from labour in the evening, his wife found little difficulty in inducing him to coincide in her decision relative to Aileen's visits; he had of late become an attendant on the weekly meetings at Owen's house, and his opinion as to the dangerous nature of heretical doctrines had been much shaken. Very different were the feelings of Cormac Dhu. On his return home, a long and stormy discussion ensued; and finding his arguments fail in changing his mother's determination, he resolved to remove his children to another abode, that they might not be contaminated by the daily presence of a heretic.

The affair made a great noise in our immediate neighbourhood, for such a thing as open transgression of the priest's commands had been hitherto unheard of in our little district. Father Barret immediately took the alarm; so bad an example presented too by one of the greatest devotees of his congregation, might be followed by others, and his empire might be disturbed. Accordingly he set off the moment Cormac informed him of the case, and determined at once to crush the leaven which seemed spreading through his flock by taking some decided step which should publicly stamp his disapprobation of the Morans' conduct, not only in admitting the visits of Aileen, whom he had branded as a black sheep, but also in continuing the perusal of the forbidden book.

On entering the cabin, Father Barret seated himself by the bed-side of Norah, and made many kind enquiries relative to her illness, for he was naturally a kind-hearted man, and was only induced to resort to harsh measures by the belief that they were indispensable for the honour of his church and the fulfilment of his own duties as priest of that Church. He then reminded Norah that she had been unable to attend her Christmas duty, and said that he was then at leisure to receive the neglected confession.

'I have confessed,' said Norah feebly. 'I have confessed my sins to the Lord God, and I hope and believe he forgave me for the sake of His own Son.'

'What!' cried the astonished priest, 'do you refuse then to confess to me?'

'If your riverence will plaze to shew me written in the Bible that I am to confess to a minister, I'll do it [illegible]d welcome, but I only seen in it, "Confess your faults [illegible]o another," an' not a word about forgivin'.'

'[illegible]his comes of readin' the forbidden book,' said the

enraged Father Barret, 'didn't I often and often tell you that the church forbids the Bible to be read by any except her priests; and if it rises doubts in their minds they must shut it too: yet you, an ignorant colleen, you that are little more nor a sick child, have dared to read what wise men are afeard to meddle with! What could you expect, but that you wouldn't undherstand it rightly, but id be taking wrong meanings out of it? Where is it? I wont have yer soul lost by the like of it.'

Mrs. Moran dared not conceal the bible which lay upon the dresser. The priest suddenly seized it, and threw it into the fire. 'It's an Irish bible, an *Irish* one, yer riverence,' exclaimed the woman as she snatched it from the hearth.'

'No matther,' replied Father Barret, 'ye can poison yerselves as well with it, Irish as English.'

'It shant be burnt unther *my* roof any how,' replied Mrs. Moran, as she saw that he was again about to commit it to the flames.

The baffled priest took the Holy Book out into the public road and called for fire. No person seemed inclined to bring it to him. Aileen ran to the field where her father was at work, with the hope that his remonstrances would prevent the sacrilegious act. Mrs. Moran hastened to support Norah, whose slight frame had been so agitated by the scene, that she lay gasping and shivering from terror.

At the expiration of half an hour, an old woman brought some lighted turf to the priest, and the precious book was slowly consumed upon the high road,* before an increasing crowd of spectators, many of whom kn

* A scene precisely similar to that recorded above, occurre parish of Shinrone, King's County, about eleven years ago.

and loved its contents, but dreaded the consequence of any interference with the representative of their church. Even Aileen's father declined to accompany her to the scene of destruction, as he feared to render his family yet more obnoxious to the ruler of his destinies.

Aileen returned to the couch of her sister, whose breathing was still rapidly, and with difficulty drawn; and as she gently raised her drooping head, she whispered, "There the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick, for the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Norah smiled, and looked up with joy beaming on her speaking countenance.

The Father of mercy never leaves those who trust in Him destitute of consolation, and the dying girl, whose inspiriting cordials, and ardent hopes of immortality, were drawn from her highly-prized Bible, still possessed the greater portion of her treasure. Her strong faith in a precious Saviour the priest could not remove, but of the words of that Saviour he had endeavoured to deprive her, but in vain. She had concealed beneath her pillow an Irish Testament; and when all was still, and the darkness of night promised effectual concealment, a piece of wood was placed over the little window, while Aileen read aloud the soul-cheering promises of Scripture.

Fitzgerald's next meeting was more thronged than usual; several attended from curiosity, to hear the contents of a book, the destruction of which had created so great a sensation in the parish.

I do not think the young are so attached to life as who are bound to the world by the links which years have interwoven. At all events, death can

seldom be fearful to those who behold him as a messenger sent from a reconciled God to convey them to an eternity of happiness; and as such did Norah contemplate his approach. According as her mortal lamp waned towards extinction, even so the brightness of immortality dawned with clearer radiance upon her happy spirit, until at length it burst its bonds, and fled to its Father's home.

Two days after her removal, my mother and I stood within the venerable walls of the old Abbey of Moyne. The cold blasts of early spring pierced our frames, but we heeded not, for they conveyed to our ears the wild funeral cry of lamentation for Norah. We soon perceived the blue cloaks and white caps of the female part of the procession, and a few moments after, the whole crowd came in sight. It proceeded very rapidly, almost at a running pace, and frequently the mourners turned round as if to watch some object in pursuit. The cry ceased as the procession advanced still more rapidly, and we heard a voice from the gate exclaim, 'Never heed, boys, ye're time enough. Tim Doolan's berrin is a long way off yet.'

While my mother led me up the stairs of the belfry, in order to escape the crowd, I asked why the Glencarra people seemed so anxious to outstrip the other funeral.

'The poor creatures believe,' she replied, 'that the person last interred in a church-yard is obliged to attend all those who have been buried in the same locality, and must constantly supply them with water, while they are enduring purgatorial torments. The Morans are naturally anxious to spare Norah so [illegible] risome an office, which they now believe will d[illegible] upon Tim Doolan. They little think what a di[illegible]

career our happy Norah has entered upon, where her only employments will be the service and praises of her God.

Norah had expressed her wishes that a Protestant minister should perform her last rites, but her family would not accede to the proposal. She was therefore interred, like most of our poor, without any funeral service whatever, for the expenses of her wake left her poor relatives without means to purchase a mass, even at the low rate of seven shillings and sixpence; they were therefore obliged to content themselves, according to custom, with placing in her coffin some clay which had been blessed by Father Barret. The burial was soon concluded, and as soon as the people dispersed, after having repeated prayers over their respective friends' graves, we descended from the belfry and returned to the carriage.

It was at my earnest entreaty that my mother had permitted me to witness this scene, and, in after years, the contrast enabled me to value more highly the beautiful service which our church has provided for the dead.

On the following market-day, Mrs. Moran purchased two pairs of shoes of the size which had suited her deceased daughter. These she gave away in charity, thereby, as she fancied, enabling the ghost of Norah to perform its nightly wanderings, unhurt by rough roads or thorny paths. The mind of the bereaved mother was as yet enwrapped in darkness; it could not be expected that superstitions which had enthralled her from infancy to mature age, should at once loose their bonds, and leave her unshackled.

[redacted]me evenings afterwards my father visited the cot- [redacted]nd after speaking for some time in commendatory [redacted]of its late inmate, he wished to turn the footsteps

of her parents into the path which she had trod, and after some introduction, enquired from her mother, 'On what did her hopes of reaching heaven rest?'

'Shure, and then, yer honour, afther I lave purgatory, I'll go and wait outside the door of heaven, and shure I wont be long there before my little boy Kieran 'ill see me, and he'll open the door for his own mother quick enough.'

'And do you also depend upon little Kieran's opening the door for you?' asked my father, turning to Moran.

'Oh no, yer honour, shure a gossoon could only open for the mother, and I've no little girl there before me, young enough to lift the latch for me, but shure I'll be anointed by the priest, an' when Christ sees the mark of the oil on me, he'll let me in.'

While my father set before the poor couple the way of life, I could not help reflecting on what I have sometimes heard, that if a Romanist acts up to what he *believes*, he is as likely to be saved as if he knew the truth! Then, if he believes that clay and oil will save him, and applies that clay and oil, he will be saved. Strange doctrine truly, and one that scarcely harmonizes with the doctrine of the Almighty Saviour, "No man cometh to the Father, *but by me*."

GLEANINGS.

SPEECH-MAKING has become so much in vogue, and the calls upon our pious orators are so many, the topics on which they are expected to descant so few, that it is quite refreshing to mark the rousing, animating effect produced on them, by being called on to plead, not a novel cause, but the most ancient in existence; not on new grounds, but on a foundation older than the foundation of the world. The cause is that of brotherly love; its groundwork and argument, that "God so loved us."

At the recent Conference in Exeter Hall, some very striking, beautiful, and original things were said, of which we purpose selecting a few, merely as specimens of the delightful whole, and in proof of our remark, the Chairman, Mr. Bevan, adverting to the injunction not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, said,—

'I conceive that the not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, refers especially to such a union of Christians, and that it refers not merely to public worship, for whereas public worship as at present conducted is not for the sake of provoking one another to love and good works, but to hear the Gospel, and to pray together, I conceive, that the "assembling of [illegible]urselves together," indicated in the Epistles, is just [illegible] meeting as we hope to hold; and it is worthy of [illegible] that the Greek word there used for "assem-[illegible]yourselves together," is used, I believe, only in

one other place in the New Testament, and that is where the Apostle Paul, in 2 Thess. ii., says, "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him," &c., intimating, I think, to those who hope to be of that blessed number who shall be gathered to him at his coming, that they ought visibly to unite together on the earth. I think also that this union will be exceedingly useful as being a practical protest against the errors of the day. It will brave the reproach which violent persons of either side seek to cast upon those who are of a Catholic spirit. The clergy will have to brave the reproach, that joining with Dissenters is just as bad as joining with Popery; and some Dissenters, perhaps, will have to bear the reproach from some of their brethren, who will say that Episcopacy is nothing better than slightly modified Popery. Again, it will be a practical testimony in the face of the whole world of the power of the Gospel, and to the fact that there is a common ground beyond that of mere party spirit. It will, also, I trust, be a rallying-point in those times of trouble which may yet try the Church; and it will at least facilitate and go much to cement that perfect union which shall be brought about when that which is perfect shall have come, and that which is in part shall be done away.'

The Rev. Dr. Leifchild, who has been an eminently active instrument in this blessed work, remarked that—

'They already began to feel the blessed effects of that association. They had come to an understanding with one another; and in proportion they lost their shyness and distrust and jealousy, and learned "to esteem another very highly in love for the truth's sake." would not speak harshly of any who refused

them; but who could refuse to do so on these terms: a perfect liberty to advocate their own convictions at a proper time and place, provided there were no infringements on the spirit of Christian charity and of the Gospel of the Son of God? They could not conceive the numbers that were preparing to join them in that movement. He was afraid that after the remarks of the Chairman, he should be considered over sanguine, but he did expect great things from their preparatory meeting. He thought that when associated together out of all sects, and animated by the spirit of brotherly love, it would have a wonderful effect upon observers. It would do away with the idea of littleness and feebleness which the world attributed to them. But when they appeared as they should then, they would challenge a respect which would inspire their friends with courage, and their enemies with fear. They would extort from the reluctant lips of their foes a testimony of admiration, as was the case when an enemy of the ancient Church went forth to execrate the people of God, but when he saw their order and beauty, the curse which laid at the bottom of his heart was stifled, and the exclamation came forth, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Israel! Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." And so will it be again when God shall take away the rebuke of his people for their divisions and separations from off the face of the whole earth.'

The Rev. E. Bickersteth, to whose efforts and example, giving force to his admirable 'Letters on Christian Union,' so much is owing, thus concluded an animated [illegible]h:—

"[illegible]us be of good courage amid all our difficulties; [illegible], I verily believe, will appear for us, and help

us. I do not believe, indeed, that our Society will perfect the union of Christians. We wait for the day of resurrection to see that completed. Nor do I believe that our religious Societies will convert the world, but they aim at a right object; they take steps in the right direction. God will have his people one: that is the true idea at which we with our imperfections aim at. Our course is plain, as laid down in the words of the apostle, "Be ye followers of me as I am of Christ." The Lord, in his own time, will unite his people, and prosper us in our efforts. They cannot fail. The prayers of Christ must be answered. The whole Church of Christ will finally come forth as one bride, the Lamb's wife, in the holy Jerusalem, to the everlasting praise of God our Father; and we shall sing for ever with one voice, one rapturous song, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him, that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever! Amen."'

Dr. Alder observed that,—

'Christianity was aggressive; it could not tolerate anything adverse to itself. The command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," was a declaration of war against every false system: and just in proportion as it was acted upon by Christian individuals and communities, would pure religion flourish. At present, the lovers of Evangelical truth were called upon to unite in opposition to the man of sin, who was recovering some degree of his former strength, and employing his characteristic skill and activity to regain his power over the souls of men. We must protest against error, and enunciate the saving truths that we are justifi
before God on account of the righteousness, and f
alone sake, of our Lord Jesus Christ, by faith,
for our works, and that believers are sanctified

influence of the Lord the Spirit, who is given to the people of God by the Father, through the Son, that he may make them meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Protestantism, to a great extent, instead of being faithful to its mission, had been faithless, and become a negation, although it was never intended to be a negative system. The principles of the Reformation were older than the Reformers, as ancient as the Gospel, and older than the Bible, for they dwelt in the mind of God in heaven before they were revealed to man; they still existed, and would survive the last general conflagration. The Reformation was but a step in the progress of events; a new chapter in the moral history of man not yet closed. The voice which fell upon the ear of Adam as he left Paradise, which spoke to Abraham, which was heard at Sinai, and was re-uttered when "the Word was made flesh," was now calling upon Christendom, and to it there were responses from various quarters, saying, "Glory be to thee, O thou righteous One!"'

The Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, speaking of the obligation under which we all lie to take up any cross found in the way of duty, and especially alluding to the trying opposition to be encountered in this work of love, said,—

'It is our calling to take up our cross. God knows we have few enough. His mercies are lavish beyond expression. Our homes are happy, our hearts are light, our land is the land of liberty and joy. Blessed be God for mercies innumerable. Why not take up the one cross that he bids us bear equally? Then, as my dear [illegible]ther Bickersteth said, let us meet these things with [illegible]nce that becomes those who know Christ is with [illegible] know it is our calling to bear the cross, and

that the true way of overcoming evil is not to meet it and master it by a stronger energy of evil, but to overcome it by good. Let us learn from the grace of God thus to meet all the reproaches that may be cast upon us, and God will give us eventually a triumph. But if there be anything of a human kind that may give to a man abundant consolation, it is to be found in those deep-meaning words of Christ, which, depend upon it, we shall find true, "Wisdom is justified of her children." If we are wise, though many may say we are rash—if we are wise, though many may pronounce us to be acting in an unchristian way—there are children of wisdom in this country, and in America, and throughout Europe, who will justify us. They have the spiritual instinct to feel that we are right, and they will adhere to us one after another. There are, my friends, objections innumerable still existing, multiplying. Many hundreds are adding to the portentous pile. It arises before us daily, and will arise. But it is a heap of sand, it is a heap of objections, not one of which, when examined in detail, will stand the test of reason or of Scripture. It is a heap of sand which, by its prodigious accumulation frightens many, and which all our united strength may fail to sweep away. But if you saw in the centre of this very hall a hillock of sand rising to the roof, which all our accumulated strength could not remove, let it be placed on the silent seashore, where a gentle, scarcely-perceptible rippling comes up with the tide, let that ripple attack the base of the monstrous accumulation, and by little and little it will all be lost beneath the sunny and heaven-reflecting expanse; and let us be but persevering and ge[illegible] let the tide of Christian affection and Christian p[illegible] ple arise on this land, and the accumulated obj[illegible]

after a few years perhaps will subside, or at least, disappear.'

The Rev. J. Hinton impressively declared that,—

'God was all. They were navigating amidst shoals and rocks, and unless he became their guide, all would be lost. But encouraged as they had been in various ways, they could not go backward. He would rather be wrecked in this little bark among the quicksands, than stand on the shore with cold and unsympathising heart. If they had grace enough to attempt nothing which they could not do together, they were safe.'

The Rev. Dr. Cumming's speech was one burst of eloquent feeling: we only select two instances of his beautiful illustrations.

'Disunion has done much mischief. May we not hope by the blessing of God that union may retrieve it? Disunion has made the Infidel scoff and the Romanist blaspheme. It has poured dishonour on God, and rent the ties of the nearest and dearest brotherhood. If action be equal to reaction—if the angle at which one strikes is equal to the angle at which it rises again, may we not presume that if disunion has done such great evil, union may pour glory on the name of our blessed Master—may tie the cords that have been severed—may make hearts beat in unison that had their angry passions at antipodes before. Suffer me to say there are two sorts of union. If you will allow me an illustration from a favourite pursuit of mine—music, I would say, there is unison and there is harmony. Unison takes place when many voices, pipes, or instruments, all sound precisely the same note; but harmony results [illegible]n each voice, and pipe, and string, sounds its own [illegible] Now, the Roman Catholic Church has attained [illegible] Every priest, from the Pope to the humblest

official, is in unison. But we contemplate no unisons. We say let the Independent note be heard; let the note of the Church of England, and the Baptist note be heard; let the note of my brethren of the Free Church be heard; let the note of the Church of Scotland be heard; and let the harmony that results from their combination, their union, rest on the same stave. It is thus that the Alliance is calculated to achieve good, and if Christ be the key-note of union, and the Spirit of God be the breath that sweeps over the strings of this Æolian harp, then the result may be, and the result, by the blessing of God, will be, the evolving of those tones that have long been sleeping, and the production of that harmony which began at the Cross, and which shall be continued and only completed when Christ takes the crown, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men." . . . . The same light enables the peasant to read his Bible which enables Queen Victoria to read her's. The same atmosphere you breathe is breathed by prelates, priests, judges, and nobles; and the same law that enables the planets to maintain their spheres, to maintain their foundation, keeps you upon the benches which you occupy, and me upon this platform. Do we not then see certain grand elements of unity, so grand that they are exhibited in principle and only the variety is displayed; whether we look to the least, or the largest of creatures; whether we look to the youngest child on the earth, or the oldest cherubim in glory; whether we look to the dew-drop on the leaf, or the mighty ocean with its ever-sleepless eye; whether we look to the smallest molecule of polarized light, or the most magnificent planet in the system;—All are bound by the same laws—all one great principle of unity, but one grand ma

tion of variety. It is these analogies which teach us, in the world of creation and the world of Providence, precious lessons of the kingdom of grace. And let me say, that I solemnly believe that all the divisions that have taken place in Christendom are upon the surface. They have not touched the heart. The heaviest storm that strikes the ocean agitates only the surface of the water. It never reaches the deep, deep sea; and I believe the sorest conflicts which have swept across the Christian Church have not reached the deep springs that are beneath,—springs too deep to be frozen in winter, too sheltered by the attributes of God to be evaporated in summer—the springs of our common life, our common peace, our common joy, and our common hope. And let me add, that it is not our constitutions, but circumstances that have kept us asunder. If, for instance, you were to take a cup of quicksilver and dash it to the earth, what would be the result? It would split into ten thousand little globules. What would keep them apart? The inequalities of the surface on which they are spread. But use a little conciliation, remove the inequalities, bring the globules together, and they will amalgamate into one great mass, reflecting the countenance of him that gathers them. It is so with Christians. We are separated by things that are of the earth, earthy. Bring them together on such a platform, or in such an alliance as this, and the result will be that they will constitute one great mass, reflecting the glory of our common God, the hopes of our common heart,—eternity our common lifetime, and infinity our everlasting home.'

The Rev. T. S. Grimshawe said,

[redacted]have long wished for such a time as this, and I [redacted]peal to my honoured friend, if he will allow me

to call him so (Dr. Bunting), that eight or ten years ago I suggested to him whether it was not desirable, and if desirable whether it was not practicable, to approximate the different sections of the great Christian community, and to make the experiment whether, if we are members of Christ, we cannot visibly manifest ourselves as members of one another. And I believe I made a similar proposition some time before that to Mr. Morrison. What was then a wish is now an accomplishment—what was then an imaginary desire is now a great reality ; and I am sure Christ would never have commanded us to love one another unless in were practicable to do so, and possible to carry it out by some actual demonstration of our piety and our love and zeal.'

Review of Books.

THE SABBATH-DAY BOOK; *or, Scriptural Meditations for every Lord's-day in the Year. By J. Leifchild, D.D.* Religious Tract Society.

We can feelingly enter into the value of this book of which its pious author says he "has had chiefly in view the benefit of those whose circumstances compel them to spend the whole, or a portion of the Lord's-day in their own abode." It consists of meditations on various portions of Scripture, brief, practical, and eminently adapted to supply the loss of the public ordinance of preaching; leading the mind, under the influence of the blessed Spirit, into a train of serious and profitable devotional exercise. That sweet brotherly spirit, that careful avoidance of minor points of difference on which this estimable divine has been so successful in endeavouring to build up a fabric of union and love among [illegible]ristians, pervade the book; it is truly valuable, and [illegible]t to be highly valued.

THE DAWN OF LIFE; *or, Scripture Conversions. By a Clergyman.* Seeleys.

SOME beautiful sketches of various characters delineated in the Holy Scriptures, exhibiting the first dawnings of grace in the soul and its final triumph alike under the former and the latter dispensation, with reference to its bearings on the different circumstances and conditions of its objects. It is written with great spirit, in a beautiful style, full of Scripture, replete with admonition and encouragement, and is altogether a most engaging volume. The Gospel is preached throughout, clearly, faithfully, and fully. Who the author is we know not, but with the work we are exceedingly pleased.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, *and other Lectures on Prayer. By the Rev. James Hamilton, National Scotch Church, Regent's Square.* Nisbet.

MR. HAMILTON does not *write* to those whom he addresses on paper, he actually *talks* to them. They hear his voice, see his cordial and affectionate smile, and feel that he has at heart the individual good of each individual auditor, as much as if that person were the sole object of his care. This is a most rare and precious gift, much, very much will be required at the hands of him who possesses it, and we bless God that hitherto our dear brother has exercised it most wisely and with the happiest effects. The present volume, though s

is, we think, the largest that he has yet published, and we venture to predict that its reception will be similar to that which has awaited his former works. We noticed, with great pleasure, his animated little treatise, 'Life in Earnest,' published about a year ago; in that short period the book has gone through no fewer than twenty editions, and is in as great demand as ever. What a responsibility does this create! May the Lord keep him stedfast in the faith, zealous for the truth, and active in promoting both, as he has hitherto done. We do not give any account of this work, 'The Mount of Olives,' because everybody will read it; but we cannot pass over the touching beauty of the opening description, and the application so solemnly made; so well calculated to reach the conscience of every reader.

BIBLE STORIES FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN: *with Practical Observations adapted to the Capacity of Infant Minds. By a Father.* 2 *vols.*

THE YOUNG INSTRUCTED IN THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE; *being an Explanation of the Principal Events in the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. By the same Author. With Recommendatory Preface by the Rev. Thomas Drew, D.D. First Series.* Robertson: Dublin. Simpkin and Co.

MANY have tried, and, we must add, that not a few [illegible]e failed, to adapt the narrative and character of [illegible]pture to the capacities of children of three or four

years old, without substituting altogether, or almost their own words and thoughts for those of inspiration. The task is one of exceeding difficulty; but we really think that this author has succeeded in it to a remarkable extent in the two first little volumes. The larger book, large only by comparison, appears to us equally well suited for youth at a more advanced period. We are very backward in recommending works of this class, which come before us in great numbers, because we are aware that half the mischiefs now vexing and perplexing the Church, originate in the proneness of man to think that he can elucidate the mysteries of God's word by his own endless interpolations and annotations; whereas we are told, that the very entrance of that word, (in its own majestic simplicity) giveth light: it giveth wisdom and understanding to the simple. Parents and teachers, mistrustful of themselves, and too mistrustful of God's promise, are eager to catch at any human help in the arduous work of instructing the little ones; and it is sad to think how large a mass of inconsiderate and well-meaning nonsense is by this means mixed up with, if not substituted for, the lucid realities of Scripture. With all our caution, however, we do not fear to recommend these volumes: the only inaccuracies of which appear principally in the maps, and may easily be rectified.

THE LAST DAY. Nisbet and Co.

THE richly-illuminated, highly-decorated, and very unique style of printing displayed in each page of this singular-looking little book, somewhat startled us; for we knew that with such glittering cobwebs the old Romish spider in his new Tractarian suit of solemn black, catches many a buzzing-fly. Turning to what we supposed was the title-page, our alarm amounted to positive dismay, on finding it occupied by a great ugly cross, round which was coiled a very ill-looking serpent, while a suppositious dove, beaming forth rays, hovers above it. The real title-page, however, stamped with the name of our inestimable friend in Berners-street, assured us that no heterodox sentiments were at all likely to lurk among its leaves; and on turning them over, we found them filled with matter the most stirring and solemnly important—reminding us by its contrast with the fanciful medium of conveyance, of old wine in new bottles. We heartily hope that this most excellent wine will be prevented from running to waste, by its speedy transference to the memories and consciences of our readers; for we do assure them it is most admirable, and the book is studded with scripture texts in every page. It was intended as a new year's gift for the young; and as a means of attracting the eye, we will not quarrel with the innocent gilding and tinting that enclose all the letter-press; but war, aye war to the knife, we wage, and ever will wage against all such ornamental setting-forth of that accursed tree, the Roman gibbet, on which the Lord of Glory was [illegible] by heathen hands. Most unsparingly is our [illegible]ife applied to the whole family of Nehushtan;

and we pray God the day may soon come, when this resuscitation of ancient idolatry may become as hateful in the eyes of every Christian, as was the original Nehushtan to the good king Hezekiah, and be as effectually put out of the way. Had our ever blessed and glorious Lord suffered death by any Jewish mode, had He been stoned as was His proto-martyr, it would have puzzled the ingenuity of Satan to work any idolatrous mischief out of the instruments employed: but it was necessary for the endurance of that curse which He,—blessed for ever be His holy name!—was to endure for us, that he should be hung upon a tree. To this end no doubt was Jerusalem permitted to be defiled by the presence of the Roman gibbet, thereafter to become the Roman idol; and though the Cross of Christ be that alone in which we dare to glory, though it be that which we daily desire to take up while following Him, yet to confound with that saving cross, two sticks or two stones placed transversely, is to our minds so carnalizing a process, that were it in our power we would do away with it henceforth and for ever. God grant that such of our readers as may start from language that to their ears cannot sound orthodox, may be led by the Spirit of God, deeply to reflect on the fearful havoc made in the fold of Christ, and to ask themselves what evil there would be in its utter expulsion, to counterbalance the immense good: from turning thus from things which mans' hands have made, to those sublime realities which are invisible and eternal.

THE PROTESTANT.

EXETER Hall! the scene of many a deeply interesting hour, the more enjoyed, perhaps, because not frequented but on occasions where the prevailing topic of the day was some one to which a peculiar chord in the heart vibrated.—I did not think to have again, under existing circumstances, taken my place among the thousands congregated within those walls; and when a friend laid before me tickets for the side gallery, it seemed almost like tantalizing a hungry person with the sight of forbidden food. But then came the mental query, 'Can any real good be gained, or any additional opportunity for usefulness be secured, by making an effort that undoubtedly might be made?' The answer was decidedly affirmative: where a company of avowed believers were assembled together, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and expressly for the purpose of promoting that peace and love which are the brightest ornaments of His Church, he could not fail to be in the midst of them: nor could any fail of sharing a blessing who took part in such proceedings. This would be a real, solid advantage: while in the way of usefulness much was to be hoped from the realizing effect produced on the mind by actually witnessing what could not be adequately represented on paper. Prayer was answered; an [illegible]val of ease was vouchsafed; strength abundantly [illegible]nt for the occasion was given; and secretly re-

freshing to the spirit will ever be the remembrance of those five hours enjoyed in Exeter Hall!

Seldom, on any occasion, was that spacious building more completely thronged: not only was every seat occupied, but wherever standing-room could be found, there stood some eager listener. A large proportion of the assemblage being men, and a great number of those presenting the blooming aspect of youth, bespoke the deep interest excited in the bosoms of many who usually leave to their female friends the privilege of frequenting these large meetings; and very remarkable was the air of stillness, of composure, of settled seriousness that prevailed throughout the mass. It was certainly more like the assemblage of a quiet congregation for united worship than an ordinary Exeter Hall meeting. Printed copies of the hymns to be sung were dispersed to each; and the reading of them no doubt assisted in preserving the devotional tone of feeling that prevailed.

At the appointed hour the Committee entered: no applause greeted them, for such demonstrations had been earnestly deprecated, and the prohibition was endorsed on every ticket. They seemed even in this respect identified with those "whose praise is not of men but of God." The chairman having briefly repeated the request that the meeting might be regarded as devotional, and all outward expression of individual feeling restrained, the whole of that vast assembly rose, and united voices, many of which never dreamed to have been so joined on earth, pealed forth that magnificent ascription of praise, the hundredth psalm, in the quaint old version,

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth-tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

Rejoice! truly that must have been a cold and a gloomy heart which did not rejoice as in the joy of harvest. Had the really pious and well-meaning among those who oppose the work, or who hold back from it on the ground of anticipated difficulties, been then present, they would have learned, perhaps, to take less thought for the morrow; and to enjoy without misgivings the privileges of the day. Their presence would have been valuable to the cause, as promoting its success among many whom their influence and example induce to stand aloof; but far more valuable to their own souls would have been the opportunity of realizing for a season on earth the communion which they confidently hope to hold together in heaven. This "communion of saints" is a doctrine dear to all; with some an article of faith: but while confined respectively to a communion of Episcopal saints, or of Presbyterian saints, or of Congregational saints, the language that rises to our lip is necessarily that of Paul to the divided Corinthians, "Are ye not carnal!"

No such exclusiveness found admittance to our blessed 'conference' in Exeter Hall. The voice of mortal praise having ceased, that of God Himself was devoutly listened to, while some beautiful selections from the Scriptures were impressively read. Prayer succeeded: it was excellently arranged that the venerable leader of the Wesleyan body, who take no exceptions against our general forms of prayer, should lead the devotional exercise in the language of some of our most scriptural and spiritual petitions. He began with the general confession, which was almost universally responded to by that exceedingly large and diversified congregation; indeed their aspect during this solemn, and to some, [illegible]s trying stage of the proceedings, was such, that

it might have been heartily wished a few of our intolerant high-churchmen had been at hand, since a very large proportion of the assemblage were undoubtedly dissenters, to shame them out of their unbelief in the Christian spirit of many whom they might well be proud to greet as brethren.

All that followed was in perfect harmony with this auspicious commencement. It was a feast to look upon the countenances of some whose hearts of love have heretofore been, as it were, pent up by circumstances which they knew not how to overcome; and which withheld them from expressing towards each other the fulness of brotherly affection and confidence that each secretly owned the other richly merited. The outburst of these pent-up yearnings wherewith each longed after his brother in the bowels of Jesus Christ, had taken place at Liverpool; and the emotion with which each alluded to it was a striking attestation of its powerful and (let doubters doubt as they may) lasting effects. Elsewhere will be found a few brief 'gleanings' from the published reports of the speeches; merely intended to exhibit the tone and spirit that prevailed through all. Mr. Noel was peculiarly energetic; he grappled with hostile arguments, and prepared his co-operating brethren for the extreme of opposition that Satan could raise against a work so eminently accordant with the very life and soul of the gospel. He alluded to the resistance that he, personally, had encountered, and was daily encountering in the active prosecution of the work; and he spoke as one who was ready to bear, and to do all things through the strengthening power of Christ. The readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine may easily comprehend how, in that hour of sac[illegible] fellowship, its Editor's heart smote her: *not* for ha[illegible]

on various points connected with Ireland, and political matters, differed from Mr. Noel: *not* for having openly protested against opinions in which she did not, nor does now concur; but for having expressed that dissent in language of petulance, asperity, and uncharitableness, for which the only excuse to be made is an unconditional acknowledgment of error, an unreserved request for pardon at our brother's hand. We have, since that blessed meeting, said this and more, by letter, to himself; and received a most ready and Christian response. We now publicly repeat the retractation of every harsh or unsisterly word; and we pray that all may be obliterated from the minds of those who still remember it.

The feeling predominant in the mind of at least one individual, when reluctantly obliged, from mere exhaustion of bodily strength, to leave that unfinished conference, was the vastness of the stake that the great enemy must have in defeating it, if permitted; and if not, of thwarting at every step its onward progress; keeping it within limits as narrow, and confined to numbers as small as possible. To this end he will be sure to transform himself into an Angel of light; and his ministers—the doubts and difficulties that he craftily suggests—into ministers of righteousness: so that when the best and the wisest, and withal the most loving spirits, among those who lead in religious matters, sit down carefully to ponder over the matter, he will so disguise with his cunning craftiness, its real bearings, and conjure up such visions of future division and defeat, as to make it a point of conscience with them to keep out of what appears but a snare. Indeed, when look at the fearful breach that he has already made, for long generations perpetually widened in the

Church, until it has become almost a part of the clerical education, on either side, to study the best means of prosecuting an ecclesiastical warfare against brethren in the gospel, we cannot marvel that sufficient of a most acrimonious character should have burst forth on either side to make each question the possibility of union in heart and feeling; and when we look at the trifling straws that it has been the business of some men's lives to split, and to set up in opposition to each other, no marvel if we are tempted to apprehend that while these straws still stand in battle array, and no attempt is announced to re-unite each half to its alienated fellow, and to lay all smooth and even as on a well-thatched roof, there must be a lurking spirit of contention still abiding in the bosoms of the respective garrisons to whom they serve as palisades. Of course, such a drawback there will and must be: "the spirit within us lusteth to envy;" while the better spirit that God imparts will ever be lusted against, and warred against by the old fleshly nature of man. The question seems to be, Shall we cast ourselves boldly, believingly, on the all-sufficient arm of the Lord, knowing that He, the God of *peace*, will bruise Satan under our feet shortly: and that every movement towards becoming one in him is a step in accordance with his last solemn prayer for his disciples—Shall we thus glorify him, by believing that he is the God who maketh men to be of one mind in a house; and that, resisting the wiles of the devil, and drawing nigh unto Him, he will draw nigh unto us, enabling us to exhibit to the world the reality of what he has pourtrayed as the true aspect of his Church —or shall we listen to the cry, "There is a lion in the street," and shrink back, each behind our own partiti[illegible] ing defences? True, there *is* a lion in the streets

one who will leave nothing untried to bar our progress to the place of brotherly communion: but that lion is chained, *and we know it;* our adversary the Devil, roaring lion though yet he be, and very formidable to timid people, is a conquered, a disabled foe. We are told that he is indeed as a roaring lion; and his purpose to devour us: but what injunction follows? "Enter into your chambers and hide yourselves?" Nay, that is when the LORD ariseth to shake terribly the earth; but as for this noisy and malicious beast, we are distinctly told, "Whom RESIST, stedfast in the faith."

Now, can any Christian man persuade himself that in opposing an effort to establish Christian union, on a basis of mutual prayer, praise, and confession of sin, where each acknowledges his individual offences against the law of love, each is willing, in lowliness of heart, to esteem other better than himself; each desires to humble himself, that Christ may be exalted in and through him:—can any Christian man persuade himself that in opposing such an effort, he is resisting the Devil? If not, whom and what does he resist? Provoking one another to strife and contention has long been the bane of the Christian Church: a trial of what may be done by provoking one another to love and good works is worth making now; especially as it is *commanded of God;* and the accompanying injunction bears with tenfold force upon us: "and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." Is there no admonition conveyed to *us* in the pathetic reproof, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, *as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings*, and ye would not!" We [illegible]e all seen that lovely sight, at the approach of dan[illegible]r of darkness, or when the parent thought the

little ones had been too long separated from her and from each other; a parcel of straggling, helpless chickens, at the well-known call, running helter-skelter to the delightful refuge; and small care do they take for precedence, poor things! each being intent on nestling as close as it can to the warmth-giving bosom, and of getting close to its fat, soft little brothers and sisters, for an additional share in the aggregate of heat and of domestic comfort. This is the time, and this the place, where chickens grow and thrive: here they acquire muscle and sinew, and a good coating of substantial feathers. Apart from this, all is vain: neither feeding nor fighting will do: they may continue, in most exclusive independence, ruffling their down at every brother's approach, and stoutly maintaining that each has found the best hole to scratch in for a maintenance; but thrive they will not. Oh, that now, when the winning call is going forth throughout the land, to gather the scattered brood *together* under the wings of redeeming love, not one may be found, of whom it can ultimately be said that he "would not!"

Those who have attended the Committee-meetings for prayer and mutual encouragement, describe them as the most blessed seasons that they have known, in social communion. No marvel: the God of peace is there, and they feel his presence: Satan is mercifully restrained from annoying them in their course, and they feel his absence. From these secluded scenes of solemn intercourse with the God of the spirits of all flesh, men will go forth, doubly armed to encounter the crash of everything around us, now hastening on. This will prove the great spiritual cistern, which the Lord will replenish, for the invigoration of our Protestantis[illegible] and many will there be refreshed for the painful

humanly hopeless conflict with evil principles carried out by evil men. The Czar and the Pope may conspire, until by an alliance pre-eminently antichristian, they heal the deadly wound, and give the devouring Beast at once new powers and new victims to destroy: an impious war may be waged against the God of Abraham, by making that penal among the scattered race which He has commanded; and a fearful tyranny may overspread the hemisphere from West to East, from North to South, extending its deadly shadow even to the remotest corners of the earth; but so long as the Lord has a faithful, visible, united Church, knit together in love to Him and to each other, there will be hope for the world—a terror to the evil ones of earth; a definite object of their attacks, and a bulwark which they never can overthrow or weaken.

'One word before you close this subject,' said my uncle. 'There is a point of necessary caution to be strongly pressed on the notice of all who desire the success of this our undertaking; and more especially of those who become its public advocates. We must remember that on both sides there are men of strong prejudices, which they have not yet been led to regard even as blemishes; and some of these may, and certainly will, assume an increasingly hostile aspect towards the party to which others belong. Some Churchmen will cry down our work as an abandonment of episcopal principles: some Dissenters will denounce it as a deep-laid scheme for spreading what they call the Church-and-State opinions; and a very serious opposition, amounting perhaps to something not only irritating, but injurious, may thus be organized. Now, [redacted] part is to take no notice of these things; to breathe [redacted] sponsive note of defiance, but calmly to pursue our

course in a path on which these belligerents as yet refuse to enter. I dread more from this lurking spirit of recrimination than from anything else. Old associations are not so easily shaken off: some zealous champion, formerly pugnacious in one cause, embarked in our peaceful enterprize, may hear, even in the sanctuary of united prayer, the ancient war-cry shouted in the distance; and, forgetful of the far higher duty now before him, even that of promoting in himself the mind that was in Christ Jesus, may rise to buckle on his well-tried mail, and talk of former victories, or what he conceives to have been such, in a tone deeply galling to the dissentient brother beside him, who has laid *his* weapons down; and injuriously exciting to some who once trod the battle-field under his banner. This will be a favourite bait with the enemy. Let us watch against it.'

'I will do so, dear uncle: but where have you been all the morning?'

'In a place where I hope to see many more assembling; and between which and our Alliance I do trust the Lord will establish an endearing tie, as they stand, rightly viewed upon the same basis—Protestantism. I have been at the National Club, rejoicing over the long file of names, each of which is a guarantee for the soundness of the principles on which it rests. Roden, Lorton, Plumptre, Bevan, Mackworth, and very many more, are upon the roll, who, as far as man may judge, would joyfully hazard life itself, and lay it down for the testimony of Jesus. I want you to urge your female friends to put their fathers, husbands, brothers, on the task of inquiring further into the constitution of this Association; for, as a means of meeting by human instrumentality the deep designs of men [illegible] scarcely care even to veil their projects of sacrificing

nationally, to Rome, I believe that it will prove a valuable agent. Here is the first clause in their manifesto: it may serve to show at once the nature and the importance of such a union; though it takes not ground so exclusively spiritual or so extensive as that of the Alliance; to which, nevertheless, many of its most active members also belong. Here it is:

'"They hold it as a fundamental principle of the British Constitution that there ought to be no connexion between the State of England and the Church of Rome, that such connexion is opposed to our civil polity, and to our religious principles. At the Reformation, the State and Church of England renounced their alliance with the Church of Rome. The English people recorded then their deliberate protest against its errors and encroachments. It was a protest made calmly,—it was meant to be final. To grant, therefore, endowments to the Church of Rome, to make the Romish priesthood pensioners of the English State, to recognise their influence as an instrument of our civil Government, to tax the people of England for their payment, are all contrary to our great national protest."'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ostensible object of Lotharius de Signi in assembling the twelfth General Council, the fourth that met in the Lateran Palace, and thence deriving its name, was to revive the spirit of the Eastern rather than to forward the interests of the Western crusade. The latter appeared to have done its work: the voice of the gospel had been silenced, and the poor remnant of a torn and scattered flock had fled, or concealed themselves, or put on the semblance of conformity with what they loathed, to save themselves and their little ones from the butcher's knife. It was enough that Simon de Montfort had fixed his vulture eye upon the territory, and extended as he could his grasp, in the character of the church's champion. He alone was

held sufficient to cope with all opposition in that quarter; and some danger appeared of an approaching pause, in which the enthralled monarchs of Christendom might have leisure to contemplate their fetters, and possibly to devise a way of freeing themselves from the galling yoke of Rome. It behoved the haughty and subtle pontiff to avert such a contingency: he therefore summoned this famous Council to meet in the Great City which ruleth over the kings of the earth; and proudly did he look down upon the glittering scene, where representatives of every nation appeared, to own the vassalage in which their respective Sovereigns were content to abide under the despotic rule of the self-exalted Man of Sin. There were present in that spacious edifice the patriarchs of Constantinople and of Jerusalem, an Ambassador from the patriarch of Antioch; seventy-four metropolitan primates, three hundred and forty bishops, eight hundred abbots and friars, and clergy generally of the higher orders whose numbers defied calculation. These formed the ecclesiastical portion of the assembly; while of crowned monarchs were seen the selected representatives of the Emperor of Constantinople, the kings of Jerusalem, of England, France, Hungary, Arragon, and very many others were there to yield the abject assent of their sovereigns to whatever this Italian desperado might deem it right to dictate. He did, in fact, alone and with despotic authority, draw up the whole series of chapters, now known as the decrees of that famous Council; and laid them before the assembled delegates, as the mandate of one whose will was law. Some discontent is reported to have been betrayed, on various points, by certain of the members; [illegible]d, perhaps, the pope's arrogant mode of proceeding [illegible]red up the resentment of some: but this man had

now for seventeen years wielded the destinies of west and east, and was still in the vigour of active life, not having completed his fifty-third year. To resist the Sovereign Pontiff, and that Pontiff Innocent III., in matters appertaining to the Church of which he was just accounted the pillar—meet pillar for such a Church! —would have been to raise a storm that none cared to brave:—therefore were the decrees of the fourth Lateran Council silently ratified, without discussion, and thenceforth they became part and parcel of the laws of the papacy; as such, distinctly recognized, and for ever rendered imperative, by the memorable Council of Trent, which was the first General Council that ever embodied in one form, and solemnly ratified by authority assuming to be infallible, the vague, subtle, shifting and evadible dogmas of the Romish Apostacy.

The decrees or canons of the fourth Lateran Council amounted to twenty, bearing on various subjects, and ostensibly framed for other purposes; but the third of these canons seems to have breathed the inmost feelings of Lotharius de Signi's heart. It is entitled, 'De Hæreticis,' and its object is to put down, thenceforth and for ever, all opposition to the system of Rome; to pluck up and to destroy every plant of God's planting that should peep above the ground where the Great Harlot reigns. A project vain as impious: but with what craft and subtlety devised, and how keenly pointed at the bosoms of the poor Albigenses, a slight examination may assure us. At the same time, a consciousness of being ourselves included in the class here treated of, and of lying, *bona fide*, under the same sentence, suspended only because the Romish arm has not yet regained sufficient power to make war upon us, and to crush us, such consciousness must add a deeper inter

to the perusal of this infamous canon, which we will give entire.

"WE excommunicate and anathematize every heresy which exalteth itself against this holy, orthodox, and catholic faith, which we have set forth above; condemning *all heretics*, by whatsoever names they may be reckoned: who have indeed divers faces, but their tails are bound together, for they make agreement in the same folly.*

"Let such persons, when condemned, be left to the secular powers who may be present, to be punished in a fitting manner; those who are of the clergy being first degraded from their orders: so that the goods of such condemned persons, if they shall be laymen, be confiscated; but in the case of clerks be applied to the churches from which they derived their stipends.

"But let those who are only marked with suspicion, be smitten with the sword of anathema, and be shunned by all men until they make proper satisfaction; unless, according to the grounds of suspicion, and the quality of the person, they shall have demonstrated their innocence by a proportionate purgation. So that if they shall persevere in excommunication for a twelvemonth, thenceforth let them be condemned as heretics. And let the secular powers, whatever offices they may discharge, be admonished and induced, and, if need be, compelled by ecclesiastical censure, that, as they desire to be reputed and accounted faithful, so, for the defence of the faith, they publicly set forth on oath that to the utmost of their power, they will, bona fide, strive to exterminate from the lands subject to their jurisdiction,

* This allusion to Samson's foxes, having their tails tied together, with firebrands, was a favorite figure of Pope Innocent's, as applied to the [illegible]les of Languedoc.

all heretics pointed out by the church; so that wheresoever any person is advanced, either to temporal or spiritual power, he be bound to confirm this decree with an oath.

"But if any temporal lord, being required and admonished by the church, shall neglect to cleanse his country of this heretical filth, let him be bound with the chain of excommunication, by the metropolitan and the other co-provincial bishops. And if he shall scorn to make satisfaction within a year, let this be signified to the supreme pontiff: that, thenceforth, he may declare his vassals to be absolved from their fidelity to him, and may expose his land to be occupied by the Catholics, who, the heretics being exterminated, may without contradiction possess it, and preserve it in the purity of the faith: saving the right of the chief lord, so long as he presents no obstacle, and offers no hindrance in this matter: the same law, nevertheless, being observed concerning those who have not lords in chief.

"But let the Catholics who, having taken the sign of the cross, have girded themselves for the extermination of the heretics, enjoy the same indulgence, and be armed with the same holy privilege, as is conceded to those who go to the assistance of the Holy Land.

"But we decree also, that the believers, the receivers, the defenders, and abettors of the heretics, lie under excommunication: firmly determining that if any one, after he has been marked with excommunication, shall refuse to make satisfaction within a twelvemonth, he is thenceforth of right in very deed infamous, and be not admitted to public offices or councils; nor to elect any person for any thing of the sort, nor to give evidence. Let him also be intestible, so as neither to have power to bequeath, nor to succeed to any inheritance.

"Moreover, let no man be obliged to answer him in any matter, but let him be compelled to answer others. If, haply, he be a judge, let his sentence have no force, nor let any causes be brought for his hearing. If he be an advocate, let not his pleading be admitted. If a notary, let the instruments drawn up by him be invalid, and be condemned with their damned author. And we charge that the same be observed in similar cases. But if he be a clerk, let him be deposed from every office and benefice, that where there is the greater fault the heavier vengeance may be exercised.

"But if any shall fail to shun such persons after they have been pointed out by the church, let them be compelled by the sentence of excommunication to make fitting satisfaction. Let the clergy by no means administer the sacraments of the church to such pestilent persons, nor presume to commit them to christian burial, nor receive their alms nor oblations: otherwise let them be deprived of their office, to which let them never be restored without the special indulgence of the Apostolic See. In like manner any regulars on whom also this may be inflicted, that their privileges in that diocese, in which they shall have dared to perpetrate such excesses, be not preserved.

"But because some, under the semblance of piety, *but denying the power thereof*, as the Apostle says, assume to themselves the authority of preaching, when the same Apostle says, 'How shall they preach except they be sent?' let all who, being prohibited, or not sent, shall presume publicly or privately to usurp the office of preaching, be bound with the chain of excommunication, and, unless they immediately repent, they shall be smitten with other suitable punishment.

"We add, moreover, that every archbishop or bishop

shall either by himself, his archdeacon, or other honest and suitable persons, twice, or at least once every year, go round his own parish [diocese] in which there shall be a report that heretics are dwelling; and there shall compel three or more men of credible testimony, or if it shall seem expedient, the whole neighbourhood, to swear, that if any one shall know any heretics there, or any persons holding secret conventicles, or differing from the ordinary conversation, life and morals of the faithful, he shall endeavour to point them out to the bishop. But the bishop himself shall convoke the accused into his presence, who, unless they shall clear themselves of the crime alleged against them, or, if after having cleared themselves they shall relapse into their former perfidy, let them be punished according to the canons. But, if any of them, with damnable obstinacy, rejecting the obligation of an oath, shall, perhaps, be unwilling to swear, let them on that very ground be reckoned as heretics.

"We will, therefore, and command, and in virtue of obedience strictly enjoin, that for the due performance of these things, the bishops shall diligently watch throughout their dioceses, if they wish to escape canonical vengeance; for if any bishop shall have been negligent, or remiss, in purifying his diocese from the leaven of heretical pravity, when it shall appear by certain proofs, let him be deposed from his episcopal office, and let another fit person be substituted in his place, who may be both willing and able to confound heretical pravity."

The most cursory perusal of this document can scarcely fail to excite astonishment at the masterly skill with which it is framed in reference to the single object in view: a more detailed examination will reveal

such deep thought, contrivance, and perfection of cruel craft as may rarely be met with in the complicated machinery of human crime. Here we see the quarry marked for destruction, surrounded on all sides, pressed closer and closer together in the helplessness of public exposure, every possible avenue of escape barred up, and the victims ready to be singled out successively for destruction at the will of their slaughterers. This canon was no newly-devised plan of de Signi's; he had acted upon it for a long course of years, with deadly success; and now, as if conscious that his end was not far distant, he endowed the Church with this rich device, that the mischief might survive him, and prevail against the people of God even to the end of that anti-christian empire which still exists, and gathers daily fresh supplies of vigour, preparing to re-assert its terrible dominion over us.

In the first clause of the canon, we find a reference made to the faith as already set forth as orthodox: this included the whole system of papal abomination; for though the doctrine of an actual change in the substance of the bread and wine had for some time been enforced as an article of belief, it was this Council that established the monstrous figment, under the newly-coined name of Transubstantiation. All who should question any point of the Romish creed are here denounced as heretics, and at once condemned to be left to the secular power: that is to say, to the common executioner. All the rest provide for their discovery and seizure.

But some may be merely suspected, no proof being adducible of their heresy: these are, on any vague charge or surmise of the sort, to be laid under the curse of the Church, until they prove their innocence, or

make their peace by some great gift, proportioned to their means. One year is allowed for this, after which they become subject to capital punishment; and every prince, potentate, magistrate, land-owner, all who hold property, or exercise official power, must be bound by a solemn oath to use every effort for the extermination of such heretics within their respective jurisdictions. Temporal lords, under which title are included all the kings and emperors of Christendom, are placed under the surveillance of their metropolitans, to whom is committed the power of excommunicating them, should they show any symptom of reluctance in this exterminating work; if at the year's end the temporal ruler has not given the required satisfaction by drawing the sword on his own subjects, he is to be reported to the Pope, whose part it is to absolve his people from their allegiance, and to make over his territories to the first invader, who closes with the pontiff's terms. In our day, this menace falls but lightly on the ear; far different it was in the times of the crusaders—far different it will yet be, if Rome pursues much farther her present unresisted course of aggrandisement.

The temporal lords being thus assured of excommunication, deposition, and utter destruction, should they fail in carrying out to the uttermost the sanguinary will of the Church, we next find, after a short clause assuring eternal life to all who shall make war upon them, how suspected believers in the innocence, receivers and defenders of the persons, and abettors of the deeds of God's people, are to be dealt with. It is of great moment to mark this: they always are, comparatively, a little flock in the midst of an ungodly world, and their security, humanly speaking, lies in the toleration extended to them by the great mass who them-

selves are aliens from God, naturally disposed to hate the righteous, but restrained and providentially induced to offer them no harm, or even to embrace their cause, though not on scriptural grounds, when they are assailed by persecution. Such was especially the case with those against whom this atrocious decree was directly pointed in its author's time; and it is marvellous with what settled purpose, what consummate management, he provides against the contingency. A brother, for instance, not himself walking in the same good way, might feel loth to betray, to denounce, to deliver up to torture and to death, the companion of his infancy, his own mother's son: should he fail to do it, what follows? on the first suspicion, excommunication; and after a while, the brand of infamy: suspension from every office, the deprivation of every means of subsistence, inability to bequeath to his children what he may have, or to avail himself of any inheritance that may fall to his lot. In this matter we see the fierce persecuting pope, like a bloodhound on the track, following up his prey with a fiery eagerness that nothing can control. The criminal, the wretch who shall dare to screen his brother from the rack and flame, is to be a spectacle and an abhorrence to all men. He is to be compelled to pay whatever is demanded of him by any profligate claimant, but he cannot sue in a debt, however just; if a judge, he may not sit; if an advocate, he may not plead; if a notary, his instruments are void; and so of whatsoever calling he may follow. Starvation is his lot. Moreover, those who shall fail to aid in thus heaping ruin on the heads of the suspected defenders of suspected heretics, are to share their sentence of excommunication: to be denied the sacraments, without which they believe they cannot possibly be saved; to

have their alms rejected, the purchase-money for heaven ; and when dead, to be cast out as dogs, denied what a Romanist holds so indispensable—Christian burial. Surely the wit of man never devised a more perfect system of frightful espionage. But more is in reserve : full well was the efficacy of a preached Gospel known to its enemies, and so long as men were allowed to set forth a crucified Saviour as the sole hope of the sinner, so long would sinners be found to lay hold on that hope, and to cast away the juggling deceits of Rome. Accordingly, summary punishment was decreed, on a gross perversion of Scripture, to all such teachers : no year's probation being here allowed, but 'suitable,' that is to say, capital, punishment inflicted, unless they immediately repented, which, of course, could only be manifested by a public recantation of all that they had taught. Then comes the inquisitorial proceeding, soon afterwards carried to such deadly perfection under Dominic and his friars, who, together with the Franciscans, received the confirmation of their establishment from this very council. Under the direction of the prelates, a cordon of spies is drawn round every spot where even by possibility heresy may lurk ; and should any individual hesitate to swear that he will become an informer against his own flesh and blood, he is for that reason to be accounted a heretic himself. One only possible hope seemed to remain for the hunted victim, and that a very forlorn one ; but while it existed, it must be provided against. So great an anomaly as a merciful man in the office of a Romish prelate could scarcely be looked for ; but if one who was capable of compassionate feelings should be there found, or if God in his goodness touched the heart of a persecutor with compunction, the work might experi-

ence some hindrance—the escape of some forlorn believer might be connived at. Accordingly, these higher orders must be reminded that they themselves were but the vassals of 'the Servant of the servants of God,' the meek and pious pontiff: and that anything which he, on the report of those secret spies by whom the other spies were surrounded, might construe into negligence, would be visited by the thunders, the terrors of which they well knew; and involve them in the fate of their appointed victims.

Such was, such IS, the law bequeathed as a legacy by Lotharius de Signi to the Church of which he was the head, and remaining in full force to this day. The papacy considers as its lawful subjects all who have been baptized into the Christian faith, whether they profess allegiance to Rome or not: we, our Queen, our nobles, our countrymen, are all regarded as in a state of prosperous rebellion, fully amenable to these laws, and to be visited with their direst vengeance whensoever Protestantism becomes the weaker party. Meanwhile, we will continue our narrative, and endeavour to show with what fatal efficacy the system wrought its cruel purpose against the half-reviving Church of Christ in the district of Languedoc. We left them, indeed, in a state of seeming extinction, but the wily Pope judged rightly when he foresaw, in the dim future, new spectres rising, and fresh victims ready to yield their lives up for the testimony of Jesus; and against them, to the end of time, he thus prepared a machinery of destruction.

C. E.

THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. IX.

By Sidney O'More.

"Per la rosa, spesso il spin, si coglie."

A thick mist concealed the lofty conical summit of Croagh Patrick; and the waters at its base still tossed in restless agitation, caused by the storm of the preceding night. The features of the scene found a miniature resemblance in Cormac Moran as he toiled up the ascent, for his brain was wrapped in the mists of ignorance, and his heart, the abode of warring and vindictive passions, resembled "a troubled sea whose waters cannot rest." Cormac had, for a long time, borne enmity against Fitzgerald, the Bible-reader, but after the happy death of Norah, his animosity increased ten-fold; and at length he set out to 'the holy mountain' to seek revenge upon the hated object of all his thoughts.

Croagh Patrick, or the Reek, is at once the most western steep in Mayo, the highest elevation in Connaught, and the most holy mountain in Ireland. It commands most magnificent views of the hundred islands sparkling in Clew Bay, and of the grand marine and mountain scenery around. Here it was, according to tradition, that St. Patrick stood when he expelled all noxious reptiles from his beloved island, and compelled them to precipitate themselves into the waters of the bay beneath; and hither thousands of pilgrims annu-

ally resort, to kneel in the knee-print of the saint, to seek his intercession, and to purchase eternal happiness by the most severe bodily mortification.

Absorbed in gloomy meditation, chiefly relative to Norah, Cormac unconsciously passed the shebeen house which stands about a mile and a quarter from the summit of the mountain; and the proprietor had several times vociferated his name, before the sound at length reached his pre-occupied ear.

'The top of the morning to you, Cormac Dhu,' exclaimed the publican, 'but is that the way ye take a man's welcome, as stiff and as cowld as a frosty day. Musha, any way, it's good for sore eyes to see you, it's so long since you footed the road before. Come in, man, and take a drop of the mountain-dew to warm you this bitter day.'

'Thank you kindly,' said Cormac, 'a sup o' the crathur is always welcome. I'll be coming back the night, an' if you'll have the dinner ready, and *potteen galore*, I'm the boy that 'll bring the appetite.'

'An' what station are you on, Cormac, avic,' enquired the inquisitive Malley, 'is it one of yer people is dead, or was it the priest put it on yourself, for something you done.'

'Nayther one nor th' other, though poor Norah was berrid last Saturday was a week; but a black turncoat has been deludin' my people, he med Aileen a turncoat like himself, he sent Norah to hell, and now the father an' mother are between two minds if they 'll folly them both, so I couldn't stand it longer, but kem off to the reek, to turn the stone on the thraitor.'

'Why didn't you wait, man, till the stations begin in airnest; there's ne'er a one but yourself id go up the reek at this sayson.'

'Is it wait till the father an' mother folly them. Troth I wont. I only wish I turned the stone on him a month ago, an' he'd be dead out of harm's way now. I can't stop any longer wid you now, Misther Malley, but I'll be back the night.'

'Well, speed the thraveller,' said the publican, as he returned to his cabin, muttering after Cormac had passed on, 'I can't say *God* speed him any way, for it's the devil that put him on that station. As if the weather wasn't stormy enough already, nothing' 'ill do him but to go turn the stone. I suppose we'll have the house blown down on us soon. Well I couldn't expect betther luck from the likes of him, he had always *Beul eidhin a's croidhe cuilinn*, (a tongue smooth as ivy, a heart like prickly holly.')

Unconscious of the bad character bestowed upon him by his intended host, Cormac soon reached the peak, and commenced the fatal spell.

Kneeling upon the supposed mark of St. Patrick's knee, he recited seven pater-nosters, seven ave-marias, and a creed. He then went a distance of four perches upon his knees, over the hard quartz rock, until he reached a little altar, where he repeated fifteen pater-nosters, fifteen aves, and a creed. In his painful return over the pointed rocks, every knee-print was tracked with blood. This station was completed by the recital of seven pater-nosters, seven aves,* and a creed.

* Many of my readers may be unacquainted with the prayer called Ave Maria; I shall therefore transcribe it. "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, *Mother of God*, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen." This form is also called the Angelical Salutation, and I have heard that the Angel's address has been omitted in the National School-books, lest the children should detect the additions which have been interwoven with the original.

Rising from his genuflectory posture, Cormac next proceeded to a place called Pughawale, where he performed another station similar to that which has been described; then entering the well of St. Columbkill, he endeavoured to ascertain, by throwing baits into the water, whether the saint was favourable to his cause. In vain he scattered food, the sacred fish rose not to partake of it. Mortified and disappointed, he proceeded to St. Columbkill's slate, to complete his undertaking by raising that large stone and turning it upside down, in the name of the saint, at the same time invoking his wrath against Fitzgerald. Poor Cormac then dragged his lacerated limbs to seek repose at Malley's, confident that nothing now remained to complete the fatal charm, except a fast of fifteen days after he returned home, or rather an abstinence from all food, except once in twenty-four hours, during that period.

At an early hour on the following morning, Cormac set out upon his long pedestrian journey. Towards the close of it, and as he approached his home, he was alarmed by violent screams, proceeding from the banks of Lough Conn. Rapidly hastening towards the place whence the sounds issued, he perceived at a little distance, the young heir of Glencarra struggling in the water, and calling loudly for assistance, while Lily ran backwards and forwards on the shore, screaming with all her power.

Both the children had been at play near the margin of the lake; the tangled root of an old oak-tree had caused Gore to stumble, and he had rolled down the sloping bank into the water. Providentially, a large weeping birch threw its far-spreading branches over the liquid element, and immediately on rising to the surface, Gore seized a bough. It drooped still lower in

his grasp, and failed to raise him above the water. The courageous child did not lose his presence of mind; catching hold of the bough some inches farther from the end, he drew himself within reach of a stronger branch, which supported his head over water, although it was far too slender to allow him to creep upon it to land.

Meantime my parents and I remained at Glencarra, in happy unconsciousness of the extreme peril in which our beloved Gore was placed. There was one, however, at hand to attempt his rescue. The children had passed by Owen Rua at his work, at some distance from the lake. The moment he heard screams, he divined the cause, and rushed across the meadow to the spot. When he arrived, poor little Gore's strength and courage were alike giving way, and a few minutes' delay would apparently, have consigned him to a watery grave. But while Cormac, who had just reached the place, hesitated for a moment to encounter the dangers of the lake, flooded as it was by winter torrents from the Nephin mountains, Owen rushed past him, and conveyed the young heir of Glencarra in safety to the shore.

Our astonishment and gratitude were indeed great, when Owen Rua ascended the steps of the mansion, bearing Gore in his arms, the clothes of both parties dripping with the deceitful element in which they had been immersed. We instantly placed the shivering child in a warm couch, after administering to him a warm draught which cast him into a gentle slumber. At the expiration of an hour he awoke quite refreshed, and without having received any injury from his accident. Meantime Owen had returned to his cottage and taken the ordinary precautions against cold.

Although we felt more than grateful to Owen for having been the instrument employed by Providence to save our beloved Gore's life, yet we could not blame Cormac for his momentary hesitation; wearied as he was by a long journey, and enfeebled by long fasting. We can never forget poor Cormac's kindness to us during the rebellion, when he exerted himself to the utmost on our behalf. It was but a few days after Gore's accident that Cormac mysteriously disappeared. It was an awful dispensation that he who had hoped to watch his victim's decline, should himself vanish from the face of the earth, without mortals being cognizant of his end.

It was a day for ever stamped upon the records of my memory. The wild winds of March swept over Glencarra, and howled through its leafless woods. Lough Conn's black waters were crested with foam, as its large billows lashed themselves into white eddies against the islands and shore. Nephin More wore a hoary crown, while the deep fissures in its dark sides resembled tracks of snow. Dark grey mists descending wrapped mountains, lake and sky, in gloom, only partially relieved by the white, foamy footsteps of the winds, as they rushed over the tossing waters; again, suddenly the vapoury veil dissolved, and the majestic scene reappeared in wintry grandeur.

Such was the day selected by the United Irishmen, upon which to convene their partizans. Although the rebellion had been completely crushed throughout the kingdom, yet there remained some sanguine spirits who anticipated a brilliant result to future efforts. The place appointed for the meeting had been chosen on account of its solitude and difficulty of access. It was the ruins of an old farm-house standing upon an oasis of

meadow, surrounded by a great extent of dark moorland, intersected by canals of bog water; while in many parts of the region, a green luxuriance concealed the morass in which lurked death. Snipe and plover were the only guardians of this dangerous locality, so that it was peculiarly adapted to the rebel's purpose.

Emboldened by the certainty of connivance from every peasant whom they might chance to meet, and by the absence of the police forces at a neighbouring fair, many of the fool-hardy rebels assumed the uniforms which had been given them by the French. Most of these had been surrendered to government with their fire-arms, but Cormac and some others had managed to retain the clothing which had been appropriated to them.

Cormac set off to the meeting, accompanied by Brian Mulcrone; and his sister, *Una na gruig oir*, (Winny of the golden hair,) took advantage of their escort to return to her aunt, who lived near Killala. It was said that Cormac was attached to Una, and had long endeavoured to persuade her to occupy the place of his deceased wife: it mattered not, for not one of the party were ever seen again. Days, months, years went by, but they returned no more.

Owen had started a long time before Cormac, he had coincided in Aileen's prudent suggestions, to appear in common working-dress, and to reconnoitre first in Killala, whether there was any possibility of the success of his party, before he committed himself by joining so proscribed a cause. He called at Glencarra to enquire whether we had commands which he could execute in Killala, but of course we were not aware of the object of his visit to that town. Time, the great

revealer, alone disclosed his errand, and also the secret journey of Cormac to Croagh Patrick.

Aileen cheerfully plied her spinning-wheel all day long, enlivening her work by singing some of the exquisite melodies of her fatherland, but towards evening she began to watch for the return of Owen. Darkness closed in, the storm still raged without; the anxious wife began to tremble for the distant wayfarer in the wild morass; she heaped logs of *gewsagh*, or bog-fir, upon the hearth, until the light from her little windows streamed afar over the meadows. All night long, she perpetuated the humble beacon. Frequently opening the door, she endeavoured to peer into the gusty gloom, but darkness shrouded every object, she heard only the voices of the winds and waters. Day-break at length illuminated the scene, but Owen had not returned.

THE DAYS OF LAUD.

PART II: CHAPTER VII.

WHILE Mark Wentworth was in bonds, he was "the Lord's freeman," and now, being "made free," he became in truth "Christ's servant." As his health returned, his labours in his master's service increased. He grew in grace, and Lucy too "pressed forward towards the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus." The sunny beams of heavenly peace rested on them both. Remote from London and its stirring scenes, present political distractions were unfelt by them, and coming troubles, for themselves, unfeared; but the news that travelled into the obscure Yorkshire village, of all that was enacting by the men in power, became the source of deep concern to the humble minister. 'Success has marred the beauty of their work,' he would say to Mr. Parnell, when the latter related some new encroachment on the royal prerogative. 'Loyalty to the constitution and privileges of their country was as much their duty, as is now loyalty to their king. Wise men have skill to combine those duties, if ambition does not intervene.'

'Some of them will do it,' replied Mr. Parnell. 'The worst is not yet; but when the trumpet of civil war is blown, and we shall hear it ere long, our Falklands and our Capels will flock to the standard of honour and good faith.'

'May God avert such ill from our land,' said Mark Wentworth. 'Yet mistakes may even then be made in the choice of leaders by those who would abhor the guilt of known rebellion. It is not now the governed against the governors. Is it not ruler against ruler?'

'Rulers they are indeed,' said Mr. Parnell, hastily. 'Our gracious king has undertaken a journey into Scotland, and they have surrounded him with a guard of their own to spy out all he says and does. Parliament is adjourned, and yet they have appointed a committee of both houses to sit and act the sovereign during the recess, and that renegade John Pym is chairman for the lower house. How long are we to yield obedience to these self-made rulers?'

'Till those of their behests which reach us,' replied Mark Wentworth, 'clash with the commandments of God.'

'I am an old man,' said Mr. Parnell, 'and my son is yet but a child, but should the sword be drawn, I have wealth—I have some influence'—

'And they must be your king's,' replied Mark Wentworth. 'I spoke but to excuse those who might take an opposite course, not to prove their rectitude. The names of Pym and Hampden must be dear to their enfranchised prisoner. I do not believe they will be sullied by the stain of rebellion.'

'Hampden is one of the king's self-appointed body guards,' said Mr. Parnell, with an ironical smile. 'Step by step they will be led on to some foul deed, though now they say with Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing."'

'Stern in inflicting what they believe to be the award of justice they will be,' said Mark Wentworth. 'Aspiring, sinfully aspiring to a power which seems already

within their grasp, they may be; but surely their deeds will not merit the epithet of foul. Base and atrocious deeds will yet be done in this struggle, but *they* will not be the doers of them.'

'I believe,' said Mr. Parnell, with some warmth, 'that those who would extenuate the guilt of Strafford's death, must themselves in some measure incur the stain of blood-guiltiness.'

'The guilt is in our judicial code,' replied Mark Wentworth. 'Our laws should say "blood for blood," but not for lesser crimes. The Levitical law claimed "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but the statutes of England give the life of man for a sheep or an ox. We shrink not with horror at the fate which the poor and ignorant suffer for crimes not darker than those with which the Commons taxed the Earl of Strafford. Yet mistake me not. I mourn the death of that great man, and the relentless severity of those who willed it, seeing they say, each man for himself, "I fear God." But loyalty to my king would make me fain to drive that deed from my remembrance. Which hand gives the deadliest thrust—a ruthless foe, or a frail and faithless friend? I have meditated on this matter,' he added, seeing Mr. Parnell's eye fixed uneasily upon him, 'till it has become to me a snare to unprofitable thoughts, and would lead me on to vain disputations. God will give our senators wisdom, but he says to his humble minister, "What is that to thee? follow thou me."'

From that day Wentworth determined more and more to dismiss from his thoughts all useless speculations on political subjects. The strivings which these occasioned in his breast, only weakened the energy with which he was wont to oppose the ignorance and the

worldliness around him. He took for his motto the Saviour's words, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight," and for a season he almost forgot the carnal contest that was gathering strength on every side. One public event alone during this short season had power to win him from his hallowed meditations and his soul-engrossing labours. The fearful massacre of the Protestants in Ireland forced from his sorrowing soul the deep complaint of the prophet Jeremiah, "Oh, Lord God, surely thou hast deceived this people, saying ye shall have peace, whereas the sword reacheth unto the soul."

The tidings of this massacre carried dismay even into the most retired parts of England. Popery, abhorred before even by those who least understood its evils, became now a universal object of terror, and while some wickedly made use of the dreadful event to inflame the minds of the populace more and more against the king, and those who favoured his measures, Mark Wentworth made a better use of the crisis, and instructed his flock to shun contamination from principles which led to such fearful results. While rumour told her melancholy tale, of the wife weeping for her butchered husband, embracing her helpless children, and pierced by the same stroke which slew them, Mark Wentworth spoke of the graven image, and the molten image which had blinded the eyes and hardened the heart of the wretched murderers. When the villagers shuddered as they heard how some were shut up with their families in their burning houses, and were thus consumed together in the flames; how others being first tempted to surrender upon a promise of life, were immediately butchered without mercy,* their minister showed them how a religion

* Hume.

which suffers not its votaries to "submit themselves to the righteousness of God," soon taught them not to "retain God in their knowledge"—the reprobate mind came next, and then they were filled "with all unrighteousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity." '

'Yet there are Roman Catholics,' said Bertha Parnell, who stood near Mark Wentworth as he thus reasoned with two or three peasants whom he found talking together of the massacre—'There are Roman Catholics surely who would scorn to commit deeds of such blackness; and there are men who call themselves of the true faith who would be almost as reckless of human blood—you will tell me,' she added, 'of St. Bartholomew's Eve, of the Lollards at the stake; but all do the same when they get into power—only perhaps there is difference in the degree of cruelty.'

' "The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty," ' said Mark Wentworth, solemnly. 'So far, Miss Parnell, as the light of God's revealed will shines, will atrocious sin disappear from the earth. Doubt not the truth of my words, because there are hearts that a false religion has failed utterly to harden, or because some who know the truth, "hold it in unrighteousness," but remember, that "this is the condemnation,—Light is come into the world, but men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." '

Bertha put her arm within her sister's, and walked thoughtfully away. 'There is nobility—there is freedom about Master Wentworth's religion, Margaret,' she said, 'and yet there is consistency and order. He does not, as our good old friend at Little Gidden* used

* See Walton's Life of Herbert.

to do, scare the slumbers of his guests with his midnight bell, and call them up to finish so much of the Psalter as he and his family had omitted to sing in the former part of the twenty-four hours. I was but a child when my father took us to Gidden Hall, but matins and vespers, bells and oratories have been my abhorrence ever since. Always singing, never laughing or smiling, and hardly ever—thinking,' she added with some hesitation.

'I too remember Gidden Hall,' replied her sister, 'but not with feelings of aversion, Bertha: only with a sort of fear that such a life was little like the pattern set us in the Gospel. Whilst there, I thought continual devotion made the place like the gate of heaven, and when I heard the midnight-bell, I was wont to say, "At midnight I will rise to give thanks to thee." So Christ's servant will always be ready to say, when "his heart makes him like the chariots of Amminadib." (Cant. vi. 12) But the Church has no nocturnal service, and I think—'

'It would be drowsy work with most of her members,' said Bertha, laughing.

'And being obliged to finish the whole Psalter every twenty-four hours,' said Margaret, 'is something like will-worship.'

'Papistry—rank papistry,' replied Bertha. 'A very offering the weariness of the mind and lungs, for the sin of the soul.'

'I do not think Mr. Farrer did so,' replied Margaret, 'but perhaps his poor servants and some of his guests did. The Church has more wisely selected only a few psalms for daily public use. Let us think of the beautiful verse we have to-day—"Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own hearts in your chamber, and be still."'

'You interrupted me,' said Bertha, rather impatiently, 'when I was drawing the bright lines of Master Wentworth's character by comparison. I was going to say, on the other hand, he does not like, our good friend Cuthbert Camden, mix religion and threats of vengeance, prayers and rebellion up together. Nay Margaret, sister dear,' she continued, observing her sister's cheek turn pale, 'I did not think to grieve you with my comparisons. You know Cuthbert Camden has my warm favour, and then Master Wentworth is his brother-in-law. He will influence him for future good.'

'Cuthbert Camden is disloyal to his king, and has almost renounced communion with the Church,' said Margaret, coldly. 'If his religion cannot restrain his passions, no human influence will.'

CHAPTER VIII.

About a year after Mark Wentworth's removal to Strode, Cuthbert Camden was summoned thither to attend the death-bed of his aunt, Mrs. Catherine Redford. Lucy welcomed her brother with all the tenderness she felt for one whom she had loved from her cradle. The lines of care and thought were beginning to trace themselves on his brow, and his whole countenance declared the mental excitement which had materially changed its expression since she last saw him. His speech too betrayed the strong bias of his mind in favour of revolution and change. Mrs. Redford survived his arrival only three days. On the third morning death brought those together who would not otherwise

have met. Margaret Parnell was by her side,—for the dying lady had earnestly sought a parting interview. Bertha too was there, listening with solemn thoughts while Mark Wentworth read from the Bible those parts that were likely to give strength in the parting hour. Lucy supported her expiring aunt in her arms, and Cuthbert stood at the foot of the bed, those parting gasps and closing eyes witnessing to him of all things earthly—ambition, patriotism—earthly love, 'vanity of vanities, all is vanity!'

'Let us pray,' said Mark Wentworth. They all knelt—he opened his book. The dying clasped her hands in the earnestness of prayer, but Cuthbert Camden rose from his knees. As he did so, his eye lighted upon Margaret Parnell. A flash of agitation was passing away from her countenance, but she covered her face more closely with her hands, and prayed fervently as Mark Wentworth said 'O Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prison: we humbly commend the soul of this thy servant, our dear sister, into thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour; most humbly beseeching thee that it may be precious in thy sight. Wash it, we pray thee, in the blood of that immortal Lamb, that was slain to take away the sin of the world; that whatsoever defilement it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lust of the flesh or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before thee.' *

The prayer was over. The dying one raised herself

* Visitation of the Sick.

by a strong effort, and, grasping the hand of Margaret Parnell made an attempt to speak. Margaret seldom used many words: perhaps an over-strict adherence to prescribed ritual had assisted to keep her silent on those subjects in which her heart delighted; but she knew the Brownist Lady drew all her hopes of salvation from the same rock to which she clung, and anxious to express their joint hope, she said, in reply to that dying grasp—'Even so, Lord Jesus, take what thou hast bought; receive this soul to thy mercy, and crown it with thy glory.' *

But Catherine Redford yearned to speak her forgiveness of the one deep wrong that had darkened her whole life. 'They are there,' she said in broken sentences: 'they are before the throne of God—those who were hanged as heretics—and some who believed their heresy would shut them out—the Church—the one true Church!'—her voice became stronger for a moment—'One Lord—one faith—one baptism'—she said, and expired.

Cuthbert's lip quivered: the party-spirit within him, though not overcome, was rebuked by his relative's dying words and Margaret Parnell's averted face. The latter indeed, while she clave to the Church with the same tenacity that he showed in opposing it, had sorely narrowed the bounds of Christian union: but she saw Catherine Redford flee to 'the name of the Lord' as 'a strong tower,' and she knew that she was safe. Her prejudices gave way for awhile before the enlarging, ennobling faith of Jesus; but in Cuthbert's breast the storm of civil discord which, rather than conviction, had driven him to the Presbyterian party, had well

* Bishop Hall.

nigh silenced the still small voice in his breast, and Lucy mourned deeply when she saw her once loving and happy-hearted brother, gradually changing into a stern political partizan, breathing out threatening and slaughter against those who opposed what he thought to be the true interests of his country.

The king was at Newmarket, but tidings of his intended removal to York reached Strode. 'The blood be on his head,' said Cuthbert sternly, 'if blood be drawn. Why does he not dismiss his evil counsellors, and dwell near his faithful Commons, as they so humbly desire?'

'Dismiss his friends, and give himself bound into the hands of his enemies?' said Bertha, whose fondness for Lucy's society often drew her to the parsonage.

'Our best friends,' said Cuthbert in the same harsh tone, 'are not those who flatter our follies, and hide wholesome truth from our ears. But it is time for me to go hence. I would not willingly dwell so near the royal tents, seeing his majesty liketh not the presence of his loyal subjects.'

'Loyal!' repeated Bertha, with a smile. 'He will have loyal hearts enough in his own fair county of York, and they will give him a welcome that may make him forget the sour looks of those fanatical hypocrites who love him not, and while they pretend to fear God forget to honour the king.'

'You will not doubt my fealty to our gracious monarch, Miss Parnell,' said Mark Wentworth, 'if I challenge your right to brand all those who approve not of his present measures as hypocrites. Hypocrite is an awful name, and many there are whose hollow hearts prove their title to it before Him who searcheth them. These will be judged out of their own mouth

from the Bible which is on their lips. Let us "pray for kings and for *all that are in authority*, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty;" but wonder not if some who feel that the former despotic monarchy was an usurpation, now run too eagerly to the other side, and cleave to the Parliament rather than to the monarch.'

'I would,' said Bertha, 'that all had followed one bright example. Lord Falkland struggled for his country till she gained all needful freedom. Now he has taken his proper place at the feet of his king, while others are seized with a strange craving, and like the horse-leech's two daughters, continue to cry "Give, give."'

The glance at Cuthbert which accompanied these words, was not lost upon him whom it was intended to reprove. He began to sum up in his mind all those advantages which had been gained by the first efforts of the Parliament, and unwillingly to conclude that wise and sober men should stop when these were gained, and seeking reconciliation with their monarch, avoid the dreadful evils of a continued struggle, perhaps of civil war. The late, but ripe fruits of the king's forced assent to the petition so justly called 'of right,' ought to have satisfied the defenders of civil liberty. So Cuthbert thought for a moment; but he had chosen his party, and now he forced himself to approve all the deeds of those who led that party on.

Bertha Parnell, without entering deeply into any question which then agitated all bosoms, defended those who for the time occupied the place of sufferers. To her sister she pleaded for Cuthbert, and ingenuously used, as excuses for his conduct, arguments which she would try to overcome when they proceeded from his

lips. At other times the king and his depressed cause met with all the support her eloquence could give it.

Margaret and Lucy seldom talked of these things: they pondered them in their hearts. Lucy, herself the recipient of the sweetest blessings the changes already effected, could bestow, watched the wonder-working hand of God among the conflicting passions of men. "All things shall work together for good," she said; and continued to pursue those humble duties which devolved upon her. Margaret saw more of the crime, and felt less of the benefit resulting from the struggle. But she was silent, and said little of that which she abhorred. Lucy sometimes wondered at her silence.

They were sitting together a few days after Cuthbert's return to London, and Margaret, contrary to her usual custom, spoke of public affairs. 'Your brother was in Scotland,' she said, in an inquiring tone, 'when the troubles first broke out in that restless land?'

'He was,' replied Lucy, with a deep sigh.

'I wonder much,' replied Margaret, with forced unconcern of manner, 'that when he saw the sword drawn by those rebels, he was not warned to forsake the counsels of the ungodly.'

Lucy could not answer. She knew that in Scotland he had learned to justify the subject who took up arms against his lawful sovereign—that even now he held a commission in the army, which the Parliament had levied on pretence of subduing the Irish rebels, but whose real purpose was well known, at least to those who, like Cuthbert Camden, had exerted themselves in raising those supplies which the city of London now poured into the treasury of '*the good cause*.' Lucy therefore remained silent, to avoid degrading her brother yet farther in Miss Parnell's eyes.

'Of course he was not in the rebel camp at Newburn?' asked Margaret, endeavouring to suppress her anxiety, which became more apparent in proportion to her endeavours to conceal it.

'My brother' said Lucy, 'defends the Scots for taking up arms on that occasion. He says they were driven to do so. That they entreated the English generals with great civility not to prevent their peaceable purpose of presenting their petition to their sovereign. That when he heard the taunting replies he'—

Lucy stopped suddenly. She had raised her eyes towards her friend's countenance; much agitation was visible upon it. Margaret rallied herself at once, and resumed her accustomed composure of manner, while Lucy turned the discourse upon subjects, which, from their common and eternal interest soothed and elevated both their minds; but from this moment she was convinced that Cuthbert had won Margaret's deep and noble heart before the disclosure of those political and religious sentiments, which made her believe that to marry him would be treason against the king of England, and against the King of kings.

ON THE NEW EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

I am quite aware that good men differ greatly in the view they take of the new effort for promoting union in the Church. While there are *none* but must sorrowfully lament the want of union among those who profess "one faith, one Lord, one baptism," there are *many* who cannot anticipate any favourable result from the present movement. If it is not presumptuous for a humble individual like myself, thus to speak, I would say, I hope *much from it;* and should the new Alliance be even now dissolved and nothing more be done, surely the prayers which have already ascended up to heaven will call down blessings upon us, and the fruits of the Spirit so beautifully called forth on the occasion, cannot but prove profitable to the souls of our dear fathers and brethren, as well as pleasing in the sight of our God. Our sex excludes us from being present on such hallowed occasions; but have we therefore nothing to do with the matter? Yes, surely we have much. *We can give our prayers,* our *sympathy,*—in some instances we can give our *counsel.* We shall *share* in the blessings bestowed of God. And here let me remind my dear sisters in the faith, of the beautiful example of the late excellent Lady Huntingdon, of whom it is recorded in her biography, that it was her custom to retire to her closet to pray for a blessing from above on the ministrations of those who were by her means sent forth to preach the Gospel during the time that they were thus engaged, and that much of the fruits which followed from *their labours in public,* it may well be believed, were given in answer to *her secret wrestlings with*

God in their behalf. Dear sisters, let us go and do likewise. Let us ask for those who meet together in the name of Christ, that they may "*receive one another as Christ has received them*"—"that their hearts may be knit together in love"—*that* love which "beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things"—that envy and strife and clamour and bitterness, malice and evil speaking, may be put away from them; in fine, that the Spirit may be poured out more abundantly on all to *the Church's present comfort* and *God's eternal glory*. So may wicked and foolish men be disappointed of their vain hopes, and the Church so strengthened, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

It seems to me that many excellent persons look suspiciouly on these meetings, from misapprehending their object. It has been said how can we *act* together with men whose avowed sentiments are so different from our own! Have not those dear fathers and brethren most worthy of our respect and esteem who have met together on these occasions, declared, that their object was more to *wait* upon God for the outpouring of His Spirit for the revelation of his will to show what they should do, than to determine on any specific mode of action for themselves. Is it not rather that the body mystical of Christ may be "built up in love"—in humility—each "holding the Head from which all the body, by joints, and bands, having nourishment ministered and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God." Is it not rather that confessing to God and to each other the sins of the past, they may, for the future, *cease to act against* each other, not "vaunting themselves," not "puffed up," nor stretching themselves beyond measure, but "esteeming others better than themselves, may forbear one another in love in all long-

suffering and lowliness of mind." *Mental uniformity* is not that which is aimed at, but *oneness of heart.*" *Uniformity* is no more to be found in the intellectual than in the material world. It is not the character of our Creator's works, and would indeed be a loss rather than a gain to the Christian world. But *oneness of heart* is what we must pray for, and strive after. And sure I am, dear sisters, that a prayer for this blessing is much the same as a prayer for *holiness* of heart. The nearer we can get to *God*, the nearer we shall get to *each other*. The more we become impressed with the consciousness of our relationship to God in Christ, and with his great mercies towards us—the more we shall live in charity towards our fellow-creatures. The more our souls become filled with the Spirit—the less room will there be to cherish the sentiments of difference from our brethren on minor points, except so far as we may give God thanks, who hath made us to differ from each other, that we may be the more serviceable to each other, and that He may be the more glorified.

Oh, yes! the more we feel towards Him as children, the more we shall feel towards each other as children. The more humbly we receive of His teaching, the more we shall see the wisdom and goodness which has united these two ideas which meet us at the opening of the only prayer He has taught us to use for ourselves, "*Our Father*," as well as in that He has given us as a specimen of His prayers for us, John xvii. 21.

Beautiful are the words of the late French pastor, M. Gouthier, and with them I will close these simple thoughts, praying for God's blessing upon them to your hearts and mine for Christ's sake—'Aimer c'est le ciel—Aimer un peu moins imparfaitement—c'est un avant—gôut du ciel.'

"THREE QUESTIONS."

We were struck by seeing in a recent number of the "Record" newspaper an advertisement headed as above; which, on examination, proved to be three very plain, scriptural queries, bearing on the great doctrine of our blessed Lord's pre-millennial advent, and reign upon the earth. To each of these questions, some person had appended a reference to a text of scripture, by way of an answer: and we cannot forbear bringing the whole before our readers, as a choice specimen of how very little can be found, even by the most diligent searcher of God's word, to cast even the semblance of a doubt on this most precious truth. The questions and answers are as follows: we give the quotations in full, which in the advertisement are only referred too.

I. Can the gospel be faithfully preached, if Jesus, as man, be not set forth in his kingly office, as well as the prophetic and priestly? Answer, 1 Cor. ix. 16. "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel!"

II. What verse in 1 Cor. xv. proves the rising of the wicked dead? Answer, Rev. xx. 4, 5. "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their fore-

heads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection."

III. The Bible brings the Lord Jesus Christ, "the King of the Jews," down upon the earth. (Zech. xiv. 4, 9, "And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem in the East. . . . . And the LORD shall be king over all the earth: in that day there shall be one LORD, and His name one.") What text proves that he leaves it again? Answer, Prov. xxx. 5, 6, "Every word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him. Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar."

Believing, as we do, that the subject thus modestly put forward, in the most unobjectionable form possible, by some faithful Christian, is one of the most vital importance to the Church of God, we cannot but feel a degree of satisfaction that even so conscientious and consistent an opponent as the Record could find nothing to the point in trying to answer these plain queries. Of their author or originator we know nothing: but of the subject itself we know as much as twenty years of most prayerful consideration in searching God's word concerning it can supply. With great joy we have beheld the rapid progress of this bright beam of hope, so long overcast by man's erroneous annotations on holy Scripture, once more gladdening the Church: we have seen its stoutest impugners transformed into zealous preachers of what they now know and feel to be a glorious reality: and we are conscious of numbering among our kind readers so many who cling to the promise of the Lord's speedy, personal, pre-millennial ad-

vent; to subdue his enemies and theirs, and to reign in triumphant majesty over a renovated earth and a rescued people, that we cannot refrain from offering a few remarks on the extraordinary weakness, the utter inapplicability, of the attempted replies to these "Three Questions." We were not a little strengthened, grounded and settled in the faith of this blessed truth, by remarking that the pastor most revered and beloved, whose ministry we attended, and whose lips on every other subject did indeed "keep knowledge," the honoured and lamented William Howels, in treating of this doctrine always lost not only his temper but the use of the many rare gifts that were wont to shine so brightly in him. In short, that in opposing the expectation of the Second Advent, he generally talked downright nonsense. In like manner we find that wisdom forsakes most of our present wise men in pursuing a course which they cannot long persevere in; and we, in all love and courtesy, must point out an instance of this.

The first question demands, in effect; whether that can be the whole gospel which omits one of the three grand offices of the Redeemer, his kingship. The reply is a quotation of Paul's words on the necessity of preaching the gospel, and the woe that awaited him if he failed to do so. Now if Paul had said, "Woe is unto me if I preach not Christ as a Prophet and a Priest!" there might be some reasonableness in adducing this as a reply: but when one party asks, are not *three* things necessary to make a complete gospel? and another, to prove there are but two, answers that Paul was absolutely compelled to preach the gospel, we can only characterize it as having nothing whatever to do with the point under discussion. Our blessed Lord himself, in

almost the last parable that he spake, most vividly represented what was to take place under the similitude of a *nobleman* going into a far country, to receive for himself a *kingdom*, and *to return*. It was to his own servants, to those who wore his livery and professed to follow him, that he committed a sum on trust, with the exhortation, "Occupy *till I come*." His return, in kingly power, is represented exactly in accordance with our expectation of the Second Advent; he calls about him his own servants, acknowledges their fidelity to their trust, and assigns to each a recompense, that, to say the least of it, harmonizes very strikingly with the expectant songs of the redeemed, already in paradise, "We shall reign upon the earth;" and with the promise given to the first disciples, "When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, then shall ye also sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." The one faithless, thankless, profitless professor is disowned; and then follows a doom identical with the immediate judgments for which we look, on the impious opposers of the divine Saviour's government and laws. "But those mine enemies who would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." "He gathered them together to a place called Armageddon."

This magnificent parable was spoken, we are told, "because he was nigh unto Jerusalem; and because they thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear." Did he check their expectations of such a glorious kingdom appearing on earth? Nay, but he adopted this very phraseology, and while warning them that he must first depart, and be long away, he most abundantly confirmed their grandest possible conceptions of the might, majesty, and irresistible au-

thority, with which he, as King, should after a while, return to realize the best hopes of his servants, the worst fears of his rebellious foes. It seems to us, that the querist wished to put it to the consciences of his brethren whether this splendid passage of scripture was part of the gospel of Christ or not. How far the 'answer' settles that point in the negative, each must judge for himself.

The second question we need not dwell upon; it points out one long chapter in the Epistles of Paul, exclusively treating of that resurrection of which Christ is the "first-fruits," and asks whether in THAT chapter there is any allusion to the rising of the wicked dead together with the saints? The repliant, wholly overlooking the fact that the query was exclusively limited to 1 Cor. xv, gives as an answer, a passage from the Revelation of the Apostle John, which we cannot cavil at, seeing how very confirmatory it is of the doctrine in question. We accept it thankfully, and re-echo, "This is the first resurrection."

Question the third gives us the testimony of the prophet Zechariah, as to the actual, personal, visible return, and local position of the King Messiah, to confound and destroy the hosts that shall be warring against Jerusalem, and to rescue his people; whose utter destruction those enemies think to accomplish. It is asked whether any other scripture can be pointed out, mentioning the subsequent withdrawal of that conquering King from the scene of his victory: a very candid query, and deserving of a well-studied reply. All, however, that seems intended to bear upon it in the answering reference is, "Add not to his word, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar." Truly applicable alas! to too large a portion of the nominal

church, in all ages: but is there no danger in the opposite direction? Is no awful threat uttered against those who shall "take away" from the word of prophecy? If a large body of the most devoted and most gifted ministers of the gospel, alike in the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, and the Congregational Churches, men of deep study, lively faith, fervent prayer, find themselves led, in increasing numbers, and with increasing earnestness, to bring before their flocks this great doctrine, as part and parcel of the gospel of Christ; and if the pious laity, in multitudes, are brought daily more and more to feel its quickening, comforting, sanctifying influence, and to rejoice in it as did the early Church, and to watch and pray daily for their Lord's return, to take to him his great power, and to reign; oh, then, surely it ought not to be treated as a vain fantasy, a presumptuous speculation, an impious adding to the word of God; nor ought the solemn inquiry into its truth to be stifled, or quiet propositions, put forth in the best spirit, to be dismissed with a few irrelevant texts, cited at random. We are fully aware of the very high advantage given to the upholders of this blessed doctrine by such opposition as this; and that it materially helps forward the progress of such truths; but it grieves us when dear and honoured brethren are made the means of doing good in a wrong spirit and against their will. May the God of all grace vouchsafe to us, every one, a larger measure of the precious graces of charity, humility, and self-mistrust, that, emptied of all vain confidence, we may learn like little children, at his feet; seeking to know his whole word and will, that we may heartily do it, not as unto men, but unto God!

C. E.

THE CHRISTIAN.

If we would trace the origin of the broad and narrow road, our eye may travel over an unbroken line back to Eden. The one of the Devil, issuing out of unbelief and disobedience, and leading to destruction—the other prepared of the free and abounding mercy of God, the way of pleasantness, the path of peace, the road of life. "The Lord God said unto the serpent, I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." This is the point from which issues the path of life—it was belief in this truth that lightened the world—amid blight, and ruin, and sorrow, the eye of faith rejoiced in one spot of brightness, *the day of Christ.* It was this promise which upheld under trial, and which pointed out to the weary pilgrim a rest, a city which hath foundations, the better country. It was through this truth that boldness was given in access to God, it produced hope and assurance, it was the source of holiness of life, it removed uncertainty, and took away the sting from death. The Lord our God is holy, and therefore every thing that comes from him, and would lead to him, must necessarily be holy also.

But we turn to gaze on the two roads—we see the termination of each, and we marvel that of the broad road it is found that "many" are upon it. Followers of the fashion of this world, slaves to Satan, worship-

pers of idols, fulfilling the lusts of the flesh, and the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life: enemies of the cross of Christ, not caring for truth, but pleased to listen to the delusive notes of "peace, peace," loving to have it so without inquiring what is to be done in the end. Jer. v. 31.

But some there are making progress on the other road. Whence came they, and how? The answer is, "Not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." God found them "out of the way," and of his grace he led them, and ordered their going, and holds them up, and gives them his Holy Spirit to teach and to comfort them, so that they go from strength to strength, till every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. The Lord worked upon them by means which he sanctified. It was the still small voice, it was by the bands of love, it was under the rod, it was the thorn in the flesh. But the preparation of the heart was of God, it is his work alone when the child of wrath is reconciled and justified, and made the child of God; when deliverance is given out of the kingdom of Satan, and we are translated into the kingdom of Christ, it is God who quickens the dead in trespasses and sins, and re-creates his own image upon us.

The Lord's voice is ever to be heard on the broad road, bearing offers of grace, invitations of reconciliation, remonstrances of tenderness—"Come ye, for all things are ready." "Why will ye die?"

But brought into the narrow road, let us inquire what are the characteristics of such, what is it that constitutes a Christian? "Looking unto Jesus." What is not comprehended in this short sentence? Jesus, the Son of God is the author and finisher of our faith;

in him we are complete, he is made of God unto wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption; he is the vine, of which we are the branches, therefore he is our life, our example, our hope, our deliverer from the wrath to come. Such an one must indeed be "precious," as says St. Peter, and yet to the believer it must ever be one of the deepest springs of humility, when the consideration of what Christ has done and suffered, is connected with the state of his feelings and thoughts and actions and resolves, in the matter of gratitude and devotion and love! And when the fulness of Christ is thought upon, out of which all our need may be supplied, the highness of our calling, the security we enjoy, the blessedness of our privileges, the brightness of our prospects. What have we to show on our part, by glorifying God in our faith and holiness, in our peace, and truth, and assurance, in the rejoicing of our confidence, in our loose hold of all this world's *so called treasures*, and in our praise for present countless mercies, and for the bright anticipations of future glory?

May not these failures and short-comings be traced up to the *low* place which *truth* occupies in the affections? Truth, to be truly valuable, must not be generalized, it must be brought home to *ourselves*, it must be *individually* appropriated. Let it be our serious business to inquire, what rank does the truth hold with us? Is it with us above all price, and with a sense of its value, do we desire and pray that it may have a greater ascendancy, a more constraining influence over our minds? We must not be simply content with receiving the Bible as a record of truths, which form the basis of the Christian's position, but they must concern us more intimately. It must not suffice to know what *David* found the Lord to be—his character and attributes must

be realized to ourselves—"the Lord is *my* light and *my* salvation." And the language of the saints too in prayer, must be ours for leading and guidance, for cleansing and for teaching; their confessions also we must adopt—"I have gone astray." And ours will then be their strains of praise for the help vouchsafed, for the deliverance wrought, for the answer given. And the grand truth of all, the great mystery, God manifest in the flesh, is ours to receive and to rejoice in —"the life I now live, I live by faith on the Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." God grant that this may be the case of us all, may we more and more meditate upon these things, and strive continually to attain to this point, for it is the ground work of peace, the foundation of certainty, the fountain head of love, as says St. John, "we love him *because* he first loved us,"—it is the source of every good work, (for by keeping the Lord's commandments we demonstrate our love) and no one can ever say I love God, without being obliged to give a *reason* for that love. How beautifully we see this brought out in the case of the Psalmist—Psalm xviii. 1, "I will love thee, O Lord, my *strength*:" this attribute of God's was his *reason*, then we have it for answer to prayer, "I love the Lord *because* he hath heard my voice." Psalm cxvi. 1. Benefits received produce joy and thanksgiving. Psalm v. 11, 12. And in the case of Hezekiah (Isa. xxxviii. 20.); and the reason for glorifying God, and not living to ourselves, arises from the experience of God's "unspeakable gift" to us, —it is *because* Christ died and rose again. 2 Cor. v.

There are many hindrances to our spiritual progress and enjoyment, but not one do we meet that the Lord has placed in our way, and which he is not both able and willing to remove: we have manifold temptations, and

infirmities, and enemies, and besetting sins; over these we well may grieve, but let us not inthe lowness of our humility be tempted to forget our high privilege of having access to a throne of grace, of being assured that we have a Father's ear always open to our prayers, and that Jesus is our great high priest, who ever liveth to make intercession for us. It is written of some of old, "They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed;" and so in our times of trouble, we may be in darkness, thick clouds may hover around us, but we must not forget our motto, "looking unto Jesus," the Sun of Righteousness, "he will arise with healing in his wings," and all gloom and gathering mists shall be dissipated. Whatever be our difficulty, God is on our side; his strength shall be perfected in our weakness, and our prayers asked in Christ's name, shall be heard and answered.

But while we must live upon our privileges, (and God desires we should do so) how careful we should be that we understand in what those privileges consist, and what must necessarily issue from their reception; the Bible must be our constant guide; without it, or with a partial reading of it, what fatal errors creep in! In Christ we are complete, in him *alone* we are accepted: but he gave himself to redeem us from all iniquity, and to purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. What is the effect of the Scriptures? to make us *perfect*, throughly furnishing us unto *all* good works; it contains everything for our happiness, everything to cause us to walk so as to please God. How minute are the *exhortations* with which we are furnished, and the *promises*—what is their tendency? *having* them, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.

Or do they produce *hope?* every one that is so blest, must purify himself as God is pure. Or is the Lord's *character revealed?* it is, that we may be like him, changed by the Holy Spirit into the same image from glory to glory. Or is our *true position* stated? it is, that as running *a race*, we may lay aside every weight, and the sin that so easily besets us—as *vessels*, that we may be fit for the master's use—as *servants*, employing the talents committed to us, as doing whatever comes before us, with all our might, seeking and having a single eye to our Lord's glory—as *children*, that we should be obedient, and not fashioning ourselves according to our lusts in the days of darkness and ignorance. Or do the Scriptures give us *examples?* it is, that we may be followers of their faith and patience. Or do they show us our *enemies?* it is, that we may be watchful and vigilant, resisting evil.

May the Lord, for his dear Son's sake, bless and keep us, making us not *almost* but *altogether* Christians—may we be constantly striving to go on unto perfection, mortifying sin in whatsoever shape it may come before us—may our faith be stronger—and our hopes brighter, and our praise more loud and certain, till we come to the land of everlasting rest, through him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.

S. S.

JEWISH PROSPECTS.

It is with no slight measure of satisfaction that we bring before our readers the following important document, extracted from the columns of the leading Jewish organ. It appears in the form of a letter, addressed to the Editors of that valuable periodical, 'The Voice of Jacob,' by Col. George Gawler, whose recent admirable pamphlet on the subject we trust is extensively known among us.

That such a document should appear from the hand of so truly pious and spiritually-minded a Christian as Col. Gawler, addressed to the Jewish nation at large through one of their most important organs, is to us a matter of unfeigned rejoicing. Anxious, deeply and prayerfully anxious as we are that every child of Abraham should see and acknowledge in the crucified, the buried and the risen Jesus of Nazareth, their promised Messiah, their Redeemer, their Deliverer, and their King, we yet lament and wonder that amid all their laudable zeal for individual conversions, the great bulk of Gentile Christians should so far overlook the immensely-important fact, that throughout the whole Scriptures, national restoration is so linked with national conversion, and to our apprehension so clearly shown as preceding it, that it becomes most bindingly obligatory on us as believers in the sure word of Prophecy, to watch every sign of the times, and seize every possible opportunity for commencing that stupendous work, which is certainly, in

many of its details, to be fulfilled by Gentile instrumentality. "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far; their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee. And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee."

Whatever may be the intermediate purpose of God, with regard to a peculiar remnant, of this we may be assured, that all Judah and all Israel shall yet repossess the land of their inheritance. God has most expressly declared, that he will remember his covenant with Abraham, and with Isaac, and with Jacob, and that he will also remember the land which shall yet again be tilled and sown, and yield its fruit to its children, who are at hand to come. Indeed, if there be any now looking at this page who entertains a doubt on the subject, we affectionately request that sister or brother to close the book, to take up the Bible, and to give no heed to aught that man may say until the mind of the Lord, as revealed by himself, shall have been ascertained from the inspired page. Dr. Keith's delightful and spirit-stirring work, 'The Land of Israel,' will then be a good study, and may, by God's blessing, lead the way, to a hearty acceptance of, and co-operation in Col. Gawler's most admirable, practical and judicious plan.

We would much wish any reader who is now about to peruse it with the attention that it demands, to read very carefully through the thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy, especially marking the connecting THEN, that links the twenty-fifth to the twenty-fourth verse; if there were nothing else in the whole Bible but this chapter, instead of the hundreds of parallel

passages that we could point out, to establish the rousing truth so strangely lost sight of among us, we would rest the cause on this alone, in which the voice of God almost sounds as it did of old on the brink of the Red Sea, saying, "SPEAK TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL THAT THEY GO FORWARD."

'*To the Editors of the Voice of Jacob.*

'SIRS,—I have to return my sincere thanks, for the review and subsequent favourable notices which have appeared in your journal, of my pamphlet on the 'Tranquillization of Syria and the East, by the establishment of Jewish colonies in Palestine.' Your observations in reference to it on the 2nd inst., now lead me to desire to add to these acknowledgments some further remarks on the subject itself; I therefore beg your insertion of them, and the attentive consideration of your readers to affairs in which their interest is, at least, as much involved as my own.

'The planting of Jewish colonies in Palestine, I believe to be one of the most important of the political objects of our day. To those, who in common with myself, hold a stedfast conviction that the revelation which Jews and Christians equally revere, is indeed the word of the Great Creator, it should not appear extraordinary that I or any other man should entertain such an opinion. No one with observation can doubt, but that the human race from east to west, and north to south on this globe, lies, as a whole, in a lamentable state of degradation and misery; and no one who holds the truth of that sacred volume, ought to doubt, but that Jews are the instruments particularly appointed for the raising of our species to its proper elevation in creation; or that their exertions, to be extensively

effectual, should be directed from that very remarkable, great centre of operation, their ancient land. Holding these views as I have done for, at least, five-and-twenty years, and increasing as my convictions have been in the high importance of them, I am ready with soberness as well as zeal, to embrace every opportunity of giving them effect. I know not how any man can be more effectually employed in promoting his own happiness, than by efficaciously advancing the welfare of his race at large. Desire to work in furtherance of the great object in question, must become the stronger, from the *most manifest* preparedness of the times in which we live for the commencement of it. There is, in providential events, a voice which wise men will not dare to despise, and this voice is now speaking to the point at issue, through three channels :—

'Through the immense vacuity which has been formed in the population of Palestine—through the breaking down, everywhere, of the mighty barriers which kept Gentiles in opposition to Jews,—and through the rousing of the Jewish nation, throughout the world, to a sense of its proper standing and duties. These certainly are not illusions or mere transient appearances, *but great and sober facts.* No man who looks at the world with common sense and information, can doubt, or, with honesty, deny their full and broad existence ; and great realities as they are apart, they must, in combination, work out rapidly a great and real effect. The principle of gravitation in nature, mighty as it is, is not more mighty than the principle of centralization, in Jewish hearts ; the first carries unceasingly the St. Lawrence into the basin below Niagara, and the second, which has preserved the distinctiveness of the Jewish nation through eighteen centuries of unprece-

dented bondage and persecution, will, now that the barriers are removed, as surely and mightily carry its members into the vacuity that is forming in Palestine. The question is *not* as to the event—*this evidently must be*—the vacuum *is* forming, the barriers *are* breaking down, and go the Jewish people will; already too many are pressing in, for safety under existing arrangements. *The question therefore now is, as to the mode by which the movement may be brought about with the least danger, and the highest honour, to humanity.* It is to this that every true friend of human nature should be giving consideration!

'Even the great barrier of Muhammedan power and prejudice, *is really gone.* The men who now govern at Constantinople and Cairo, have minds to perceive the immense advantages that should flow to their territories respectively, from the establishment of energetic, civilized colonies; aye, or even of an energetic, civilized nation, in Palestine. The last is not the present question, *colonies* are the object; but even were this measure at a future day, and by greater means, to be followed by the establishment of the whole Jewish nation in Palestine, Turkey and Egypt would both have reason to rejoice at the conclusion. Turkey requires a barrier against Egypt, and the elevation of the character and habits of her population in the immense neighbouring districts of Assyria and Asia Minor; and Egypt, which would ever be prevented by European policy and power from laying hold of Palestine, requires also for her population that stimulus to trade, commerce, and improvement which Jews, in Palestine, would communicate.

'Even this great barrier, therefore, is really gone, as every man must perceive who examines with attention

the semblance of it that remains. It is but an appearance, the mere phantom of departed realities, and well-directed combined efforts of Jews and Christians, to obtain the favourable offices of the different governments of Europe for testing its true nature, would surely prove it to be so. It would vanish before the touch.

'Looking to things as they are, it is probable there would be much less difficulty in persuading the Porte to consent to the establishment of Jewish colonies in Palestine, than in inducing the great Christian powers of Europe to be agreed on so desirable, honourable, and beneficial a measure; not, however, that any very formidable difficulty can lie in the way even of this achievement; its propriety, applicability, and unavoidable necessity must be daily forcing itself upon their attention.

'These observations have reference not merely to "Russo-Polish Jews," *but to the Hebrew nation at large.* If, indeed, the great potentate of Russia would commence the movement by allowing a portion of his Jewish subjects to depart for Palestine, and would forward their journey and settlement, his name would be transmitted to posterity with exultation, and further, valuable agricultural colonists would be obtained. It is, however, in my experience, *that previous opposite habits of life do not unfit men for agricultural and pastoral colonization.* In the British colonies—of which I am well acquainted with nine—I know that those persons who in early life were merchants, medical practitioners, tradesmen, sailors or soldiers, continually make, in their new pursuits, excellent and prosperous settlers. I am persuaded that an admirable colony might be formed in Palestine of Jews from Western Europe alone, if none others could be found to join it; a deficiency,

however, which, when it comes to the proof, is not likely to happen.

'Entertaining the foregoing opinions, I put forward, in June last, the pamphlet to which you have just done me the favour again to call public attention. It was composed by me after long and most careful reflection; and I would follow up your appeal by earnestly requesting your readers, for their own honour and high name, for the sake of their brethren now suffering in Palestine, or of those who may speedily be thrown into destitution in that country, and for the cause of humanity at large, to give it attentive consideration. I shall not complain of any severity exercised in the sifting of its arguments, if candour and temper be not forgotten by my censors. It is not pressed upon public notice with undue partiality or prejudice, for if the scheme can be improved, or a better be substituted for it, I shall rejoice, and not cease to give my hearty support towards the ultimate object.

'Holding, however, such an important object, and having deliberately and in detail given to the public a plan for its attainment, I may be permitted to advance the further claim for being heard, that, as a matter of amount, it has happened to me, under Divine Providence, to have had, I believe, more experience in practical, local, colonization, than any individual now living. No man in existence, I think, has been at the head of the government and colonization of a province, just before discovered and occupied, and almost wholly unexplored and unsurveyed, when it has suddenly advanced, in two years, under an untried system, from 4,000 to 15,000 inhabitants. The debarkation and location of this number of persons in wilds at the antipodes—the whole of the superintendence, and from the

circumstances of the colony, a very large proportion of the details being transacted in my own office—furnished of necessity an immense amount of experience; but of this amount I speak only in dry facts which none can dispute. To these I may, with propriety, add a reference in facts equally bare, to the amount of success. The province, an almost unexplored wilderness when I landed, was when I left it, thrown open far and wide, with about 600,000 acres of available land scattered over an extent of country as large as the principality of Wales, laid out into small sections for occupation. About 25,000 of these acres were enclosed for cultivation, and upwards of 7,000 acres (by official returns) were actually in crop; while about 230,000 sheep, 1200 horses, and 16,000 head of cattle had—principally by importation from very distant places—become the stock of the province. Communications to the different settled districts of the colony were well opened; works necessary for the public convenience constructed; and security of life and property well established, without the aid or presence of a single soldier in arms. All this was accomplished at a net cost, certainly not, at the most, greater than has been required in other modern infant colonies for the production of equal effects. These effects produced in the face of immense, indescribable difficulties, are, I believe, *unequalled in amount in a distinct colony, in any similar period of time, in modern colonization;* and they have formed the firm foundation of a colony at the antipodes, which now only in the tenth year of its existence, has attained a population of 20,000 souls, which is flourishing in a manner that excites the wonder of all who with intelligence consider it, and which is now supporting itself without assistance from the parent state.

'My mind was forced more deeply into all the bearings and contingencies of practical colonization—in, be it remembered, a latitude, climate, and country, very much resembling those of Palestine—by the circumstance, that in the singularly rapid formation of the colony upon a new system, I was compelled with high united offices, responsibilities, and emergency powers, and without instructions in detail at all equivalent to the rate of increase, to work out a course for myself.

'In advancing such points, I beg to be met with candid and forbearing construction by yourself and your readers. I present them to the best of my knowledge in perfect sincerity, and without any injustice to other parties concerned. Five years have now passed away since I returned from the province, and though—*as has been common to the founders of distant colonies*—I have been assailed extensively through the press, with misconceptions, misstatements, and miscalculations, I have scarcely ever before published a line in reply. I might still have continued silent, but engaged as I now am in proposing to the Jewish nation, and to the civilized world at large, the most important object in colonization that the world can contemplate, I feel that I owe it to this great cause, to show by a brief glance at dry facts, which I am persuaded none can successfully dispute, that I am authorized by thorough, personal, practical experience, to offer my views upon the subject and to hope for attentive consideration.

'It has happened to me, under Divine Providence, to have been the local founder of the finest colony in proportion to its duration, that has ever yet appeared in the world; and I may therefore soberly aspire to be further, an adviser of the foundation of the most im-

portant colony, that the world will perhaps ever witness —the first Jewish colony in Palestine.

'In the pamphlet before referred to, I have declared it to be (page 9,) a principle of "paramount importance" in the undertaking in question, "that the one great object, *the colonization of Palestine by Jews*, should be most HONOURABLY and EXCLUSIVELY upheld, unincumbered by any other consideration." On such an occasion as the present, I feel it due to the subject, to repeat my steadfast adhesion to this rule, and to state freely, that whatever may be my connexion with this movement,—the movement itself, I think, must and will go on,—I will in no wise infringe upon any doctrinal opinions, which are not common to myself and to the Jewish nation at large. There are, it is my happiness to know, great principles of eternal truth upon which we stand in perfect agreement; upon these I may sometimes glance in moderation, as has been done in this letter, but beyond this class I shall never intentionally stray in public or in private, and in support of this declaration can only say, that if I should to any eyes, at any time, wear the appearance of departure from the rule thus laid down, I shall be most happy to be warned of it, in order that it may be effectually corrected. Some members of the Hebrew nation have been intimately acquainted with my proceedings in South Australia, and upon this acquaintance they would, I hope, do me the justice to acknowledge that bad faith never formed a portion of my public policy. I am free to say, I regard it to be as contemptible and eventually as ruinous in the politician, as it is in the private member of society. I have ventured to advert thus fully to this principle, because, combination and success cannot be hoped for without it.

'Bound copies of the pamphlet were presented long since to the Queen and Prince Albert; and from the particularly prompt and gracious manner in which they were accepted and acknowledged, I have reason to hope that there exists on the throne of Great Britain, the great maritime and mercantile state of modern times, a spirit similar and equal to that which, on an occasion of high importance and glory to the Jewish nation, animated the sovereign of the ancient mother of commerce and mistress of the ocean. *He joyfully* furnished materials, servants, and sailors for Jewish work. The spirit of a father, we know, often descends upon the child, and in an especial manner did the father of the present sovereign of England, deserve the truly honourable title of a "friend of Israel."

'Copies of the pamphlet were also sent to her Majesty's government, to the East India Company, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London; to a large number of influential political persons, to the principal periodicals, and to all the club houses in the metropolis.

'I have reason to hope that from these and other means, an attention and acquaintance with the subject has been produced upon which it is *now* time to work by further measures. One of these measures, of course, ought to be, a formal movement among members of the Hebrew nation.—How can Gentiles be expected to enter into great systematic efforts in behalf of Jews, unless Jews step forward and afford satisfactory evidence that they are ready to coalesce with these efforts? In Lady Montefiore's publication, in your excellent journal, and in other published Jewish documents, there have been indeed for a long while past, powerful evidences of individual zeal for the object, and strong indications of general Jewish concurrence; but in the present stage

of the affair a further step is required: there certainly is wanted something like the formal evidence of Jewish names in support of addresses in advocacy of the object of the formation of a Jewish colony in Palestine, to the throne, to the government, or the legislature.

'Permit me, Gentile as I am, to offer these considerations in all sincerity to your nation, and further, again to express my hopes that,—if it be only for their suffering brethren's sake who are actually in Palestine, or who are earnestly desiring to proceed to that country,—they will receive them as Jews, once in the days of wisdom, received materials from Gentile hands; heartily turning them to an advantage, of which the glory and effect upon the world has not yet passed away, after an interval of more than twenty-eight centuries from its accomplishment.

'If it could be possible that Jews should lie in leaden insensibility to the colonization of deserted Palestine, they would be put to shame by Gentiles, and risk, in a new and extraordinary manner, the loss of their birthright; for European Gentiles, attracted by the loveliness and emptiness of the region, are beginning to move and to make propositions towards the colonization of it, *on their own account.*

'In a pamphlet published last year by Mr. Barker, son, and formerly secretary to the Consul-General of Egypt,—'Memoir on Syria,' Madden and Malcolm, Leadenhall Street,—a considerable body of interesting practical information on the state of the country, is brought forward as a basis for the argument, *that respectable Europeans would find it to their advantage to settle in it.*

'The following are Mr. Barker's concluding passages:

'"During the last two years, numerous European

families have settled in Syria, as well as in Greece. Schools are being established; medical men have been sent out; inns have been opened: and the intelligent European is everywhere welcomed as a friend and protector. This is a happy change; it is delightful to contemplate; and I trust that the time is not far distant, when our countrymen, who are known to be the best colonizers in the world, will follow the example of the French and Germans, and take up their abode on the shores of this enchanting and luxuriant territory.

'"But I fear I have already made this paper *too long;* and were I to write volumes, it is impossible I could give *anything like an adequate idea* of the riches and beauty of this *terrestrial Paradise.*"

'Such views and statements from practical men, in reference to a country from which, as a central point, the blessings of civilization might be expected to radiate throughout the degraded East, are certainly, in these times, loud appeals upon public attention. When thus inviting, the object appears to Gentile eyes and desires, is it not revolting—pardon the term for the cause sake; there is a cause—is it not revolting to read *from Jewish pens* proposals for the formation of *Jewish* colonies in "*America, Australasia, or the islands of the Southern Sea?*"

'Shall it be said of intelligent Jews, in these our days ? ימאסו בארץ חמדה—or will such men, from such a spirit, overlook, neglect, or reject, the consideration of the *practical* proposals which are now, under Divine providence, with all faithfulness, respect and regard, spread before them? May human nature be spared from such a conclusion!!

'I am, Sirs, your Obedient Servant,

'G. GAWLER.'

In our next we will give Colonel Gawler's brief sketch of what he justly calls his 'practical details.' Meanwhile, we hope that many of our readers will bestow upon this subject their most serious consideration. The fearful condition of the persecuted Jews under Russian domination, persecuted even to most cruel deaths to compel them into a profession of the degraded and idolatrous Greek faith, give deep and melancholy emphasis to this appeal.

LETTER OF J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D. D.

TO THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF CHESTER.

London, July 28, 1845.

My Lord and very Reverend Father,—To-morrow, if the Lord will, I take my departure for the Continent, but I cannot leave England without expressing to you my regret that your journey to Durham has not permitted my meeting you, either in London or in your diocese, where I spent some days, the remembrance of which will ever be precious to me. I should have had many things to hear from you, and possibly some remarks to make. Allow me then to take advantage of the moments that remain, to write to you what I have not been able to communicate in person. The impressions of a foreign Christian who has just passed some time in your country, may possess some interest for you, and I only regret that I have not days instead of moments to lay my thoughts before you.

Permit me, my lord, first to express my gratitude for the truly English and truly Scottish hospitality that I have experienced in your isle. I have not met one person that was a stranger to me. I have found none but friends and brothers. Everywhere I have found hands that shook my hand, and hearts that responded to mine. I have felt as if I had not left my fatherland. But, my lord, what has rejoiced me more than any-

thing in this welcome, is that it was given not so much on my account, as on account of our blessed and holy Reformation. It was the Protestant sentiment that lives in so many hearts in England, which welcomed with affection him who has been called to write with feeble hand some pages of that great history. I here express my gratitude for that interest; I have seen with joy that it exists in all classes of society.

I shall not speak to you, my lord, of the general impression that England has produced on me,—its industry,—its fleets,—its power,—others can do this, but I feel myself compelled to state my impressions in regard to some matters which relate to its most precious interests, to its religious and Protestant character. I may be mistaken on some of the points which I shall mention; I therefore content myself with expressing the candid feelings of a stranger, who is not a stranger, appealing to a judgment more experienced than his own, and to that love of their country and their Church, which is so deep in English hearts, and particularly, my lord, in your's.

You are aware of what is passing on the continent. It appears that a second reformation, a reformation of the 19th century, is commencing. In Germany many churches are detaching themselves from the Church of Rome, and ranging themselves under the authority of the word of God. At Breslau alone, the new Roman Catholic Church has 12,000 members, and has just been joined by Mons. Theiner, a most distinguished man, and doctor of theology. It is true that one portion of these new Catholics made, at their meeting at Leipsic, a confession of faith that seems far from sufficient, and which, as far as I can remember, is simply, 'I believe in God the Father, the Creator of the world, and in

Jesus Christ his Son, our Saviour, and in the Holy Spirit, and in a Christian Church, and in eternal life.' But another portion of them, at Berlin, has made a much more satisfactory declaration; and we may hope that the others, by Divine assistance, will advance. We cannot expect a new-born child to possess the faculties of a full-grown man. The reaction of this movement on the churches which continue attached to Rome is not less important. Quite recently the chapter of Lintzgau (Baden) met to deliberate on their actual position. Many reforms were proposed, and in particular the abolition of forced celibacy. An old pastor, Mr. Hahn, of Markdorf, rose, and said, 'In eight days I shall have passed the 76th year of my life. You will then readily believe me when I assure you that I have no thoughts of marrying; but study and experience oblige me, as did in former days the aged Bishop Paphnucius, in the Council of Nice, to express the ardent wish that our Church would "not impose on its priests burdens more heavy than Jesus Christ has done." I vote for the proposition and say, yes.' What is passing in France is not less remarkable. The labours of our Evangelical and Bible Societies, which for many years have been spreading the Word of God and the knowledge of His grace in Christ, are and have been blessed. During the last ten years, in Burgundy and other parts of France, new evangelical churches had been forming, composed of Roman Catholics, who had been converted one by one. During the last year, however, a new era has commenced. Whole populations are detaching themselves from Rome, and demanding evangelical ministers. In the Limousin, six churches have separated themselves from Rome, and have now six pastors and six schoolmasters. In the province of Saintonge (near

Bordeaux) there are about one hundred parishes, demanding ministers, and saying, they will no longer have Romish priests. Six weeks ago at Sens a great movement took place; 1500 to 2000 persons detached themselves from the Romish worship, and two evangelical ministers whom I personally know, and who have been sent there, cannot suffice for all their wants. In the environs of that city five parishes have also, through the medium of their mayors, demanded ministers; their demands have been put off by dilatory answers, which have had so little success, that now there are thirty-nine parishes who renounce the mass, and will have only the preaching of Jesus Christ. The conversions of Roman Catholic priests are also very numerous. In vain was one of them, the much-respected ex-Abbé Maurette imprisoned for a year in Paris, for having in a pamphlet explained the reasons that led him to abandon the Pope and come to Jesus Christ: the priests have not been frightened. This winter, at Geneva, on the seats of the Theological College where I teach, and where Maurette had spent some time, I had again amongst my students four priests, two of them French, one a Belgian, and one a Spaniard, the last formerly superior of a convent, and chevalier of the order of Isabella Catholica; Dijon one of the leading clergymen of the place, M. Trivier, has separated from Rome, and he finds that he is not able to meet the wants of all the Roman Catholics who ask of him conferences and instructions.

Such, my Lord, is the state of the continent. A great evangelical and anti-Roman movement is going on there. This is a fact which must strike the mere politicians not less than the man of religious conviction.

Now, when a foreign Christian arrives among you, what does he see in Protestant England? What is his

astonishment when he hears of a directly-opposite movement, and when he sees it with his eyes? I will not give way to exaggerated fears: England is Protestant, and she will remain so. But he that desires the end must also desire the means. There are doctrines maintained in England, with much zeal and courage, which are the doctrines of the Council of Trent, and not those of the Reformation. At the same time a tone and appearance even more and more Romish are sought to be given to your public worship. I will cite one example more important than it may at first appear. The day before yesterday I wished, before leaving, to see your magnificent Castle of Windsor. In returning I entered the chapel of the school at Eton. I was struck at seeing above the altar a large picture, painted on the glass of the window, representing the Crucifixion, with the women at the foot of the cross, and above this another picture representing a subject of the same nature, recalling to me most vividly the Romish chapels in Italy. On inquiry I was told that the one of these pictures had been there for little more than one year, and the other for little more than two weeks, and that the expense had each year been defrayed by a collection among the boys of the school, and that it was expected that every year a fresh picture of a like description would be added by a similar contribution. Thus, then, having little hopes of the parents, do they attack the children; here is the religion of images, instead of the religion of the Bible, impressed on the minds of the sons of the first families in England. The same day the newspapers announced the conversion to Romanism of two Protestant clergymen. So we see that in many respects the movement in England is in an opposite direction to that which is going on upon the continent of Europe.

Should not such a state of things arrest the serious attention of the well-wishers of their Church, and the friends of their country? Is it not to the Reformation that England owes her dignity and her power? In the sixteenth century Spain was all-powerful, and England feeble. But, thanks to the Gospel, Popish Spain has fallen, and Protestant England extends her power even to the ends of the world. Will she lose what constitutes her greatness, her prosperity, her life, her glory?

Allow me now, my Lord, to mention three properties, or peculiar qualities of the Church of Christ, of which I should desire to see more in the Church of which you are one of the rulers and guides.

The first is *Apostolicity*. I think that apostolical authority should reign in the Church, but I cannot conceal my astonishment and grief in observing that many doctors substitute, for this apostolical authority, a syndical, patristical, theological, episcopal, in a word, a human authority. I do not deny that the traditions of the times which succeeded the days of the apostles may be usefully consulted; but in no case can these be put on the same rank with the apostolical tradition itself, and, as St. Augustine has said, the declarations of the fathers are of no value, except in so far as they are conformed to the canonical writings. Indeed the apostolical tradition has been preciously guarded for us in the sacred writings of the New Testament. This is the only source from which all ages are called to draw the knowledge of true Christianity. The Church of Rome boasts of enjoying the instructions of the successors of St. Peter; but we have much more than a successor of successors, we have St. Peter himself in the midst of us, teaching us immediately by his writings, and by the power of the Holy Spirit which dictated them.

And we have not only St. Peter, we have in the midst of us St. Paul, St. John, St. James, St. Matthew. The apostles of our Lord Jesus at this day still exercise their functions in the Church, and no one is needed, nor has any one the right to take their place. They preach remission of sins and conversion; they declare the resurrection of the crucified One; they teach missionaries and ministers; they extend the Church and preside in its councils. Let us leave it to the Chnrch of Rome, which is a human Church, to support herself on the authority of men, of St. Thomas, St. Gregory, and St. Basil. But let your Church, my Lord, claim no other authority than that of the Apostles of the Lord; let her desire no other power than that Word of God "which is sharper than a two-edged sword:" let her become more entirely, sincerely, exclusively, *apostolical*. She is so, without doubt, in her Articles; let her become so entirely, without excepting any of her ministers or her members. This is, I think, the first of her wants.

The second is *Catholicity*. This was one of the most plainly expressed desires of the reformers of the sixteenth century; they wished a Catholic Church of Christ, embracing all those who confess the Lord. This is still the spirit which animates you, my Lord, you and so many other respected ministers of Christ in the Anglican Church; but I cannot tell you how I have been grieved at meeting on many occasions with a bigotted and sectarian spirit, instead of this Catholic spirit. Never, however, was it more necessary. Until now, and for nearly three centuries, great importance has been attached to the nationality of the Church. I think that now this importance should be attached to its Catholicity. The vocation of the Church is to as-

semble all the families of the earth in but one family, to re-unite in one body the dispersed members of humanity. Everything announces that the moment when this great work should commence has arrived. But how can the Church perform this duty if she be herself troubled with so many divisions? The Catholicity of the Church must be re-established. But what our times demand is not an exclusive sectarian Catholicity; it is a universal, a Catholic Catholicity. Let us leave sectarian Catholicity to the Greek Church and to the Roman Church, and let us not establish amongst us a third sectarian Catholicity still more ridiculous than the two first. The cause of these sectarian and external Catholicities (one might count more than three of them) is always the same. That the Church ought to be one is what all admit. But when the unity does not consist in vitality, men seek to establish it by formality. All sectarian Catholicity comes from the want of the spirit of Christ in the body of the Church. It proceeds from the want of love, of faith, of hope, in one word, of life.

If false Catholicity comes from the spirit having left the body of the Church, true Catholicity will be re-established by the return of this same spirit. The Greeks, the Romans, and other sectarian Catholics, say that the Church is first external and then may be internal. For us, we say that the Church is first internal and then external.

The false Catholics say—"The connection of each Christian with Christ, depends upon his connection with the Church." True Catholics say—"The connection of each Christian with the Church, depends on his connection with Christ." Oh, my Lord, let me implore every minister, every member of the Church of England, or rather every Christian of Great Britain to be

united, really and cordially united, with whoever is united to Jesus Christ. Why should we separate and draw off from those to whom the Lord draws near? I have not a doubt that were this spiritual union established, external divisions would gradually diminish. Who would not desire to see extinguished the spirit of sect and of party, and to see established in its place a peaceful and holy union among all the Christians of England? But we must force nothing. We must seek first of all unity of spirit; then, perhaps, unity of confession and action. As to unity of incorporation, I do not think it should be sought with impatience, or by human means; but why should we not conclude that the Lord himself will give it to his people, according to his promise (John x). Let us more and more allow the barriers which separate us to fall,—Dissenters, their ancient prejudices, and the ministers of the Established Church, those doctrines which stop the union of Christians, and which, like apostolical succession, and the necessity of episcopal ordination, are unknown to the Articles of your religion.

I can assure you, my lord, that one of the most agreeable remembrances that I carry with me from England is, that of having tasted the first fruits of this precious union. I have found myself as a brother in the midst of all denominations. Some of the most esteemed men in your Church have recalled to mind that three centuries ago Christians from the Continent—the Bucers and the Peter Martyrs, had received a cordial welcome in the Church of England, and without allowing themselves to be arrested by the new ideas, have shown themselves faithful to the ancient principles of the Anglican Church. It is true that Bucers and Peter Martyrs have taught in your universities, whilst I have

not even thought of such an honour, of which I am too unworthy. But I shall ever recollect with gratitude that I have been welcomed with affection by Englishmen of every Christian denomination, and I carry with me the sweet remembrance of having been seated at the hospitable table of Independents and of Presbyterians, of Baptist Noel and of Bickersteth, of the Dean of Westminster and of the Bishop of London. Let us hope, my lord, that one day, and soon, we shall be all, by grace, seated at one table, where for admission it will not be asked, "Are you of Calvin, or of Brown, or of Wesley, or of Luther, or of Cranmer?" but "Are you of Christ?"

A third property which appears to me wanting in your Church is autonomy, or self-government. This quality is an essential one for every Christian Church, and is a fundamental one in every human society. There is no society which does not govern itself by itself, its representatives, its delegates. A society which should be governed by another society would scarcely deserve the name; in any case it would be enslaved and not a free society. I have no doubt upon the principle in general; the self-government of the Church is to me a fixed principle. But in so far as regards the application of this principle to your Church, the moment when its application should be made, the manner in which it should be realized, then I feel the need of speaking with reserve and discretion, and of submitting my views to men more enlightened than myself, and to you, my lord, in particular. I do not hesitate to say that this subject is of the highest importance, that it merits the attention of your bishops, your presbyters, your laity; of the ministry of your Queen, and of your parliament; but, I repeat it, I put

far from me all absolute dogmatism, and I content myself with humbly submitting my views.

Everywhere the Church of Rome is agitating, and its hierarchy shews new vigour. On the European Continent, in America, in India, in Otaheite, in China —but nowhere, perhaps, more than in England, prayers are instituted for your conversion, and the Romanists cry aloud, "Let us but gain England, and the Reformation is gone."

The same movement took place at the end of the 16th and in the 17th century, by the same power of the Jesuits. The result was the almost complete destruction of Protestantism in France, and important successes in other countries. The papacy has now for some time flattered herself that she will destroy Protestantism in England. Mr. Ranke, in his history of the Popes, has sketched some of the phases of this restoration of Catholicism. The Church fell off. My lord, we must be on our guard so to act that a new 17th century come not to afflict the friends of the Gospel.

In this new contest of the nineteenth century, the Church of England has to sustain the rudest conflict. But if this Church has no government of its own, it is surely placed in the most unfavourable circumstances. It is like a ship exposed to the storms of the ocean without pilot and without helm.

To leave the Church of England without a government of its own, in the circumstances in which we are placed, is not to do it justice; it is to place it in a position of inferiority, and to deliver it up to imminent dangers. And more than this, I see indeed in England episcopal churches, a certain number of dioceses in juxta-position, but I cannot see there a Church of England forming one single body.

The Catholic emancipation of 1829 renders a change necessary in the government of the Church of England. I am not speaking either for or against. I take it as a fact. Roman Catholics sit in parliament, dissenters the same. The parliament is no longer fitted to be the court before which the interests of the Church should be debated.

What! the Protestant Church governed by a council in which many sit who are devoted to the Pope! The celebrated O'Connell and his partisans, legislators for the Reformed Church! Our Reformers would have recoiled from such a thought; and I cannot think that any Protestant can resign himself easily to such a state of things. It is as absurd, it is even more absurd, for the Protestant Church to be governed by a body partly composed of Roman Catholics, than it would be for the state of Great Britain to be governed by a body partly composed of Frenchmen and of Prussians.

Until 1829, self-government—this law essential to every society—existed, though perhaps imperfectly, in the Church of England. In truth the parliament was a part of the Church; and it is only in this quality that it had the right to govern it. But can one now say that the parliament of England is of the Anglican Church? Certainly not. It cannot then govern the Anglican Church. The immediate consequence of the act of 1829 should have been the creation of a new government of the Church. It is virtually contained in the emancipation; it could have been only delayed. The corollary should now be disengaged from the theorem. But if this were an advantage for the Church, it were possibly a still greater advantage for the government and for Parliament.

The Roman Catholic emancipation is not an isolated

fact, it is the commencement of a long series of facts; it is also the beginning of a new order of things. The government is no longer exclusively Protestant, the Roman Catholics are admitted into the interests of the nation, the government must think of them. I do not think, my lord, that one can impute to your ministry this change. New times bring new combinations; the ministry follows the march of the age, it does not precede it. We must be just towards all, and particularly towards men in power. But how will your government be able to combine its quality of head of the Protestant Church, with its new duties towards Roman Catholics and Dissenters? It is, I think, impossible. The line which it adopts must produce a constant irritation in one party of the nation. If the parliament were to be re-elected now, the Maynooth bill might change the majority of the House of Commons, and so even overthrow the ministry. The government, with these complicated interests, will continually have difficulties and enemies, and will see itself, at a moment when least expected, compelled to retire. Its situation must be simplified, and I think that its situation would be considerably simplified were an ecclesiastical government created distinct from the civil government. This would take away from the ministry a burden and thorns, which they ought not to regret. The difficulties have already been great, but from year to year they will increase.

Parliament, too, would be relieved. It loves not religious discussions—it is ill at ease when they occur; they are, so to speak, impossible. What sort of a government for a society is that which cannot discuss the interests of that society? Can there be a more striking contradiction? One of the leading statesmen

of England said lately, that ecclesiastical matters should not be discussed theologically, but politically. Such a declaration decides the question. What would a society charged with presiding over the sciences be, in which questions on natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, had to be discussed, not according to science, but according to politics? The case that I now adduce is, nevertheless even more extraordinary still.

The Church of Rome has a government of its own; each dissenting Church the same: the Anglican Church alone has none. The government that she has is a political government—a mixed government, composed of her friends and her enemies. What a privilege! Truly she would have everything to gain in ceasing to be the national church.

The same state of things occurred three years ago at Geneva. In consequence of a revolution the Roman Catholics entered in great numbers into the councils of the nation, which until then had been the supreme government of the Reformed Church. With some friends, I was shocked at the idea of a Reformed Church governed by a council partly Popish. I published successively five pamphlets on the question. All politicians were agreed that such a state of things could not exist; and the constitution created a body composed of twenty-four Protestant laymen and fifteen ecclesiastics, to which were remitted all the powers that had formerly belonged to the council.

Geneva is a very small example; but I do not hesitate to say that I think a similar moment has arrived for England.

Is is to the parliament that ecclesiastical power now belongs—it is for the parliament to act. The parliament should constitute an exclusively Protestant and

Anglican body, to whom it should remit all its powers for the government of the Church.

Of whom should this body be composed ?

In the history of the government of the English Church there are two great periods.

During the first, which reaches until the last century (if I mistake not under George I.) the ecclesiastical government was purely clerical. It was a convocation composed of a chamber of bishops and of a chamber of presbyters. The government did not prosper ; the Jacobite presbyters quarrelled with the Whig bishops. Its powers were taken away : and, in reality, a government purely clerical is without doubt the most defective of all ecclesiastical governments.

Then commenced the second epoch. Parliament adopted the attributes of the convocation ; an almost purely lay government succeeded the first. It is evident, for the reasons which have been before set forth, that this government can no longer go on.

But if these two systems, which are both extremes, are both equally defective, I think there is a third which will be found the right one. It is a middle system—a combination of the two preceding—a government partly lay and partly ecclesiastical.

I shall not enter into details. Should there be two houses, as in the Episcopal Church of America—the one of bishops, the other of presbyters and lay deputies ; or should there be only one, as in the ancient councils of the Church—I will not enter upon this. It would be easy to take precautions that all political tendencies should be forbidden to this body, and this doubtless would not even be necessary. In America a similar body produces no inconvenience in regard to the state. Everywhere in our days similar wants are felt. The

Church which perhaps resembled most the English Church, by its want of self-government, was the Prussian Church. The King has felt it. This truly Christian Prince has just caused all the ministers of the different circles (or counties) of his monarchy to be assembled in synods; each circle separately, and has put before them these three questions:—Should these synods meet regularly? Should lay members be added? Should there be a general synod for the whole Prussian Church? Unanimously, if I am not mistaken, have they replied in the affirmative to these three questions. These replies are now before the King, and the organization of the Prussian Church will, doubtless, not long be waited for. When all is advancing, shall the Church of England alone remain stationary?

Without doubt the distinguished man who now presides over the government of England, and who has been sometimes reproached for measures which appeared contrary to the Protestant interests, will show—by attention to the wants of the Church, and by following perhaps in some respects the conduct of the illustrious Monarch who presented for baptism the heir of your three kingdoms—that he has, on the contrary, a sincere and active love for the Protestant Church.

Apostolicity, Catholicity, the self-government of the Church—such were, my lord and very reverend father, the three points on which, in taking leave of you and England, I desire humbly to express my opinions. You will easily have recognized that they are precisely the three favourite points of a party that now occupies a commanding position in one of your universities, from which I am certainly very far removed, but whose talents, acquirements, and zeal, nothing shall prevent my recognizing. If these three principles could bring

those near who are separated—if the distinguished men of whom I speak could come to the true Apostolicity—the true Catholicity—the true self-government of the Church, I should experience lively joy.

A good ecclesiastical government may be useful, and very useful to the Church. Let us not, however, forget that the Church can be blessed under the most defective government, and that even with the most perfect administrative system, the thing essential, the thing necessary, is the communication of the Spirit from on high: it is faith, charity, and living Christianity.

In taking leave of you, then, my Lord, I implore the blessing of God upon you, upon your Church, upon this great nation. If the government can no more be exclusively Protestant, let the nation at least show itself more and more Christian. If men in power see themselves obliged, by a change of times, to withdraw from many positions which the Protestant state of England formerly occupied, these positions must not remain empty: men of faith must hasten to occupy them. My Lord, continental Christians depend for the triumph of God's kingdom, on all the earth, first of all, on the power of Him who has said, "that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church;" but they depend also, I must say it, on the Christian people of England. It is not for nothing that God has given you ships, which cover the seas, and can bear to the whole habitable world the good news of salvation. We do not seek the aid of your cannon, as Rome did at Otaheite the cannon of France. Triumphs like these are disgraceful for those who gain them, and we utterly reject them. We know that our weapons must not be carnal, but those that are mighty through the power of God. But we know also that the Christians of England have

received much, and that much will be required of them. May God, then, shed on your people a fresh measure of his Spirit, and may Christian England, the nation which God has chosen amongst you, be to the world, "that city set upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid," but filleth the whole universe.

Receive, my Lord, and very reverend father, the expression of respect with which I remain your devoted servant and brother in Christ our head.

J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D.D.

Review of Books.

MEMOIR AND REMAINS OF THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE, *Minister of St. Peter's Church, Dundee. By the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, Minister of the Free Church of Scotland, Collace.* Middleton.

THE first thing that strikes us, in general, on perusing a work of this kind, is the character, the laboriousness, the duration of those preliminary studies and exercises in which the ministry of the Scottish Church are disciplined preparatory to their assumption of the sacred office. Of course, these things cannot make a man a Christian, nor fit every Christian man to shine as a burning light in the Church; but, assuredly, they are of a tendency immeasurably superior to the routine of our universities; and far more abundant, more rich, and more bright are the fruits borne by the northern system than by that of the South. Mr. M'Cheyne is

well known to our readers in general, as one of the deputation to explore the Holy Land ; and also as the author of a very small volume of most beautiful sacred poetry. They will learn in this book to appreciate him still better ; to bless God for the great grace bestowed on His servant ; and to sympathise in the affliction that his early removal occasioned to all around him. This volume contains many letters, extracts, sermons, and the poems already alluded to.

THE APOSTOLICAL CHRISTIANS AND CATHOLICS OF GERMANY. *A Narrative of the present Movement in the Roman Catholic Church. Second Edition. Revised and Corrected by Henry Smith, Esq., Author of 'The Pilgrim's Staff.' With a Recommendatory Preface, by the Rev. W. Goode, M.A., &c.* Wertheim.

A few months back, we noticed the first edition of this interesting book, and now, with no small admixture of regret and sorrow, we introduce a second edition, so far 'revised and corrected,' that it is in effect re-written : for, alas ! the bright hopes excited on behalf of Ronge and his followers, have ended in disappointment. What seemed to be the dawning of the true light in the souls of those men has been quenched in a darkness kindred to that whence they emerged, and Popery is replaced by Infidelity. Step by step have they advanced in the dangerous path of rationalism, until, as their adopted creeds too plainly show, the liberty wherewith we hoped that Christ had made them free, proves to be the lawless-

ness that casts off Christ, and follows the dictates only of its own wild will. This is but too plainly shown in the present edition of Mr. Smith's book: who has pursued with indefatigable perseverance the personal inquiries needful to bring him to a positive conclusion. We are not, however, left without comfort in this matter: while Ronge, in the ardency of a mind that could no longer brook the degrading fetters of Popery, burst the chain, and lost himself in the mists of mere human reason, a deep and an abiding work was wrought by the Holy Spirit in the heart of Czerski and his brethren, who are truly following in the path marked out by the footsteps of the flock. These are the 'Apostolical Christians' of Germany: these require our tenderest sympathy, our warmest prayers, and all the help that we can afford: for they are persecuted, afflicted, and in very great need. We heartily commend Mr. Smith's second edition to the attention of our readers, and himself to their thanks for the important service that he is rendering to the cause of God, in that country where the glorious and blessed Reformation first shed abroad its life-reviving beams.

PITHY PAPERS ON SINGULAR SUBJECTS. *By Old Humphrey.* Religious Tract Society.

THIS Old Humphrey is a great favourite of ours. The hearty, cheerful piety of the character, and the singular tact with which he draws solid instruction from the veriest common-place scenes and events of every-day life, are quite refreshing. This little collection is admi-

rable: some of the papers, 'The Footsteps in the Slough,' and others, are touchingly applicable to many a tried child of God. The humbler classes can fully enter into all Old Humphrey's sayings and doings: and we recommend the placing of this little book in the servants' hall or kitchen, as a valuable companion to its inmates.

THE NIGHT OF WEEPING; *or, words for the suffering family of God. By the Rev. Horatius Bonar, Author of the Kelso Tracts.*—Nisbet.

We know not whether it is possible, without being deeply tried, sorely afflicted, laid under a heavy and a steady rod, to enter into the depths of the consolation contained in this most precious and blessed little book. The Author seems to have a special mission to speak to the heart of the rebuked and chastened one; and how sweetly, how solemnly, how tenderly, how scripturally he has executed his task let them bear witness who receive the message. To us, nothing uninspired ever breathed such comfort, hope, and encouragement: and it was taken up, too, in a season of such accumulated bodily and mental suffering, that nothing but the duty of reading the book for reviewal would have tempted us to open it, or any other. We cannot express what we feel concerning it; but this testimony may go further than a common-place eulogium.

VON DEN SCHLUSSELN. *Mart. Luther. Wittenberg. M.D.XXX. A Treatise upon the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Translated from the high German original of Dr. Martin Luther. By the Rev. Charles Smyth, B.A., Alfriston, Sussex.*—Seeleys.

It was no mere chance brought to light this splendid treatise, and gave it to the Church of England at such a crisis as the present. It is but a pamphlet, yet contains a volume of sound, vigorous reasoning, full of the sprightly earnestness that characterized the noble Reformer; and admirably rendered by the translator, who became possessed of it as part of his portion in the rare and valuable collection hoarded up by a Romish bishop, lately deceased in Germany; a large part of which was purchased in England by a nobleman; some others by Mr. Smyth; and the remainder by Queen's College, Oxford. Now that so great a fuss is made about "the power of the keys," identical, in fact, with those of Rome, it is good to have Martin Luther at hand, testing the article with such ringing strokes as few hands but his can give. We hope Mr. Smyth will continue his good work, and leave no relic of Dr. Martin unpublished in his own good nervous Saxon English which does high justice to the original.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE YEAR.—Religious Tract Society.

Much mischief is being done by the publication of small, closely printed volumes, of a very decidedly

worldly, and often most objectionable character, by different caterers, at an extraordinary low price. The Religious Tract Society, to meet the evil, have also commenced a series of these sixpenny works, published monthly, full of solid information, on popular subjects. "The Life of Julius Cæsar," and "Glimpses of the Dark Ages" were the two first; the present is a most pleasing and informing catalogue of all the wild flowers that crown our English year, very minutely described. We anticipate much good from this plan of a monthly series so conducted.

THE PROTESTANT.

'A FEARFUL catalogue!' said my uncle, as he laid down a list of names now enrolled among the trophies of the Romish Apostacy. 'Ten years ago, you and I were deeply pondering the signs, and the probable issue, of a movement, that to our eyes was essentially anti-protestant, though the outcry was long and loud against the uncharitable character of our surmises. I do certainly rejoice that these wretched apostates have openly avowed their fatal delusion; but I mourn over their lost state, as having come into the awful condemnation from which God's people are called on to come out; partakers of the sins of Great Babylon, and too sure to receive their due portion of her coming plagues.'

'And still more, dear uncle, may we mourn to think that even the list which you justly call a fearful one, contains not the tithe, nor any thing approaching to it, of those who are really in heart, if not in secret profession, incorporated with the great enemy, while outwardly holding their place as members, and as ministers too, of our Protestant Church, if, indeed, we are justified in still calling that Protestant which admits of such a state of things.'

'That word *Church* is the grand perplexity; or, rather, the unscriptural meanings into which men have variously distorted it. Now, in the New Testament,

we have it defined plainly enough, as being, collectively, the whole body of believers, in every nation under heaven, united to Christ as the head, and through him to each other; and locally, the particular individuals belonging to this body, who, sojourning near together, form an assemblage, having the preached word, the two appointed ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and together worshipping the God of all grace in the congregation which they form. The nineteenth Article of our Thirty-nine describes it very scripturally "The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." If this be so,—and that so it is, no man who believes the gospel can well doubt,—then an assembly of men ceasing to be faithful ceases to be a Church, or to form any part of the body of Christ. To prevent such a deplorable consummation, every scriptural church has and must have a code of laws and discipline, founded on the precise rules laid down in the New Testament for the conviction, reproof, and if needful the expulsion of such as rebel against the immutable statutes of their heavenly King. Otherwise the devil would continually prevail by means of individual seductions, to contaminate the whole mass, and to create endless confusion in the very heart of that which is intended to be the abode of peace, union, and love. Is it not so?'

'Assuredly: but when those to whom the administration of such laws, and the observance of such discipline are committed, wholly disregard their solemn obligations, allowing abuses to spring up, to flourish, to multiply, and never act as though any check had been

provided, or any authority established that could meet the case, then, I must ask, of what value is the code, so allowed to remain an inoperative dead letter ?'

'Its use is to prove to us that the highest order of those who assume to govern and direct in ecclesiastical matters have ceased to be faithful men, and that, so far as they are concerned, the name and privileges of Christian churchmanship are forfeited. By this process, by such a taint commencing in the higher departments, and gradually extending, the Church of Rome fell from the height at which Paul describes it to have stood in his day, with a faith spoken of throughout the world, down, down into the bottomless gulf of confirmed and hopeless apostacy and involving in like perdition all who entangle themselves with it.'

'And that is what I fear for the Church of England.'

'So do I: nay, I do not only fear, I actually see the commencement of that deadly fall. Slily, warily, and with noiseless step did these men, the curse of our country, feel their way at first, conscious that the authority to arrest their work of ruin and to degrade them from offices that they were prostituting to the vilest of purposes, did exist: conscious that the governing powers of our universities, that every bishop in his diocese, and every ecclesiastical court in the kingdom, could lay hold on the offender, expose, and expel him. But their most sanguine hopes were far more than realized; their most rational fears became matter for laughter, when they found all alike lulled in the profound repose of utter indifference, and that they might safely change their wary course for one far more bold and open. Faithful men did indeed start forward, sounding the note of warning, and bringing proof of the real tendency, the obvious design of these perni-

cious beginnings; but such men were not among the classes that I have alluded to, or if any were, they stood as isolated individuals, holding no power to crush the mischief that they detected. For a time, the culprits certainly trembled at the prospect of Episcopal censure; and they averted it by a process worthy of their crafty school—by exalting episcopacy to so awful a height, that the lurking pride of man could not resist the fascination of such refined flattery, and the breath of censure that did occasionally steal forth, in reference to the dangerous novelties, or rather the newly-furbished antiquities, brought forward by these innovators, was not sufficiently strong to ruffle the lawn sleeves over which it passed; while hearty commendations of the talent, learning, piety, virtue, zeal, of these our Oxford brethren spoke solid encouragement; virtually bidding go on, and edify the church by their lucubrations. No marvel that they waxed bolder every day, and marched right cheerily round what they considered a Jericho, destined to fall at the sound of their trumpets. Tutors in colleges, Professors in halls of learning and of science, ministers in the pulpit, and laymen of distinction in the social circle, all with the episcopal testimonials to their surpassing wisdom and piety, hanging, as it were, about their necks, plodded away at the once hopeless, now most promising task of bringing England back to the papal yoke; and really I cannot say whether indignation or disgust predominates in my mind when I look back on this triumphant unimpeded progress, this rapid march of foul, abominable doctrine, that has been cutting down its thousands on every side, while they who were bound before God and man to watch over the flock of Christ in this land, thus scattered and torn, quietly sipped their wine: ay, and

many a time knowingly pledged in that very wine-cup the murderers of the souls for whom, had they been true shepherds, they would have been forward to lay down their own lives!'

'There must be degrees of neglect, and of criminal connivance, but indeed I must plainly say I know of no ONE instance, among our English prelates, where the duty belonging to so terrible a crisis has been performed as it ought to be. Instances there are, and more than a few, where direct censure has been passed on the criminals' *doctrine*, but none where the powers actually vested for that purpose have been put forth to make them personally responsible, hunting them out, and silencing them; with a consistent perseverance, not against a solitary offender, but a class of offenders. In several instances, too, pains have been taken to keep them out of particular dioceses; but, uncle, this is not enough—it is just nothing, as regards the national peril, and our miserable position of a Church unchurching itself as fast as it can.'

'Certainly if our bishops possess not the power to do themselves what they swear every young clerk at his ordination to do, to banish and drive away erroneous doctrines from the fold committed to them; and if they decline using their undoubted privilege of demanding from the government increased powers to meet a fearfully increased exigency, there is not one among them who could not, who ought not, who is not in duty bound to claim his right of occupying in succession every pulpit in his diocese, and there, in plain, unequivocal language, to set forth the dangers to which all are now more or less exposed, denouncing as utterly hostile to the word of God, and destructive of the simplicity of the gospel, all those superstitious antics that he

would surely find already introduced into some, and about to be forced upon others of his congregations. If, as we all agree, these monstrous revivals of Romish doctrines and practices are contrary to the letter and the spirit of our Church, then, I say, let the bishops and other men in authority stand forward, proving to the comprehension of their humblest auditors the reality of that contradiction; and warning the people against the impending danger as he would warn them against the spreading contagion of the plague. Not with doubtful allusions,—not with what watchful listeners might call hits at Tractarianism, slaps at the Puseyites, or such like; but with the solemn earnestness befitting men who have to answer to God for the security of the flocks entrusted to them, and over which they all profess to believe that the Holy Ghost has made them Overseers. Are our bishops, our most spiritually-minded bishops thus employed?'

'They may be so, to a greater extent than we are aware of; but a disadvantage seems to exist on the side of truth from the degree of courtly, or parliamentary, or what sort of delicate phraseology shall I call it? that seems to belong, as a matter of course, to the high rank of the speaker. The teachers of error, uncle, purposely mystify their unlearned hearers, that they may persuade them, in the density of the fog that they have created, to believe they see grapes growing on brambles, and figs ripening on thistle stalks: the opposers of these errors are very apt to mystify too, by attempting to meet them on their own ground, reluctant to appear less learned than they; and so the mischief is not fairly met, and finally overthrown, as it might be, by a sustained appeal to the word of God only, as regards the deadly falsehood of these dogmas, and to

the plainest language of our plain homilies, in proof that the church, as constituted by the Reformers, entirely repudiates them, and denounces as Antichrist himself, that bishop of Rome whom these wily teachers would fain represent to us under his assumed garb of a chief minister, if not the very vicegerent of Christ. We want plainness of speech, boldly exposing the snare in all its wily convolutions.'

'I remember,' said my uncle after a short pause, 'at the time of that awful visitation, the cholera, appearing on our shores, being in a country church, where I heard an excellent discourse, full of solemn warning, admonition, encouragement, and gospel truth, all with a special application to the impending scourge. He then gave them a few simple directions, by which to ascertain the approach of the malady in individual cases, with a brief description of such precautionary measures as had been found effectual elsewhere in arresting its spread. Well do I remember the eager looks of interest with which his benevolent counsel was listened to; the nods of silent intelligence passing between the rustics to indicate to each other how well they comprehended his homely phraseology, the rough notes taken down by a few; and the pressure around the good man, as he left the church, to tender thanks for what, I doubt not, proved the means of saving some lives. I heard no chemical or technical terms in that discourse, though the preacher was a man of no low scientific attainments: his object was, so far as he might, to avert the pestilence from the houses and bosoms of his flock, and he pursued that object in the most rational way. Oh,' continued my uncle, clasping his hands with fervent energy, 'Oh that God would so gift his ministers that, as this wise and faithful man

guarded the poor people against a malady threatening their mortal lives, the chief pastors set over us would also arm both their younger clerical brethren and the laity under their charge against a far more direful disease, a deadly and wide-spreading pestilence, that, if it seizes them, will destroy their immortal souls!'

'Is there no way of publicly rousing the rulers of our Church and of our universities to a sense of their tremendous responsibilities?'

'Yes; there are many ways: but those who should unite in the attempt are still sitting apart, each in his own home, regretting the growth of the evil, and perhaps devoutly trusting that the young son whom he is about to pack off to a public school or college, will not fall into the hands of a Romish tutor. Meanwhile every succeeding vacancy is sought after, and the greater number actually secured, by that company of Jesuits, of whom Dr. Pusey at present does indeed form the visible head. English-born and English-bred Jesuits, brought up under Protestant teaching, and therefore so far habitually inclined to reverence on oath, or solemn obligation, that, once enlisted in the service, they do the work, the devil's work, ten times more heartily, honestly, and effectually, than if nurtured from infancy in the school that traffics in falsehood as a trade, and laughs at the sanctity of an oath, as a mere verbal obligation from which his Church can, at any moment, absolve him. It was needful to rear such a race of English Jesuits, in order to surmount the many obstacles that lie in the way of England's apostacy; and, alas! that same blooming youth who now prepares to enter on a course of study that his father fondly hopes will fit him to fight the good fight of faith, conspicuous in the battle, he may be one of the victims next seized

on : his susceptible mind imbued with the subtle poison that he cannot detect ; his natural talents brought into full exercise, while natural pride is fostered by the insidious arts of flattery, for which these men are notorious ; and the humbleness of mind that he has been taught to seek after as a Christian grace artfully perverted into a 'voluntary humility,' the nurse of all the proud imaginings that exalt themselves against God. But we lament in vain : the heads of all departments are guilty ; the rulers of state, of church, of colleges, of schools, of families, look on, and see these things, and virtually say, "So be it!" The victims are the young, the credulous, the inexperienced : "novices," "easily puffed up," are placed in situations where they cannot fail to be rapidly inflated with the winds of false doctrine ; and as it is the striking characteristic of these seducers, the secret emissaries of the Propaganda, that they compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and make him twofold more the child of hell than themselves, so the mischief deepens proportionately to its widening outspread.'

'What amazes me is, that, knowing such to be the crisis at which we are arrived, *any* faithful minister can descend any one time from his pulpit without having borne a strong testimony, distinctly on the subject. If no other good were done, some boy or girl departing for the scene of unsuspected danger in school or university, some intelligent servant, about to engage in a family where the poison has taken deep root, might be forewarned, forearmed, and become the blessed means of helping others to withstand the taint. But, no : some there are, few and far between, who thus bear a perpetual testimony, and rich will be the blessing that they

shall receive. The exceptions, those who hold their peace, or but slightly allude to the subject at distant periods, are, alas! innumerable. My heart dies within me, as I look around; and I tremble for those to whom, in the coming day of awful account, will be put the condemning question, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?"'

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1846.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

We have already noticed that, lamentable, and seemingly complete, as was the overthrow of the Church of Christ in the country of the Albigois, it pleased God that a temporary revival should take place, ere the light was utterly extinguished. The Council of Lateran had, as we have seen, laboured to turn once more the torrent of crusading violence towards Palestine, which, for various causes, was a more convenient field whither to dispatch their vassals, kings and armies. At the same time, they heard and discussed an appeal from Count Raymond, who urgently pleaded his cause, and besought the restitution of his rightful possessions. Some favour was shown to him, but de Montfort's usur-

pation of his principal titles and dominions was confirmed; thus rendering the sanguinary conqueror doubly secure in his position. It was to this, principally, that the re-appearance of true religion in places whence it seemed to have been wholly and finally exiled, might be traced. De Montfort and Arnold renewed their contest for the sovereignty of Narbonne, in the spirit of men who have only to divide the spoil, fearing no farther bar to their acquisitions. The Count forcibly planted his standard of authority in Narbonne; the Archbishop excommunicated him: de Montfort laughed at his ban, and threw down his fortifications; and in this way the several parties became so occupied, and found so much for their respective followers to do, that the persecuted church lifted up its head again in the wilderness, which, spiritually at least, began to rejoice and to blossom as the rose, before the divided enemy had leisure to cast a look towards it. Such as were of the army, of course flocked round the standards to which they were attached: the warlike Archbishop did not lack adherents of this cast; nor was the excommunicated layman without a zealous band of ecclesiastical partizans, some goaded on by envy of Arnold's high exaltation, and resentment at his intolerable pride; others allured by the good things that de Montfort held in his gift. The disunion was general; while the third party, the rightful lords of what these robbers were fighting over, secretly strengthened the hands of their loyal retainers, prepared to take advantage of any favorable turn in the current of events.

It was then that, filled with holy zeal, the teachers who had been driven from their flocks returned to look after those few sheep in the wilderness who had hitherto hidden themselves, but now ventured to come forth at

the shepherd's well-known voice. Then might be seen the father of those fair twin girls, the smile of pleasure on his lip, the tear of fond regret, not unmixed with remorse, trembling in his eye, and the lurking shade of watchful doubt yet lingering on his countenance as the frequent, rapid glance sought the entrance door, listening with deep attention to the pathetic exhortations of the now welcomed preacher, as he set before the children the preciousness of those truths for which their mother had died. How changed is the expression of those young faces, since they importuned the seeming pedlar for a sight of his glittering wares! Humble, thoughtful, earnest, and full of deepest reverence, their countenance bespeak emotions that the teacher confidently trusts have been excited by the Holy Spirit; and he doubts not but that, if tribulation and persecution should again arise because of the word, the rescued lambs before him, and their heart-smitten father, will be found confessing before men Him whom they were taught in earliest infancy to love, as the gracious friend of little children, and to whom they now come, with a better understanding of the blessed privilege, to take his yoke upon them, and to learn of him.

Many a lowly cottage displayed some similar scene; and in mansions of more lorldly aspect admission was sometimes found for the way-faring instructor of former days, and more than connived at by those in authority. The latter instances were, however, less frequent: the principal work was carried on in rural districts, or in the more obscure quarters of such towns as were not occupied by the enemy's forces. In every place, it appeared that God had still a remnant to be summoned out of Great Babylon, and wheresoever even in the soul of one of the humblest peasants or artizans a good

work had been begun, there, we well know, the Lord would finish it. Kings and their mailed armies, prelates with their far more formidable hosts of cowled priests, were but unconscious instruments, carrying out the ends that were of God appointed and which they especially laboured to defeat; even de Montfort and Arnold Amalric were now uniting in the strange work of reviving the gospel, by attracting the attention and engaging the services of those who should have been employed in watching against the dreaded heresy instead of taking arms respectively on behalf of the knight and the priest.

Sweet it was, and deeply, awfully solemn, the reassembling of some scattered little congregation in their secret nook of meeting, around the teacher whom they never again expected to see: some scarcely even daring to desire it. There were vacant places in those assemblages, the former occupants of which had ascended from the blazing fires of martyrdom to their prepared seats in heaven; and never had the union been so perfect, never had the communion been so deeply realized between the militant and the triumphant church, as now that the father lifted his tearful eyes from the place where formerly sate his listening child, the husband from that where the wife of his bosom once reclined, the loving daughter from the seat on which long rested her revered parent, to seek that heaven, that holy city, the New Jerusalem, as yet too far above the reach of mortal ken, there to recognize, as it were, the form so long beloved on earth; with the delicious assurance in their souls concerning them, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. But the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them,

and shall lead them to fountains of living waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eye."

It was thus that many a weak hand was strengthened, many a feeble knee confirmed, and many a wandering foot brought back to the straight path of sanctified suffering, leading to eternal glory. Some there were, who, like Esau, might have been tempted to sell their heavenly birthright, if not for a fair mess of the world's attractive pottage, yet for present security from sufferings that flesh feels it very hard to brave : these had the glorious reality of unseen and eternal things so vividly set before them, combined with the certainty that some whom they had dearly loved were even then actually partaking in the blessedness described, that it became a wonder to themselves how they could ever have thought of compromising or of concealing the faith wherein they stood ; and martyrdom in any shape was a welcome prospect, seeing to what it formed the vista. It was the seed-time of a second harvest, which the Lord prepared to gather into his garner.

It may be asked, by what means were the hated heretics secured from the vigilant proceedings of those who had long lain in wait for them ? It must be remembered that these harmless people of God were in reality hated by none but the wolves of Rome. Their neighbours and countrymen had always acted towards them with the utmost forbearance, amounting indeed to open, unequivocal, encouragement ; and it was only by visiting these with the most tremendous punishments for such connivance, that they were reluctantly induced to withdraw their countenance from men whom they secretly revered. They became spies, only under the consciousness that other spies surrounded them, eager to make their supposed or presumed defection a means

of seizing on what little was left to them of their native possessions; if not of bringing their lives into peril. They knew nothing experimentally of the transforming power of the religion, the exterior loveliness of which they could not but admire; nor saw any great harm in compelling its professors to disguise their real principles, while their avowal exposed both parties alike to danger. It was, therefore, a friendly, and a half-reluctant coercion that the class in question, the natives and citizens of the provinces, exercised over the small company of believers still left among them; and no marvel if they speedily relaxed in their uncongenial employment, when they saw the attention of the more dreaded party, the clergy, their retainers, and the strangers brought into the land by the crusade, so completely engrossed by the contest of de Montfort with the Archbishop, as to leave them little leisure and less inclination to trouble themselves with what they believed to be not only a conquered but an exterminated foe.

By such means did the Lord revive his work in the poor persecuted church of the Albigenses; but it was only for the bringing to glory of all his elect in that place. He saw fit to deliver his saints into the power of the Beast, and the present breathing-time was but preparatory to the great sacrifice still to be made to the papal Baal.

The first movement towards a renewal of the horrors of war was made by the son of Count Raymond. The Council of Lateran had conceded to these two princes a portion of their ancient dominions, not including Toulouse, which with other possessions to a vast extent was confirmed to de Montfort. Young Raymond conceived himself to have obtained at parting the sanction of the pope to an attempt for the recovery of his inheritance

by re-conquest; nor is it at all unlikely that the pontiff was heartily acquiescent in the matter, for he saw the whole country in danger of being contested by two men, one of whom, though the sworn champion of the Church, was in arms against that branch of it located in his own territory; and the other, albeit an ecclesiastic of most fanatic character, had become little short of an open rebel against Rome, in the eager pursuit of worldly aggrandisement. Innocent III. could not fail to see how favourable to the exhausted flock of Christ such a pause must be; and since the two Raymonds had made unbounded submission to the Church, giving every possible guarantee for their future obedience in whatsoever the Vatican might decree, it could not but be desirable to see such a third party in the field, to startle the others, and to revive their dormant zeal against heresy; especially as the pope well knew he could at pleasure crush again the unhappy house of Raymond.

Thus encouraged, Raymond the younger, who was then barely nineteen years old, took the field at the head of an army which was raised as in a moment by his welcome summons; and so successful was his opening campaign, that De Montfort, roused from his security, saw the peril at once. His experienced tactics, however, proved too much for the ardent young commander, whom he prevailed on to conclude a truce with him before he had heard the tidings already communicated to De Montfort,—that Toulouse had thrown off the yoke of the usurper, openly proclaiming their lawful and still beloved sovereign, Raymond VI., who, while his son engaged the enemy at home, had raised an army in the northern provinces of Spain, and was rapidly marching at their head towards his ancient capital. But

Simon having so far outwitted the son, advanced with his whole collected force to meet the father; and Raymond, the newly-sworn bondsman of Rome, had not courage to face him: his army dispersed themselves at once; and De Montfort marched on to take vengeance on Toulouse.

All the writers of that period, and of the Romish creed in general, agree in describing Toulouse as the very hot-bed of heresy: and we have seen, in the earlier part of this narrative, how openly, generously, and firmly its citizens upheld the cause of the assailed flock. Their treatment of Bishop Fouquet, too, will be remembered: too well was it remembered by that blood-thirsty priest on the present occasion! It appears probable that, from motives of policy, De Montfort might have acted with a show of forbearance towards this noble and powerful city; but Fouquet, as his own historians boast, prevailed with his merciless counsels over the dictates of a wiser policy; and having gained his point with the commander, he re-entered the city, addressing the deluded people as a flock for whom he tenderly cared; and appealing to the Most High in attestation of the perfect sincerity in which he sought to insure their safety, he prevailed on a small company of the most considerable citizens to repair to the general, to make submission in the name of the rest, and to promise allegiance for the future. He positively guaranteed to them a favourable reception and indulgent hearing; and thus assured they went forth to the camp, where De Montfort, at Fouquet's suggestion, had prepared heavy fetters of iron, with which they were immediately loaded. The first party had not long been gone, when Fouquet induced another, of equal rank, to follow, for the purpose of seconding their plea. These

were in like manner loaded with chains; and by the crafty wickedness of this unprincipled man, above eighty of the first nobles and gentlemen of Toulouse had been delivered into De Montfort's merciless hands, before the treachery was discovered. Satisfied that their embassy was successful, the citizens proceeded in larger numbers to tender their submission, when they met a townsman who had escaped before the irons could be placed on him, and thus became acquainted with the infamous device. The whole city flew to arms, determined to defend themselves to the last; but a number of De Montfort's soldiers had already gained entrance, no doubt by Fouquet's means, into the city; and every savage excess that could be perpetrated against the most defenceless class of its inhabitants had been carried on in the more remote and least populous parts of the town, to an appalling extent before any check could be given to their atrocities. They were at length put to the sword, or driven forth; and Simon himself heading the flower of his mounted knights, was thrice repulsed with great slaughter in three several attacks on as many bodies of the gallant citizens. The threat, however, of putting to instant death his eighty prisoners, produced a greater impression than his arms could do, on the Toulousians: and here again Fouquet interposed, bringing with him another ecclesiastic of note, and both pledging their most solemn oath before God, that if the citizens yielded to the terms proposed by De Montfort, their brethren should be restored to liberty, their rights confirmed, and their personal safety secured. Little as was the reliance to be placed on the oaths of such men, still as no possible hope existed of saving their friends, or, in the end, their city, from the terrible vengeance of the great homicide, they at last agreed to the terms, which included the laying down of their arms, and de-

livering up every stronghold to Simon's forces. This done, the faith was kept with them that Rome boasts of keeping with heretics: all their principal men were seized, fettered and sent, together with the former eighty victims, to perish miserably in the dungeons of various castles, occupied by De Montfort. After executing such vengeance as his own cruel will, and the equally savage bishop, suggested, on the disarmed and helpless citizens, he laid on them a fine, which was sure to reduce the wealthiest to indigence, and left them with a menace, that if such imposition was not strictly paid, their city should be given to the flames, and a general massacre sweep its inhabitants from the earth.

To what extent the Albigenses, as believers, suffered in these transactions, we have no record; but as Fouquet was the presiding genius of the persecution, we may be well assured that he selected for destruction as many as he could. Wheresoever the name of Christ was honoured, and the dark apostacy rejected, there he would certainly point the sword, though it does not appear that on this occasion the fires of martyrdom were rekindled. The Toulousians were treated rather as rebels against Simon de Montfort than against the Pope; and the affair proves how quickly De Montfort was merging the character of the Church's champion in that of the martial plunderer and temporal prince. Yet he carefully maintained his claim to the former distinction; and it was but a short time previous to these events that he had made a progress, to do homage to the king of France, during the whole of which, little short of divine honours were paid him, alike by kings and prelates, as the anointed leader and defender of what they most impiously designated the armies and the cause of the Lord of hosts.

C. C.

HENRY VON ZUPHTEN.

A SKETCH FROM TROUBLOUS TIMES.

"The winds are pillowed on the waveless deep,
And from the curtained sky the midnight moon
Looks sombred o'er the forest depths, that sleep
Untiring, while a soft melodious tune,
Nature's own voice, the lapsing stream, is heard,
And ever and anon, th' unseen, night-wandering bird."

D. M. Moir.

It was winter time, and the hour was that of midnight. A weary world—weary, some with fretting toil, some with the very irksomeness of pleasure—had ceased from its day turmoil, and was at silence, if not at rest.

"It was the dreariest depth of winter-tide,
And on the ocean and its isles were felt
The iron sway of the North . . . .
The atmosphere,
Untroubled in its cold serenity,
Wept icy dews ; and now the later stars,
As by some hidden necromantic charm,
Dilate, amid the death-like calm profound,
On the white slumber-mantled earth gazed down."

Such serenity presided over the closed streets and houses of the good town of Hamburg—although the frequent glimmer of lights from many a lattice, bespoke an unusual something that debarred the burghers from their wonted rest. Still every thing without was quiet and tranquil ; and the calmness gave thrilling emphasis to the slow, mellow chimes of the bell that struck the twelfth hour. It had no sooner pealed its last stroke,

than another and livelier measure issued from the tower. It was the ringing of the Ave Maria. Now was the peacefulness of the city harshly broken by the bustle of congregating men; doors slammed on all sides; but the chief part of the gathering was made up of peasant throngs, who came pouring in from the adjacent villages, at the church-signal. There was wild recklessness manifest in their disposition; and their voices echoed bitter, and coarse, and thoughtless murmurs; full of wrath against heretics from Rome in general, and Henry von Zuphten in particular.

Henry was a monk of Antwerp, who had escaped from the troubles which had rendered that place noted for being the first to furnish martyrs to the Reformation. He had with assiduous zeal preached the plain words of the Gospel, in the districts of Bremen; and proportionably as success, the "attractive power of the cross," won over sheep and lambs from the wolf's dark haunts, the despoiled tyrant howled over his losses, and crouched, with bitter cunning, for a final spring. Men were glad to welcome the coming of 'the Bremen monk:' his feet were beautiful upon the mountains, because he came to publish peace, and proclaim even to the enthralled and the desolate, the acceptable year of the Lord. The captive exiles hasted that they might be loosed, and that they might not lose their lives in the pit: the veil was removed from their eyes; and they now looked for succour and protection, not to the false munitions of a papal system, but to Him who is King of Salem, which is King of Peace.

Rome saw and wondered. The isles saw it and were afraid. For a time the Jordan of spiritual death seemed driven back; and the flash of its receding waters startled the ear.

The prior of Hamburg had exerted himself to prevent Henry's preaching in that town. But it was in vain. Henry preached, and with effect; and the Papal government was convinced of the need of decisive and prompt measures. Some proposed writing to Henry, and so endeavouring peacefully to quiet his impetuous oratory. But the prior knew better than they the peril of suggesting such a means. 'If he begins to speak,' urged the cautious dignitary, 'there will be no doing anything against him. He must be seized by night, and burned before he can open his mouth.'

The counsels resulting from this planned the midnight Ave Maria, and the rising of the rural loyalists to the cause of 'the Church.' The prior, sagacious gentleman! knew the weak points of both sides: he was aware that 'jolly good ale and old' might be pressed with marvellous acceptableness into the cause of the Most Holy Vicar; and hence the three hogsheads of Hamburg beer that were tapped by uproarious crowds, and cheered the spirit of obedient vassals to run to and fro, whithersoever the governor listeth. Romish education and Hamburg beer brought the mind of the mob into implicit docility.

> "Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
> Do breed unnatural troubles;"

troubles that shall turn to remorse in many a heart that is now fired with Romish fanaticism.

The wild mirth increases as the barrels are drained; and now the wondering townsfolk, roused from their beds, peer through the frost-ribbed windows at the departing throng. There was no order, no discipline in the march of the drunken rabble. They were indiscriminately armed with weapons forged for the battlefield, and with the implements of their daily toil; and

a dark red glare was cast over the moving mass, from the torches which the monks carried. The latter took care to keep up the due excitement, necessary to accomplish their purpose, and ever and anon as the loud strains turned off to some common topic, a holy father would strike the key-note, and the name of 'Henry von Zuphten' was raised with oaths and threatenings. On —on they marched; blood their errand, priests of the New Testaments their hierophants. Harsh clamour was it, that night, which daunted even the whooping night-bird, and drowned the beat of their heavy, tramping steps on the crisp, frosty road. But they are drawing near to Mehldorff, the village where Henry sleeps; and the sacerdotal ring-leaders enjoin silence on their slaves, lest the alarm should reach the reformer's ears, and give him time to escape their fangs.

The graphic words of Merle D'Aubigné shall tell the sequel. 'The doors of the vicarage were suddenly burst in, and the drunken peasants rushed into the house, striking at everything before them. Vessels, kettles, goblets, and vestments, were flung about *pele mele;* they seized all the gold and silver they could lay their hands on, and rushing on the poor pastor, struck him, crying out, 'Kill him! kill him!' and then threw him into the mud. But Henry was their main object; they dragged him from his bed, tied his hands behind him, and trailed him after them, without clothes, and in piercingly cold weather. 'What brought thee hither?' they asked him; and when Henry answered them mildly, 'Down with him! down with him!' they cried; 'if we listen to him, we shall become heretics like himself.' He had been dragged naked over ice and snow; his feet were bleeding, and he begged they would set him on horseback: 'Ay, ay,' they answered him

contemptuously; 'Very likely we are going to find horses for heretics! march!' And they continued to drag him along towards the heath. A woman, who was sitting before her door at the moment the poor servant of God passed by, began to weep: 'Good woman,' said Henry to her, 'do not weep for me.' The mayor pronounced his condemnation: upon this, one of the ruffianly captors struck the preacher of Jesus Christ on the head with a sword, another struck him with a club; after that a poor monk was brought to him that he might confess: 'Brother,' said Henry to him, 'have I done you any wrong?' 'None;' was the answer. 'Then I have nothing to confess to you,' said Henry; 'and you have nothing to forgive me.' The monk withdrew, abashed. They tried in vain to kindle the pile; it would not take fire, and thus the martyr remained for two hours before the infuriate peasants, with his eyes calmly turned towards heaven. As they were binding him to cast him on the pile, he began to confess his faith. 'Burn first,' said a peasant, striking him on the mouth with his fist, 'and talk afterwards!' They threw him upon the pile, but he fell down on one side of it. On this, John Holme, seizing a club, struck him on the chest, and then laid him dead on the fire. 'Such is the true story of the sufferings of the holy martyr, Henry von Zuphten.'

Let us admire the grace of God in every precious relic of martyrs valiant for truth on the earth. The man of thought finds 'tongues in trees;'—surely the child of God should find tongues of fire in the trees of righteousness which the Lord hath planted—whose trunk may be levelled, but whose leaf shall not wither, and whose branches shall yet flourish in the land of promise. The poet reads 'sermons in stones;'—and

surely the pilgrim of hope should descry faithful words in the memorials, the Ebenezers of Christ's witnessing servants. The vision of the First Resurrection is yet for an appointed time—surely it shall come, it shall not tarry. Blessed is he that hath part therein!

F. J.

THROUGH how many hands hath my plate passed, at this feast, before it came to mine! and yet, though I bowed to every one of them that helped to convey it, I kept my chief and solemnest acknowledgments for the fair ladye that sent it. Why shouldst not thou, oh my soul! instruct thy gratitude to tread in the steps of thy civility? When thou receivest any blessing from that "Father of lights," from whom "every good and perfect gift" comes down, pay a fitting share of thy thanks to them that hand it to thee; but through all those means, look *principally* to the God that sends it. —*Boyle.*

THE DAYS OF LAUD.

PART II: CHAPTER IX.

From the moment of the king's arrival at York, to that period when he removed to Nottingham and there erected his royal standard, the first open signal of discord and civil war throughout the kingdom, Mr. Parnell devoted himself to his sovereign with all the zeal and all the influence an aged country gentleman could bring to his cause. While he was himself in almost constant attendance at the court of Charles, his house was thrown open to receive and entertain those royalists with whom he claimed the tie of friendship, or whose circumstances and position made this hospitality acceptable to them. Margaret and Bertha (the former influenced by her ever present religion, the latter by enthusiastic zeal for the harassed king) gracefully and energetically fulfilled the duties which devolved upon them. One only heart in the whole mansion did not beat true to the royal interest. Henry Parnell loved Cuthbert Camden with a love which brings the desire for imitation. When Camden first visited Yorkshire, his free and bold spirit, and his high language in defence of his country's just right, though scarcely understood by the little Henry, were carefully remembered by him, and made an impression not easily effaced. As Cuthbert's principles degenerated from those of the patriot, to such as the stern Republican professes, the feelings of young Par-

nell changed likewise, and occasional intercourse with his favourite served to obliterate all the loyalty he had inherited from his father, and prepared him to go beyond his leader in the work of anarchy and confusion which stained the ten following years.

"My son, fear the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change," said Margaret, in a mild tone of rebuke, as she heard her brother warmly commend some known adherents of the Parliament.

'Then in truth, sister,' replied the boy, 'I should not meddle with King Charles himself, for did he not change the free constitution of England into despotism, and the pure Church of England into Popery.'

Margaret recognized Camden's opinions, though she was aware that he took a wider, a more enlightened view of the subject, believing the despotism to be, not the work of King Charles, but the sturdy growth of ages, suffered by those who should have cared for their country,—the Commons of former times, to remain and take deep root. The Popery he believed to be an attendant upon establishment and liturgies, yet culpably fostered and encouraged by the present sovereign and his advisers. Margaret's grief was great, when she heard her young brother echo Camden's sentiments, and she determined to watch him more narrowly, to win, if possible, his interest for the cause of loyalty, by leading him into daily contact with those among the younger royalists, whose feelings were most nobly expressed, and whose general bearing was most honourable. The profane language and indiscreet conduct of many who found their temporary home in her father's house made her task almost hopeless. Every unhallowed expression which they used was treasured up by Henry, and repeated to his sisters with a triumphant

reference to the stricter watch which the opposite party kept over their lips.

'"The tongue is a fire; a world of iniquity,"' said Margaret; 'take the lesson home to thine own bosom, my brother, and remember, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."'

'And bethink thee also,' said Bertha, with an asperity that marred the effect of her sister's words. 'Bethink thee, also, that "if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts," the Apostle says, "glory not," and there are those we wot of, whose "words are smoother than butter, yet are they drawn swords."'

'By my faith,' Henry Parnell began, while the flush of anger covered his whole face. Margaret laid her hand upon his lips, '"The tongue can no man tame,"' she said; '"It is an unruly evil."'

'I did but use one of the pass-words of your party, sister,' said Henry, scornfully—'The mildest oath which the king's faithful followers use. You should rather have praised my loyalty and piety, than thus stop my mouth, when I gave such fair witness of both.'

'Your censure is justly applied to some of the royalists,' replied Margaret, gravely; 'but I accept not the reproach for all whom you are bound to love and venerate. You never heard an oath from your father's lips; he has long "shown out of a good conversation, his works with meekness of wisdom." Then there is good Dr. Sanderson, who read prayers in the little chapel this morning'—

'A few bright spots only make the darkness look darker, sister,' said Henry. 'It were hard, indeed, if some of your parsons could not speak without cursing; but for all that, such a drinking, swearing, godless

crew were never gathered together, as his most gracious Majesty has assembled round the good city of York.'

'The sin be on their heads,' said Bertha, 'who have made preaching and praying and fair speech a cover for worse deeds.'

'There is something too much of pomp and worldly show in our ancient city, I confess,' said Margaret; 'but remember our gracious king is surrounded by his nobility, all eager to make known their reverence for his person. Forty peers of the realm now swell his kingly state'—

'Oh, do not boast those hangers-on of tyranny,' said Henry. 'A few stout hearts among our noble Commons are worth the whole of them.'

But while contention and strife were forcing their way into every town, almost into every family in the kingdom, Mark Wentworth remained one of the quiet in the land. Early and late he sought peace and pursued it. Among his own flock, he strove to remove ignorance and allay passion, by bringing the power of God's word to bear upon the hearts of those who heard him. Even Henry Parnell, in spite of all his waywardness, constantly returned from listening to this meek minister, with a new determination to behave courteously, and as a Christian, to the young people among his father's guests, with whom his contests were fierce and frequent.

The great influx of strangers occasioned by the near neighbourhood of the court had introduced much sin and disorder into the hitherto tranquil village. At first Wentworth's heart began to fail. The work of two years seemed to be nearly undone. The fear of being reckoned among the adherents of the Parliament, made some ashamed of the pure language and strict Sabbaths

for which even the poor inhabitants of Strode had been remarkable. Up to this period politics had been little discussed by his simple-minded people, but now the knowledge of public affairs came upon them like a flood that threatened to sweep away all that was lovely and of good report from before his eyes.

'They read it thus,' he said to Lucy. 'Religion and Rebellion on one side; Loyalty and Licentiousness on the other. Oh! that we could unyoke these ill-matched pairs, and let Religion and Loyalty go hand in hand.'

'There will be fearful confusion,' said Lucy. 'Even Christian hearts will be sorely divided for a time. "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his."'

'"And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity,"' said Mark Wentworth, solemnly concluding the text she had spoken. With this I must continue to warn all,—"godly or malignant, Roundhead or Cavalier." If they will listen to its warning, it will soon reconcile them all.'

CHAPTER X.

When Henry Parnell opposed the House of Commons to the Royalists, designating the latter the hangers-on of tyranny, he did wrong to that noble house of which the historian witnesseth that when they deliberated of civil strife, 'nearly the moiety absented themselves from counsels which they deemed so full of danger.'* Neither were the men who, in his sinking fortunes, adhered to Charles Stuart, upholders of tyranny. Among

* Hume.

them were to be found those who had struck the first fatal blow at the despotism which he so fondly fostered. Men who had kept the solemn fast before the Lord, who had listened to the powerful warnings of Marshall and Burges, and who had together celebrated the death of the Lord round the communion-table in St. Margaret's Church.

But while some of the senators of England, having fulfilled their high commission by bursting the yoke of bondage from their country's neck without violating their allegiance to their king, now severed from their fellow-helpers in this great work, many remained to build the schemes of ambition and the errors of fanaticism on a brighter and nobler foundation.

Commissioned by the Lords and Commons, the Earl of Essex set out to meet his king at the head of fifteen thousand men. In this army Cuthbert Camden held the rank of a captain, and perhaps the principles that actuated his conduct, and the emotions that strengthened his energies, represented in their degree those which actuated his companions in arms. In common with most Englishmen he had inherited from his forefathers a deep veneration of royal and ecclesiastical rule. When the sight of violence and oppression gave a first shock to this reverence, it destroyed it, gradually indeed, but surely. His judgment at once denied to any ruler the right to inflict wrong. The wrong was soon inflicted on those who were dear to him as his own soul. His warm feelings were stung to the quick. The oppressor for whom he had hitherto cherished a lingering respect, became the object of his inward abhorrence. He questioned the ruler's right to rule, and found in the constitution of his country another sway, and other governors, to whom he could more gladly proffer his fealty. He

forgot the king's personal virtues, branded him with the crimes of those who had done evil under his favour, and as he saw him forced to yield privilege after privilege to his expecting people, Cuthbert triumphed in their success, and despised the monarch who, he believed, would still have withheld freedom from British homes, if it had been in the power of his hand to do so.

The sword was drawn at last, and Cuthbert Camden became familiar with blood—the blood of his fellow Englishmen. He fought at the undecisive battle of Edge Hill, and gave proofs of undoubted valour in every subsequent action between the Earl of Essex and the royal army. He endured, with unflinching fortitude, the hardships attending the short siege of Reading, and still following the course of his noble commander, he witnessed the doubtful success of the battles of Lansdowne and Newbury, and wept with almost equal bitterness the death of Hampden and Lord Falkland. The name of the latter especially was associated with Camden's holier feelings and brighter days. Camden was a patriot when Falkland sat a member of the English Parliament at Westminster; but Camden was a man of blood when Falkland (who fought on the side of the king) the morning before he was slain, uttered his memorable complaint—'I am weary of the times, and foresee much misery to my country; but believe that I shall be out of it ere night.'

'Peace!' said Camden. 'Lord Falkland sighed for peace.' He began to reflect on the course of his own life during the past year. Had not his hand widowed English wives and made English children fatherless? Had he not sent some souls unprepared into a fearful eternity? These thoughts were gaining the ascendancy in his breast, for his conscience, though clouded, was

not seared, but he thrust them away. 'The battle must be fought now,' he reasoned, 'or we may be content to put on the yoke and wear it for ever.' Camden continued to fight, and as he did so his thirst for fame and for triumph increased. He grew tired of the doubtful success that attended the Earl of Essex. He had heard of the victories gained at Wakefield and Gainsborough, and longed to fight under the conquering banners of Fairfax or of Oliver Cromwell. It was not long before he found means to exchange into a regiment belonging to the latter, but while on his way to join the army, whose more certain conquests he hoped to share, he determined to turn aside from the direct road and visit his sister and her husband.

The removal of the Court from York had restored to Strode its wonted tranquillity, but the civil war had sadly thinned the flock over which Mark Wentworth watched with unceasing care. Fathers, husbands, and sons had left their homes to join the ranks of either army, as their principles or their feelings drew them. Of these some were still waited for by the weary hearts they left behind, and some had found a bloody tomb, where no loving hand was near to close their dying eyes. Still the aspect of Strode was peaceful, and as Cuthbert Camden rode slowly on towards the village, the thought of other days, and sweeter if not more sanguine hopes, brought tears into eyes which had learned to be dry amid the shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying.

'They will all look upon me as a blood-stained rebel,' he said to himself, and as the thought passed through his mind, he saw old Mr. Parnell walking towards him, his daughter Margaret leaning fondly on his arm. They appeared to be in earnest conversation, and did not see

Camden till he was preparing to dismount and greet his old friends, when Mr. Parnell looked up, started, and drawing his daughter's arm more closely within his own, turned at once into a cross road which happened to open upon this spot. Camden rode on in bitterness of soul, scarce knowing what he did till he slackened his rein before the little wicket that led to the parsonage house. 'They too will scorn me,' he thought; 'and for what? For choosing the side of religion and liberty, against tyranny and wrong—but I cannot sheathe my sword now—no! not to win the favour of Margaret Parnell.'

They did not scorn him. Mark Wentworth's mind, enlarged by true piety guiding an expanded intellect, could embrace with intense love both sides of the combatants, whose bones now began to strew their native land. Lucy's noble love for her brother had known no diminution, though she mourned the part he had chosen. She cared for him with no common care; she prayed for him, and now she welcomed him without referring to the cause of his long-continued absence, without questioning the course of his future actions: but when he gave vent to thoughts and purposes of revenge, she would say to him in a gentle voice, '"Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord."'

'True,' replied Cuthbert, 'yet the Lord when he rises to take vengeance uses the sword ——'

'The sword of the ungodly,' (Psalm xvii. 13) said Mark Wentworth, interrupting him.

Cuthbert smiled—'You would not so distinguish the camp of those who fear God,' he said, 'from the ill affected band of drunkards and blasphemers who surround our misguided king.'

'Who, save the searcher of hearts shall tell where

most of those who fear God are to be found?' said Mark Wentworth. 'One party says "not in the camp of a half popish king, and amid the disciples of bigoted prelatists;" the other replies, "not surely in the ranks of rebels and schismatics;" but who that reads aright the history of these fearful times, and with a heart unbiassed by its own narrowness, owns as the credentials of a true Christian man, the scripture marks of "repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ," will not be able to read these on brows which his party would brand as malignant or rebellious.'

Cuthbert looked at him with the admiration which in former days he felt for the minister of Laytonfield, and the prisoner in the Fleet. Charity, which believeth all things, hopeth all things, beamed on Mark Wentworth's face as he numbered up in his own mind some who, on both sides had found that "tribulation brought experience, experience hope, and that their hope maketh not ashamed."

'We fight for our children,' said Cuthbert Camden, drawing towards him Mark Wentworth's first-born son, then an infant of two years old, who stood looking with fear and wonder at his soldier uncle, 'we fight for thee, and such as thee, that thou mayst worship God in peace, unscathed by any proud prelate or royal usurper; and must the blood spilled in such a cause be counted an unholy thing?'

Mark Wentworth sighed. Such a motive, even for desperate strife, found a ready echo in the father's breast, but when a wrong or even a doubtful course of action seemed to offer the Christian the means of self-defence, he had been accustomed to 'cry concerning this, their strength is to sit still.' He tried again to convince Cuthbert that bloodshed was now unnecessary—that

despotism had received a wound it never could recover; but Cuthbert Camden was unconvinced. He remained at Strode for a few days, but being repulsed in the only attempt he made to gain one interview with his old friend, Mr. Parnell, he resolved to set out and join the northern army without farther loss of time.

It was late in the evening when he again mounted his horse and rode out of Strode. His imagination began to dwell on painful themes. 'Why did Wentworth repeat those prophetic words, "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." They tingled in my ears when he spoke them; they haunt my dreams by night, and wherefore? I do not fear the sword. I live but for my country ——' His thoughts were interrupted by some person who was running hastily after him and calling upon him to stop. Cuthbert drew in his horse and in a moment Henry Parnell was by his side—'They tried hard to keep me from you, Camden,' he said, grasping Cuthbert's hand with fervour, 'but yours is the right cause and I will keep my promise to young Danvers yet.'

'And what was that?' said Cuthbert smiling, and returning his grasp.

'I promised to face him on the battle field,' said Parnell, 'and there make him unsay all the foul slanders he breathed against you and all who are laying down their lives for the freedom of their country.'

Cuthbert looked at Henry Parnell. Two years had passed away since he had last seen him, and that period of time had effected a great change in his appearance. He was now a tall youth, whose manly bearing seemed to fit him for any course of activity or danger. Had he been otherwise connected, Cuthbert would have welcomed such a volunteer in the cause he loved; but now

he tried to dissuade him from his purpose. 'Thou must not take the sword in so light a quarrel, Harry,' he said. 'It would be inglorious strife, contending only for what worldly men call honour, whether mine or thine.'

'But my heart is in the good cause,' said Henry. 'I am sick of bondage and bigotry, and I loathe the silly parade and idle songs of the drunken swarm that gathered round King Charles when he dwelt among us.'

'There are good men and true among the royalists, Henry,' said Cuthbert; 'your venerable father ——'

'Is one among a thousand,' said Henry, petulantly. 'Why do you thwart me now, Camden? You cannot unsay all you said in other years. I listened to you, your words sank down into mine ears, and now listen to me. My servant holds my horse in readiness. Let me fight by your side—under your eye. If you will not, I will seek the camp of our patriot countrymen alone. I will no longer live at home in inglorious ease.'

Cuthbert looked really distressed. The anger of Mr. Parnell and the grief of Margaret would be great—and he the cause! Again he tried to turn Henry from his purpose—'Your duty to your father will not suffer it. You will bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

'My father is in York,' said Henry, 'whither he removed with me and my two sisters when he heard you were here. He believes I am still there among our many friends. He will not miss me until we have reached the camp. A few more battles must decide the fate of this war, and then I can shield my father from the wrath of the victorious Parliament, should they resent his firm adherence to the king, and Margaret too —nay do not shake your head so despairingly—Margaret will rejoice in her parent's safety. She will learn

to love freedom, and regard the deliverers of her country as they deserve. The name of rebel will be forgotten—the bounds of Church-membership widened, and she will no longer be scared with the phantom of schism where the reality is not.'

A sad smile passed over Cuthbert Camden's face. He knew the hopes Henry Parnell intended to awaken were utterly vain. He knew success would never sanctify, in Margaret's eyes, a course which she regarded, not merely as erroneous, but fearfully wicked. He saw, however, that Henry had chosen his part, and no longer resisted his wish to accompany him, and they rode side by side for some miles without again interrupting the silence.

Parnell's thoughts were busy with future fame and future power, clouded indeed by a slight fear of his father's deep displeasure, but unsanctified by those religious feelings that mingled so fully with the first genuine struggles for freedom. Minds and events were alike preparing for military rule.

"All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword," again seemed to ring in Cuthbert Camden's ears, but his thoughts took a happier turn. He began to think as he had not done for years, of Him who spoke that prophecy. He thought of Him as "meek and lowly in heart." He thought of Him as being "reviled, yet reviling not again." He thought of Him as "able to save to the *uttermost*."

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

Are there any, who would say that we could know too much of God? no; for it is obvious that both our holiness and happiness would keep pace with the increase of that knowledge: and yet how do we carry this received truth into action? What steps do we take, what perseverance do we manifest, what interest do we show? When we speak of the knowledge of God, our minds are at once conveyed to the Scriptures, we forget that the Lord has other channels than his word to communicate himself to his creatures.

Speaking of the works of creation, the poet says, 'Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,'—and is not the Bible itself full of appeals to us to look around and see how God's glory is declared, and how his handy-work is shown? It has been said, that we may read of God in three books—in the Scriptures, in Creation, and in the book of Providence. The Scriptures testify of Jesus, therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith—and of the Creation it is written, that in them may be seen God's eternal power and Godhead; "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep"—and in the time when God suffered all nations to walk in their own ways, when he was provoked and despised and forgotten, still "he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling the heart with food and gladness." And as to his Providence,

we have the key to many a dispensation in the history of Joseph, and of the children of Israel: the hand of God is constantly seen in the occurrence of that event, and in the circumstances which attended it, in the withholding of that request, in the withdrawal of that blessing, in guidance, in protection.

Our indifference to the beauties of God's works is a most painful mark of our fallenness—with what delight must Adam in his days of innocency have looked upon the rich blessings which surrounded him; he could not turn his eyes without beholding mercies, which raised his soul to his bountiful Father, and caused in him a ceaseless flow of love and praise. And it seems that *now* having lost our first estate, we have an *increased* demand upon our wondering adoration, in that, sinful and rebellious as we are, God has crowned us with blessings, and that of this world, since our disobedience it is true, that "the pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." But whence does our indifference arise? certainly it may be said "an enemy hath done this," for the Lord is robbed of his praise and glory, and this is the object which Satan has unwearyingly in view. We see some indeed, whose business and delight is to explore nature—nothing escapes their observation—no difficulty or annoyance retards their exertions, or cools their ardour—the dark cavern, the deep descending mine, afford a rich treat, the mountain height is gained, the stagnant pool is searched, and there treasures are found. But, alas! there is no beauty in the Scriptures, that they should form a part of their study and delight. Again, on the other hand, the Christian takes up the *Bible* to the exclusion of *Creation*—the motto they adopt is, nothing but the *Bible*—

when it should rather be, nothing but *God*. It is no more the tendency of nature, than of the Scriptures to lead us astray from their Author, but in studying either the one or the other, we need God's own light and Spirit by which to read, and to understand. The testimony which is borne by the Lord's works, cannot but be of his praise; and if our hearts are not played upon by the touch of Nature's beauty, it is because they are unstrung; some false notions have snapped asunder the cords which should ever vibrate with sweet melody, else how could we insensibly behold the beauties of a landscape? the snow-wrapt mountain—the mighty ocean—the sweet quiet of the country—the wide expanse—the lovely verdure—the murmuring brook—the music of birds? and would we not also be affected at the sight of flowers? and in considering the endless succession in which they come—their graceful forms, their cheerfulness, their colours, their unrivalled sweets, their delicate hues and pencilings, must we not be struck at the graciousness of the Lord in providing pleasures so exquisite—enjoyment so constant, for creatures like us, so rebellious, so ungrateful, so thoughtless? thus in overlooking God's works, we overlook him; we give him not the praise which is his due, and our own souls are deprived of many a sweet lesson of comfort and encouragement.

But the beauties to which we have referred are *external*: there yet remains endless cause for our adoring gratitude in the discoveries which science has laid before us: did we ever think of the *hidden* beauties of a leaf—the contrivance and adaptation of a feather? All God's works praise him in the *object* of their creation, in their construction: there is an end to be accomplished in the existence of all things, and most interest-

ing is it to discover the fitness of the conformation to the purpose,—how carefully everything has been watched over and cared for; there is a suitableness in the earth and sea to their respective tenants—there is an adaptation of the climate to the animal and to the plant, and of the animal and plant to the climate—'The flat and burning desert, the rocky cliff, the extensive fen, the stormy ocean, have their peculiar inhabitants'—the moving creature of the waters, the fowl that flies in the open firmament of heaven, the cattle, the creeping thing, are all appropriately placed. Where do we find the greatest number of aquatic birds? In the northern regions, where fish is most abundant: and it is a beautiful fact, that these birds have the greatest supply of feathers on the part which comes into contact with the water, and this too is the case with the fur of animals, such as the polar bear and the beaver.

In the rein-deer, too, we find a wonderful contrivance in the muzzle, by which he is enabled to obtain the lichens on which he feeds, when they are buried deep in frozen snow;—and the horns of the elk are furnished with short points to accomplish the same end.

Then we have the camel and the ostrich, with a conformation to fit them for their desert life. And, in animals which frequent marshes, we behold a wonderful adaptation of the foot, which is cloven: when the animal treads, the cleft of the foot opens, a large pit is thus made in the mire, and the foot being closed, when it is raised, it is withdrawn without difficulty.

It is desirable in birds which are destined to float in the air, that they should be as buoyant themselves as possible; they have, therefore, hollow bones, and the air from the lungs is made to communicate with, and to fill the cavities of the body. If we turn to the sea,

we shall still meet with illustrations of the same beautiful adaptation: from the eye of the fish, the ear of the whale, down to the formations of the coral insect. A late number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* gives the following interesting account of the origin of the spire in architecture; and which will not be out of place to be mentioned here. 'Sir C. Wren reflected that the hollow spire which he had seen or built in so many varieties was, after all, but an infirm structure; and he sought that model which should enable him to impart to it the utmost solidity and duration. Simple was the original from which he adopted his idea. He found that the delicate shell called Turretella, though extremely long, and liable to fracture from its base to its apex, by the action of the water amidst the rocks, was rendered impregnable, by the central column, or newel, round which the spiral turned. Therefore in his spire of St. Bride's, he establishes the columella in the centre, round which he forms a spiral staircase to the top, issuing on stages of arched apertures; thus giving us (if not the most beautiful) certainly the most remarkable and enduring spire hitherto erected.'

Nor must we forget to notice in God's providential arrangements, how subservient both the nature and the habits of animals and birds and insects are to the necessities of man.

We have an illustration of this in the phosphorescence of the sea: it is remarkable that, in proportion to the surrounding blackness during the prevalence of storms, and when the moon and stars are enveloped in gloom, that the light emitted by the polypes is most vivid: 'it casts such a light on the ship and the rigging, that the sailors may execute their allotted tasks with certainty, and at all times it points out to the

mariner the lurking danger of sunken rocks, and unknown coasts.' This light also directs the fisherman in casting his nets.

It often happens that apparent evils are productive of the greatest good. We often condemn circumstances, which a wise and gracious Providence has ordered to bring about a most desirable end; this remark, and the former one, have their illustration in the fact, that 'there is an insect which is accustomed to deposit its eggs in the very core of the primary shoot of wheat, so that this shoot is completely destroyed by the larva.' Do we think that the husbandman will be disappointed, and that an irreparable injury has been inflicted? But how beautiful, how unlooked for is the result. 'Shoots immediately spring up from the knots; the plant becomes more firmly rooted,' and produces probably a *dozen* stems and ears, when, but for the temporary mischief, it might have sent forth *one only*.'

Another interesting consideration is to be found in the suitableness of Trees to the locality where they grow. 'Tropical plants are formed for the express purpose of flourishing under vertical suns, long droughts, and periodical rains. The vegetable productions of the polar regions, on the other hand, have their own remarkable contrivances for resisting the chilly influences occasioned by the long absence of the sun;' and thus trees in these northern latitudes, on being wounded, give out a flow, not of myrrh, or of the gums of the East, but juices, by whose properties their internal heat is preserved.

There is more than one reason why trees cast their leaves, but one is curious; it is, that the blasts of winter may pass through their naked boughs unresisted: but this is not the case with trees of the Pine tribe—but

how is the danger of uprooting averted? We have only just to glance at the fringe-like hangings of the Fir, and the question is answered.

And how wonderful are the means by which seeds are distributed: how beautiful to notice the care with which the bursting buds are preserved; in some cases an exuding gum protects them from the nipping frost, or a little cap, as in the beach, covers them, and does not drop off till the warmth of the season renders its presence unnecessary.

There is too a wise arrangement in the colour of the leaves of plants; 'Green is not only a beautiful colour, and less hurtful to the eye, but green substances are among the best radiators of heat, and are therefore most likely to condense the moisture of the surrounding air. Thus the leaves of plants, which require a constant supply of moisture, being mostly of a green colour, are admirably fitted to procure it.'

The preparation and nature of the soil, is another interesting consideration. It is most providential, that while the ground may be exhausted, and refuse to bear a crop of the same plants in succession, yet has it been actually prepared and enriched, for the maintenance of plants of a *distinct* species! this might be otherwise, as the hemp for instance, is so noxious to weeds, that not one will grow in the same field: now, supposing that wheat had the same exterminating property, how sad it would be.

No sooner does the volcanic or coral island emerge from the ocean, than the first token of vegetable life is visible—a moss, which is destined to wither and die, and thus prepares the ground for a higher order of plants. The whole basis of the Maldive islands, consists of an immense chain of submarine volcanoes. A par-

ticular tree (says the *Foreign Quarterly Review*) known no where else, of exceeding rapid growth, and of enormous bulk, abounds there. Having speedily reached its maturity, it dies and decomposes, in so short a space of time, that it would seem to serve no other purpose than that of enriching the soil; or while standing, of affording a resting-place to the flights of sea-birds which frequent these isles.

There are yet other reasons why the objects of creation should be interesting to the Christian: their association with the most precious truths, and with the sweetest promises, is established by Scripture:—"Thy righteousness is like the great *mountains*"—"thy mercy is great unto the *heavens*, and thy truth unto the *clouds*"—or are we assured of the forgiveness of sins? We are told that they shall be cast into the depths of *the sea*—or do we want an idea of the faithfulness of the Lord's covenant? We are to contemplate the regular succession of day and night (Jer. xxxiii.)—or do we need comforting by a thought of his power? We are directed to the display of his glory and might in the heavens which he hath stretched forth—and in the earth, whose foundations he hath laid. (Isa. li.) The Christian's position and privileges, are also placed before us—his peace is as a flowing *river*—he is like a *tree* planted by the water-side, whose leaf shall not wither, and which bringeth forth fruit in his season—or by way of contrast, we see the most lovely *flower* in perfection, but for a short space—it soon droops and fades away—but there is a something which is always the same, giving joy in the time of prosperity, and meeting our every difficulty in the hour of trial—that which no time can affect, no change alter, "the word of God which abideth for ever."

Or do we need a precedent, that we should give our attention to the *works* as well as to the *word* of God. We have only to turn to the 104th Psalm, and we are furnished with one; we shall there see what delight David took in the Creation, and what praise it called forth: he discovered God's goodness in adaptation, he saw the fitness of the tree for the bird, of the high hills for the wild goats, and of the rocks for the conies—and in rapture he exclaims, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches, so is the great and wide sea." It is at the close of this review of God's works, that David says, "My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord." Do we know anything of such feelings?

To the Christian (and to him alone) the truth of God's power can be one of comfort. Whatever be his trial or oppression, or persecution, he knows of one *mighty* to save: he hears the Lord's own voice thus reasoning with him, "*I*, even *I*, *am* he that comforteth thee: who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man, that shall be made as grass." (Is. li.) And this certainty of the Lord's being on his side took away fear from David (Psa. cxviii.), and gave confidence to St. Paul. (Rom. viii.) And then is there no comfort to be deduced from the care which is taken of all things, the most insignificant creature being "a collection of wonders?" O yes, it is the voice of Jesus which we hear from every fowl of the air, and from every flower of the field, "*are ye not of more value?*"

May our truth in God be strengthened, that we may bring forth the fruits of joy, and peace, and thanksgiving, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

S. S.

THE PASTOR OF THE PYRENNEES.

About ten years ago there resided in one of the many lovely valleys of the Canigon, which is the highest point of the Eastern Pyrennees, a poor Curé of the Roman Catholic persuasion, who had small thoughts of anything beyond doing his best for his little mountain flock, and never sparing himself any effort by which he might assist them in the smallest degree.

So greatly was he loved that he was generally known through the neighbouring vallies by the title of Le bon Pere Robichon. He might have been called very poor, though he was not conscious of being so, for his barrel of meal and cruse of oil was never exhausted, though spent with an unsparing hand; and the beauties of nature spread around his cottage were such as in tamer countries and climates less happy could not have been commanded by the greatest kings. He daily saw from his window, the sparkling peaks of the Canigon towering into the clouds over the nearer and inferior heights, and inhaled the fragrance of orange, citron, and myrtle groves; for long he resided in his lovely valley, passing from youth to age with a heart warmed by the Almighty's influence to all his fellow creatures, but excluded by his church from any near domestic tie.

Of all his family he knew only of one of his own kindred left; this was a niece who resided not far dis-

tant. She had however, married into a Huguenot family, and from that time all intercourse had ceased between them, until the niece became a widow and fell into poverty. She then being destitute of all other resource, remembered many little kindnesses of her uncle shewn to her in childhood, and trusting to a renewal of such kindnesses, she one evening presented herself at his door, imploring his hospitality for herself, her little daughter Ernestine, and a faithful dog, who had followed her through all her troubles and had shared in the abstinence, almost famine, of her few last days.

The poor woman, her child and her dog, were all welcomed by the good Pere Robichon, and comforted and refreshed with the best his cottage afforded, or his poor neighbours unasked could supply. The almost fainting child soon revived, and the gaunt sides of the fine mountain dog soon grew plump, but the mother had suffered too deeply in heart and constitution ever to recover: she sank and sank, and very shortly after having been received in her uncle's house she died, and her remains were committed to the dust by her venerable kinsman, without question made by him of her former faith, in the village burying ground.

And now the old man and the little girl, and Rocco, which last was of the high aristocratic breed of the Pyrennean mountain dog, formed a household, which might compete with any far and wide, in its union of interest and frequent interchange of sweet and gracious affections. The Pere Robichon had indeed, never till now, been called upon to supply the place of a father to any child; but where charity is in active exercise, it is not difficult to turn its sweetly flowing stream into any particular channel.

When Ernestine was left with Father Robichon, his

first question with himself was, How shall I make her happy? and finding that not only in her deepest grief, but when time had a little softened it, nothing seemed so much to console her as talking of her father and mother, and things which concerned them—he suffered her so to do, not even checking her when she touched upon matters which he thought might have been better let alone.

Her parents had been Huguenots, and they had accustomed their child to study the Holy Scriptures. She had committed to memory the Catechism of the Ancient Valdenses, called *the Golden Lesson*, from an old copy which had long been in her father's family, and often brought in passages from this, and texts from Scripture, which were so mixed with her memories of domestic events, that the child, had she wished it, could not have separated the golden thread from the hemp or flax of her ordinary recollections. She spoke often too, of a foster-sister whom her mother had reared until she was of a considerable age, and who, by her account, was wont to learn the lessons which were taught to her, and was as able to repeat them even better than she did. When Ernestine told the name of this foster sister, and called her Eugenie de Saint Martin, the Father knew that she was the child of a man of noble and affluent family in the neighbourhood.

These conversations of such continual recurrence, were at first only suffered by the kind old man from the hope that when the young girl had told all her reminiscences, she would speedily obtain new ideas, and gradually forget them, especially those portions of them which, as a sound Papist, he thought objectionable; and in order to supply these new ideas which were to perform this good work, he took her in his

hand in all his excursions amongst his people. Then whilst climbing the hill-side paths, amongst hedges of pomegranates, box, or broad-leaved aloes, or sauntering through the shadowy ravine, where many pellucid streams oozing from beneath the masses of snow which crowned the mountains, imparted a charming freshness, he would have supplied as fine a picture as the world could afford, of holy, gentle, and even beautiful old age; for the Pere Robichon had been a remarkably fine specimen of the very handsome race of the natives of Roussillon, and his firm and upright carriage, his ample brow, and dark and brilliant eyes, and regular features, set off with long ringlets of hair as white as snow, falling over his open collar, his neat soutaine browned by age, rendered his the very figure which seemed best suited to be grouped with the blooming, sparkling Ernestine, and her noble Rocco.

How did the young girl enjoy these quiet walks, and what were the thoughts which, after a little while, arose and took deep root in her young mind? In proportion as her love for her uncle increased, she was led more and more to wish that he might be brought to see those truths which had rendered the death of her father rather a scene of triumph than a period of agony. She remembered how his mind threw off all considerations of worldly matters, even to the memory of the tyrannies of the Papists over the poor Huguenots, who inhabited the same fair vallies with their persecutors, and though he had himself been depressed through life by these incessant inflictions, yet now all had been forgotten at the last, and swallowed up in one absorbing feeling, the sense of the love and the presence of his Redeemer, and her Redeemer, and the Redeemer of the whole lost race of Adam.

But my poor uncle, she thought, is bewildered and confused with all the many traditions and ceremonies of his Church, and if one does but touch one of these, he is frightened and ready to weep for me as for one doomed to perdition. Oh, that he could be set free! that he could be brought to see his Saviour and to look only to him! What can I do? How shall I manage with him? I will not argue with him about the saints, nor the crosses, nor the formal prayers, nor the fete days, nor the sacraments, but I will keep talking of my blessed father's death, and of the ground of his hopes, and of what he used to teach me, even before I could clearly repeat the words which he said to me. And Ernestine, being divinely inspired with these thoughts, was enabled by her God to make such use of many of the hours which she spent with her uncle, as insensibly with the divine blessing, to begin to shake his faith in many of his false views of Christianity, and to make him anxious to hear more and more, though he as yet was quite unconscious of the change which was passing in his mind.

There is little winter in Roussillon, but there are sometimes fearful storms of hail and thunder in the mountains, and it happened one evening in the midst of one of these tempests, that a traveller on foot called and begged for shelter from the pitiless hail. He was most cordially received, and every appliance of hospitality immediately had recourse to, to make him comfortable. He was told he must go out no more that night, and welcomed to the very best the cottage could afford.

The stranger, a pleasing young man, proved to be a colporteur from Geneva, employed by certain wealthy persons to travel about, bearing in a sack copies of bibles and other books, to dispense among the villages

in any part of France or other neighbouring lands, into which admittance could be obtained, which was not often by the frequented passes on public roads. These generally go in pairs, but the young man who was received at the house of le Pere Robichon had separated from his partner in the morning to meet again at some appointed place. It seemed that all the youthful energies of this young man were excited by his calling, nor though he knew that his host was a Priest of the Popish Church, did he hesitate to show him his books, and plead for the importance of seeking the truth from the most direct source, which is the inspired word.

The young colporteur soon discerned the state of the Father Robichon, and was so encouraged by it that as he went out the next morning, being almost afraid of offering to leave a bible, he presented his host with a little tract entitled, 'Le Chemin de Salut.'

The old Priest received the tract without a word, for he was half afraid that if he did the right thing he ought to return it, and laying it on his table, he accompanied the youth a little way on his path, and invited him to call again should he ever be in the neighbourhood. When the good man came home he set himself to read the tract, and studied it so assiduously, that his whole mind became imbued by it, and in consequence, though to himself unconsciously, he transferred so much of its spirit into his next Sunday's discourse, that had he not from the force of habit, brought forward a few saints and a few meritorious works to eke out the finish of the salvation wrought by our Lord, his sermon might have found grace in the purest congregation of the Reformed Church.

Ernestine heard not this discourse, for he had not compelled her to attend his chapel, he had trusted that

her prejudices would give way sooner before gentleness than opposition ; but she was certainly surprised when on the Monday she went with her uncle to visit a sick person, to hear him express himself on the subject of the freeness of salvation, much in the words which she had read in the tract, for she had taken the opportunity of reading it whilst he went out to set the traveller on his way.

'Dear uncle,' she said, as they were returning from the cottage, 'I liked what you said to poor Magdalen.'

'What was it,' he asked, turning to her with a startled air.

'You were speaking of death,' she answered, 'and said that we could have no hope in death, but from the salvation wrought by God the Son ; and you said that we could do no good works whereby we could be justified, and that the blood of Jesus Christ washes us from all sin.'

'Did I,' he replied, 'and what harm? And I also used the Office for the dying, the holy Saint Francois de Sales, but that was when you went out at the door, you did not hear it ; but there are many parts of that Pratique which would qualify any thing which I might have incautiously propounded before.'

'And pray, dear father,' said Ernestine, 'what is there incautious in asserting boldly what St. John says, "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous ; and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only but also for the whole world."' 1 John ii. 1, 2.

Le Pere Robichon made no farther answer, and Ernestine said no more, but like the Holy Virgin, she stored all these things in her heart, for though of an age in which young creatures are too apt to flatter themselves

that they have sufficient time before them to think of heavenly things after having enjoyed the vain pleasures of youth for a season ; yet had she been already drawn by the Divine Spirit to think often and seriously on the unseen world, the work of salvation wrought by the Saviour, and the love of the Father who sent his only Son to execute that work. But though there was nothing she desired so earnestly as to see her uncle delivered from the darkness of superstition and brought into the light of truth ; she was made to feel that it became her not to argue with him, or to neglect that deference which she delighted to shew him—thus they were led on together in peace, and every word which she dropped in the cause of truth fell gently and acceptably on his heart.

After a few weeks, the colporteur came again and introduced his colleague. This time he was received as an old acquaintance, he brought more tracts, and his companion being an older and more experienced man, soon discerned what Ernestine was, and as soon detected the wavering state of le Pere Robichon, as it regarded many of the dogmas of his Church, dogmas which invariably lose their hold in proportion as the mind opens to the freeness of salvation.

For some weeks the Swiss visitors came often to and fro, and were always affectionately entertained. . They brought and left at the cottage 'Le Vrais Crois,' and various other tracts by the same writer ; and when they took their last leave before returning to Geneva they left a bible with their venerable friend, the elder Swiss adding his most solemn entreaty for a blessing on the cottage in which he had been so often received. But the blessing had preceded the prayer, and when the travellers looked up to the cottage for the last time, and

saw the venerable Father waving his hand to them as a last farewell, they saw not a mere professor of religion, but one so convinced of the truth which is in Jesus, that if already all the additions with which the Romish Church had bedaubed it were not actually blotted out from his memory, they were so little thought of that he never voluntarily referred to them.

A number of happy days amounting to weeks, and even months ensued, after the last visit of the Colporteurs, in which Ernestine and Father Robichon became dearer to each other in measure, as the mind of the elder became more conformed to the truth, as it existed in that of the younger. Ernestine, by her gentle and daughter-like efforts, was enabled to lead her uncle forward by the less prejudiced views which she had of scripture, and by the habit which her pious and enlightened father had given her, of turning again to the Saviour and contemplating him in his mighty acts and perfect obedience, whenever the ways and opinions of sinful men, and especially the prosperity of such men and their success, and their many triumphs over the children of God perplexed her, for of the latter she heard more amongst her vallies than we do in this country,—the religion of the State being there Papist, and many of the people, the poorer sort especially, Huguenots.

Young persons naturally, do not think much of what we may call political matters, excepting when they are forced on their attention by things actually passing about them. In the mean time the Pere Robichon read his bible, and pondered upon it, and talked of it to Ernestine, and actually brought so much of its doctrines into his discourses both public and private, that he not only set many of his poor flock to think of things which had never before occurred to them, but gave oc-

casion for his fellow Curés in the neighbouring parishes to look upon him with jealousy, and even to go so far as to report him to the bishop: whereupon he received a hint, conveyed by a letter, to look to his doctrine, and be more cautious under penalty of further notice.

'What have I said?' was his question to his young and faithful friend Ernestine. 'I have never said a word which could be interpreted against my church, and I do not see how I can suppress any truth which I find in Scripture. Our holy Mother Church professes to believe the Bible.'

Ernestine never could quite understand what Mother Church did believe, or what she did not believe. She had but one wish respecting her, and that was to have nothing to do with her; but, finding that her uncle was disposed to take no notice of the warning, she advised him (if he could not resolve at once to give up his church, his parish, and his house, and withdraw to another *paroise*,) to cease from discoursing in the department, which he was not required to do, and to receive such of his poor people whom he knew to be favourable to his present style of preaching, during the darkness of night in his own house, when he would be at liberty to read and explain the Bible to them.

He approved of this plan: he made known his scheme amongst those whom he could best trust, believing such to be few, when, in fact, it turned out that almost the whole of his small congregation had so far tasted the sweetness of the truth, as to be anxious to obtain more and more of it.

His little party, in consequence, was so added to from one season to another, that there was scarcely a remnant left in the parish who were not ready to throw away the bonds and chains of the Church under which

they had hitherto lived, and to receive the truth as it was administered to them as eagerly as the thirsting sons of Israel swallowed the pure stream which poured from the smitten rock in the parched desert.

Many of these meetings took place in the Father Robichon's little hall, during the colder season; but when in the fair spring the midnight air became more genial, the little flock would often assemble in some solitary gorge or glen, where there was less fear of the lovely hymns being heard which Ernestine was wont to lead with her youthful voice—and, as it was hoped, where they might be more secure from the observation of the enemy.

Much might be said of the sweetness of those meetings, and of the rapid progress of many of its members, through the light from on high, shed upon the father's instructions, and how on those occasions the gentle Ernestine often felt as if the happiness of the world which is to come were commenced with her; but, although it was appointed by her heavenly Father that her trials should be soon over, yet had she some experience of suffering to endure before she was permitted to enter into that joy of which the believer, whilst yet in the flesh, can see only like a far-off lovely vision.

Ernestine was yet a child in years, yet was like many another holy child, whose course in this life is ordained to be short, endued with a thoughtfulness and a wisdom which does not commonly belong to her years, and which is never found even in advanced age, where the heart abides in its natural, carnal, selfish state.

The Father Robichon, in his simplicity, had flattered himself that his secret movements were yet undiscovered, and was planning yet other and bolder steps towards extricating himself and his people from the

trammels of superstition, when suddenly one morning a messenger, in the form of one of the inferior servants of the Cathedral, appeared at his door, bringing him a summons to attend his bishop immediately, the bishop being in his palace in the principal seat of the diocese.

The messenger delivered himself so mildly, that the Father Robichon suffered little alarm. He told his niece, who was greatly terrified, that he had done nothing of which he was ashamed, and nothing which ought to give offence to his diocesan, and that he felt assured that he should be able to clear up his whole conduct in the judgment of the authorities of the Church; for how should they, he said, be offended at the efforts which he had made to magnify the efficiency of the work wrought by the Lord and Saviour. In this persuasion the simple old man prepared to accompany the messenger, going off on his mule with his valise strapped behind him, as unsuspicious of evil, as he would have been, had he been about to commence a journey of pleasure.

Not such were the feelings of poor Ernestine. Most bitterly did she weep when he bade her adieu with his most fervent blessing, and long did she stand on the grassy platform before the door, watching his progress, as he with the messenger took his winding course by the mountain paths down to the valley; sometimes being hidden by the projections of the irregular ground, and sometimes appearing again, but always appearing more diminutive, and less distinctly after each disappearance, like loved and lovely images of the past, which, when first gone by, are so clear, so accurate, so true; but when they again and again recur after other things have intervened, present themselves in fainter and still

fainter outlines, till at last all that remains of them is lost in indistinctness.

Ernestine was alone, though she knew that she had friends under every roof around her, and needed but to cry out to bring many to her assistance, should she need it, but she felt that she could raise no voice which could reach her father, friend, and uncle, and he alone of all human creatures could then have filled up the void in her heart, which his absence occasioned—an absence which from one moment to another filled her with more apprehension as to its occasion and result.

She wept and wept, but there was no witness to her grief, but Rocco, and she was not conscious even of his presence, till he had rubbed himself against her several times, and began to lick her hand, which was hanging listlessly by her side.

Ernestine knew that her uncle could not return till the end of the week ; so, after the first paroxysm of grief and after she had devoted some moments to earnest prayer, the tenor of which was, that whatever might happen, her uncle might not, through fear, be induced to deny the light with which it had pleased God to bless him, she was enabled to indulge better hopes, and to set herself again to her little domestic duties, though her heart failed her whilst doing anything which could only be needful under the supposition of her uncle's return.

Certain of his people had seen their beloved father riding with a stranger down the valley, and these soon came with anxiety to ask Ernestine whither he was gone. She had no cause to hide the truth, and her terrors were renewed and kept up by the effect which her confessions had on these poor people, and the fearful accounts which they related of priests who in former

times had suffered torture and death for less things than Le Pere Robichon had done.

As day passed on after day, the alarm in the valley became more general; and when the first evening had passed, in which the poor people could have possibly expected their beloved pastor, all hope was extinguished within their faithful breasts, by tidings which were brought by a young peasant, who had been sent after him to watch what happened to him, of his having suffered the examination of the bishop and other authorities, and been condemned and committed to solitary confinement in an old castle, the stronghold of the town at the foot of the mountains in which his curacy was situated. This place of confinement had been selected, in order that when the delinquent should be tried again, he might be near the persons who had been his accusers.

The name of this town was not given in the history, but it was said to be in a valley on the banks of the Tet, and within view of the highest peak of the Canigon, and had the records of the old castle been preserved, they would have contained many accounts of captives, who, like the father, had been committed to imprisonment for the cause of the truth. For the old man, who, in prosperity, might have still delayed and delayed to come boldly forward and confess his change, had been set free from the bondage of superstition in the rude hour of peril, and had been led as far beyond his former convictions and declarations as the flight of the golden eagle is above that of the midnight bat.

A few more days passed, in which the whole village was in trouble, and there were meetings in many solitary and retired places where prayers were made for the safety of their beloved Pastor; and who can doubt but that these prayers were heard and answered, though not

in a way to be apprehended by any, but such as those who poured them forth, simple children of light.

In the mean time, Ernestine was imploring her heavenly Father to direct her in what she should do for the beloved captive. She thought that even her feeble efforts might be made acceptable, if it so pleased God, for his rescue, but she dared not to consult her poor neighbours, for she saw that they were paralyzed with terror. They had been educated in great fear of the papal authorities, and they warned her that if she took any measures to aid her uncle, she would only involve herself; and probably him also, deeper in peril.

But the affectionate girl was not to be so disheartened, and after awhile it was put into her head to apply to her foster-sister, Mademoiselle Eugenie de Saint Martin, whose father's domain was near to the very town in which Le Pere Robichon was kept in prison.

The chateau de Saint Martin was in the same valley of the Tet, and near to it was the cottage in which her parents had dwelt and in which Eugenie had been nursed herself. Some long leagues lay between her present habitation and the place in which she desired to be, and the paths were intricate, but the faithful Rocco, when once set in the way, and taught by his superior sagacity, the direction which she wished to proceed, would prove an unerring guide she was persuaded,—for when had he ever misled her?

The idea of applying to Eugenie had no sooner suggested itself, than Ernestine commenced the preparations for her journey. She put some flat cakes, a change of linen, her cap and her bible, in a bag, and waiting only till the moon arose, a little after midnight, the poor young creature, attended only by her dog, but with the consciousness of an assured protector, guide and friend,

on high, set forth, taking as nearly as she could remember the very path by which she had arrived with her mother at her uncle's house. She might, she thought, have chosen a less intricate way at first setting out, but then might not Rocco be deceived and less likely to make out where she wished to go? She first had to ascend a little elevation, and next to enter a grove of chesnut-trees; the dog for a few minutes sniffed about and seemed as if in perplexity as to what his mistress's designs were, but when she had spoken to him and pointed out the snowy peak of the Canigon, gleaming pale yet perfectly distinct at the end of the grove, looming large and high against the dark sky, she fancied that he took in her meaning, for he walked steadily on before her, only turning now and then with gentle eye, as it were to ascertain if all were well with her. Thus they walked on till the golden morning broke, and every snowy height of the long range before her began to gleam with a glory surpassing that of a jewelled tiara.

It is when alone, when deprived of the comforts to which the outward frame has been accustomed, and when under the pressure of temporal afflictions, that the children of God have many times experienced more of the fulness, richness, and completeness of divine love, than has ever been known by them or by any other believers in high prosperity:—it is to those who for the Saviour's sake are destitute, afflicted, tormented, to whom he is revealed by the Lord, the Spirit, in his sweetest aspect of love.

The solitary young girl had unwittingly undertaken more than she had the natural strength to endure, for her constitution was like that of her mother's, naturally delicate, and under the tender care of her uncle, she had sprang up in height like some fair trailing plant,

which fails and droops with all its blossoms fresh upon it as soon as the stronger stem which supported it is cut away. The long leagues, over hill and dale, which she had to tread with the support only of a few dry cakes and a little water; the exposure by day to heat, and by night to dews and occasional cold blast from the snowy heights, began to tell before she had made half her journey, or was able to trace with exactness the outlines of the woods and the aspect of the hamlets on that side of the Canigon which presented itself to her view. She had made but little way on the second day of her journey, and on the morning of the third, had suffered extreme terror at finding herself on the summit of a long line of actual precipices, the descent from which could only be made by ladders placed from one narrow ledge to another. The height was dizzy and fearful, and she then remembered how she and her poor mother had laboured up it, holding fast to the cord which formed the hand-rail, and how her mother had set her before her in the fearful ascent, but the descent along this pas d'Echelle was more terrible than the ascent, and though Rocco watched her as carefully as her mother had done; yet could he have saved her had her foot slipped? and though she reached the bottom with safety, she could not shake off the faintness and exhaustion which the sense of peril had inflicted. But the Almighty had his purposes of mercy for this fair and blessed young creature; he was loosening the bands which bound her to earth, in order that he might hasten the moment of her entrance into glory; and the very dews of the mountains, the hail and the wind, were employed to execute the behests of his love.

As the fair girl and her dog walked on and on, fresh trials awaited and overtook her, for on the third evening

there was a fearful storm of hail, dense black clouds hung half-way down the mountains, the thunder rattled, and the lightnings flashed, whilst poor Ernestine, cowering with her ever faithful dog under a shelf of a rock, avoided the blast, but could not save herself from being wet to the skin. But when the storm cleared away, she saw the gentle Tet winding far below amid its fragrant meadows, and on a bank on the opposite side directly in a line with the peak of the Canigon, the small town with its venerable keep, in which her dear uncle was confined, and in a line with it at a small distance, the chateau of Saint Martin, with its round tower so well remembered, of which the slated roof rising to a point, resembled much the scaly armour of some ancient warrior. A gleam of joy thrilled through the breast of the almost exhausted Ernestine at the sight of this, the home of her fathers, for she could discern the very roof of her father's old house rising from amidst its grove of mulberry and chesnut-trees, and lifting up her eyes and hands, she thanked her God, as if the end of her journey were already accomplished, so filled was her heart with the assurance of divine love, and so ready to receive every token of that love in the true sense in which such tokens should be received.

Rocco knew that he had guided his mistress to where she wished to be, and looked up to her as if to ask her to commend him. Gladly would she have rewarded him by smiles and caresses, as in her more easy and fortunate days, had sinking nature permitted, but, giving him one look of deep affection, she attempted a few more steps, but fell totally exhausted on the grass, for there was abundant thymy herbage, and various sweet shrubs scattered about. Hunger and fatigue and a beginning sickness of a deadly nature, were all at once

working on the frame of that poor girl, and the power of active exertion was taken from her at the moment it was no longer needed. The last sensation of which she was conscious before she entirely lost her recollection, was seeing for an instant the eyes of her only present friend on earth, looking stedfastly on her pale face, and then darting from her, and rushing down the bank with the swiftness which the creature would have used in pursuit of a wolf.

He too has left me, she thought; all, all then are parted from me—all of earth, but I have a Saviour,—and her eyelids fell, and she lay awhile wholly insensible, on the green lap of the gentle and fragrant slope.

But Rocco, or rather He who guided the instinct of the faithful animal, had not forgotten her; for, at the instant in which the dog had seen her fall, he had discerned two figures in the distance coming up on foot towards the hill—the one was an elderly female, the other a young girl.

The dog had instantly recognized Eugenie de St. Martin in the girl, though a long period had elapsed since he had seen her, in which she had grown from childhood to almost the stature of womanhood, and had entirely changed the costume, almost befitting her nurse's cottage, to such as belonged to the young lady and heiress of a proud domain. She was attended by her *bonne*, and she had come out to take the sweet morning air on the breezy hill.

A few moments brought the dog to the side of the young lady: for one moment she was alarmed, but in the next she recognized him, and whilst her *bonne* ran screaming away, calling on her to follow, the two old friends were interchanging such tokens of affection as were suitable to their different conditions in the scale of

being. 'Poor Rocco; poor old Rocco,' cried Eugenie, as she stooped and patted his forehead; 'Whence come you: and where is Ernestine? Where is my ever-beloved Ernestine: can you not speak, Rocco, and tell me where is my own dear Ernestine?'

But if Rocco could not speak, he could make himself understood: he took the end of Eugenie's scarf in his mouth, and had almost drawn it off her shoulders in his attempt to lead her by it. This was, however, enough to enlighten the warm-hearted young lady respecting his wishes, she caught the other end of the scarf in her hand, and followed the guidance of Rocco, with the light step of one used from infancy to climb the mountains, calling her *bonne* to follow, as best she might. When the poor Ernestine next opened her languid eyes, she felt herself pillowed on some compassionate breast; it was that of *la bonne*, whilst her own sweet sister by adoption knelt before her, and was calling on her in tones more tender and soothing than those of the ring-dove to his mate, and by her she saw her poor Rocco, manifesting his satisfaction with all that eloquence of look and action, which supplies the place of speech in these dumb creatures, and in one point of view is better than speech, because it never can deceive. But Ernestine was too far gone to be able to endure this excess of joy, she could only utter these words, 'My Saviour, my heavenly Father, oh, how shall I testify my gratitude!' She would probably have added, but the last words died on her lips, and she fainted again, and did not recover her consciousness till she found herself in a chamber of a turret of the Chateau, a place which she well knew as having been one to which she had often gone with Eugenie, whilst they lived together at the cottage, and whither they repaired to play with many toys there

stored up for the entertainment of the little lady, whilst her parents were in the capital where they always spent many months of the year.

Eugenie had caused her to be carried thither, and having, with the aid of the female servants, removed her soiled and worn apparel, had had her laid on a soft bed in the purest linen, and had already forced some cordial into her mouth, having also provided that the famishing Rocco should be fed. All this she had sufficient interest to perform in the absence of her father, who happened to be engaged in some sport on the mountains, for the Comtesse de St. Martin wanted not kindness, when an object needing it was pressed on her attention, *au reste*, as she would herself have said, she troubled herself not with the afflictions which did not touch her own person. But, alas! the Comte, as Eugene well knew, was much influenced by prejudice; he had been irritated when he had discovered, that his daughter's nurse was a Huguenot, and when, from time to time, that daughter had let it appear how much her young mind had been affected by the principles which she had derived from her foster-parents. Eugenie had therefore justly feared that he would, had he been at home, have interfered with the strong measures which she had taken for the relief of Ernestine; though she trusted that he would not go the length of insisting on the helpless girl being turned out when once admitted.

It was for this reason that Eugenie had caused her adopted sister to be carried to the turret, whither her father never went.

The young lady had expected that nourishment and rest, and the various comforts which she was so able and willing to supply, would soon restore her beloved foster-sister,—but she was mistaken.

The young creature had suffered too much in mind and body to permit her naturally-delicate frame ever to revive to health: she had suffered from alternations of heat and cold, from damp, fatigue, and prolonged abstinence. Inflammation, like a flaming and barbed arrow had pierced her chest, she spoke and breathed with difficulty: anxiety for her beloved uncle, and the earnest desire of obtaining liberty and life for him, still hung upon her heart. Nay, it was an absorbing feeling which excluded all thoughts of self—and it may be added, that the high and heavenly thoughts and views of Divine love, as brought to bear on herself, which had been vouchsafed her in the lone, and often darksome wanderings in the mountain, were such as no one can enjoy, and yet survive to live and act amid merely created objects.

In consequence of all these things, Eugenie waited and watched in vain for the recovery of her foster-sister: the very cordials which she ordered to be administered, only increased the internal fire, and caused delirium to ensue in place of faintness. Much for a time also was she perplexed by the references which Ernestine made in this delirium to the case of her uncle, nor could she comprehend till explained by a servant who was in attendance, who this poor beloved uncle could be, for whom her foster-sister entreated her to mediate with her father, that he would use his powerful interest to set him at liberty.

The servant had heard the history of Le Pere Robichon's offence against the Papal Church, of his examination by the authorities, and his committal for farther examination to the stronghold of the neighbouring town, but she could not have told her, what she now knew from circumstances, that he was the uncle of Er-

nestine. Eugenie immediately promised her adopted sister to do all she could with her father which could be done for this dear uncle, and this assurance was perhaps the last idea, referring to present things, which the mind of Ernestine was capable of taking in, and even this idea—this promise of liberty of deliverance to her much-loved uncle, as her disease gained ground, seemed to take a new colouring and form, and instead of keeping to that which was personal and present, to assume a higher and more glorious form, an assurance of the spiritual and complete deliverance of the kind old man from all the bonds of darkness and prejudice, and his full admittance into that life which is liberty for ever. And it was not of such liberty, such light and such life for her uncle only, that she spoke, but of the same for her own beloved Eugenie, whom she reminded continually of the holy lessons they had learned together in infancy. Nor was there one sentence which she uttered, which did not sink into the heart of her foster-sister, there forming an impression which never was or never could be effaced.

A few, a very few days only, brought the blessed Ernestine to the termination of all suffering, and so suddenly did this take place, that the Comte at the entreaty of Eugenie, had only just obtained the consent of the authorities to set Father Robichon at liberty, on condition that he was to leave the country and never be seen there more.

The messenger who carried the commands of the authorities to open the gates to the old priest, brought him the account of the death of his niece at the chateau, with some detail of the means by which this death was incurred, telling him how, with her last breath she had blessed him and her foster-sister, and spoken of them

both with sweet assurances of glory in the Saviour who had shed his blood for them on the cross, and how that her last words were these—'The cross, the cross, I leave behind, now am I ready to be set as a jewel in His crown.'

When the venerable man had heard the message, he joined his hands and raised his eyes, 'Then,' he said, 'is the deliverance complete, the last tie which bound me to my native valleys is broken. Farewell, then, sweet vallies—farewell, my beautiful fatherland: yet this and all that it contains shall be the subjects of my prayers, till faith and hope become extinct in the full fruition of the perfect work of love.'

It was about an hour after the glorious deliverance of Ernestine from all the pressure of earthly sorrow, that Eugenie stood weeping, and praying, and clasping the bible given her by her lamented foster-sister on the high and open balcony of the turret, with no other companion but Rocco, who had followed her thither, and who looked up to her with watery eyes, some might have called them weeping, seeming fully to understand that his former mistress needed his services no more. He was pressing his body against her side as she sate upon the pediment of the balustrade, and her hand laid upon his neck, when a sudden motion of the faithful creature drew her attention, and she saw him eagerly looking through the wooden railing.

She marked the direction of his eye, it was towards the gate of the town at the distance only of some hundred yards, and there at that very moment, she saw an aged form clad in priest's robes, come forth leaning on a staff. He had taken off his cap in compliment to the functionaries who had seen him to the gate, and Eugenie fancied she could discern the influence of the wind on his snow-white hair.

When the gate was shut behind him, she saw him look up to the chateau, and after a moment wipe his eyes as if they had filled with tears. She next observed him taking a path which led down to the bank of the gently flowing Tet, setting his face towards the east. She now only perceived the back of his figure which, had she known him a few weeks before, she would have seen to be greatly broken down in the interval, and she was thinking, Oh that I could recal him, the uncle of my lost and beloved one, or at least give him one word of comfort, but he has a friend on high, why should I be anxious for him ?

From the moment in which she had first seen the old man, she had not thought of Rocco, and still believed him at her side, when she saw him leaping the parapet of the green platform under the turret, and bounding over all impediments till he had reached the side of the aged Father. Eugenie saw the old man bend to caress him, and the next instant as the two passed together they were hidden from her sight by an undulation of the bank.

Eugenie never could learn any tidings of the wanderers from that moment, and never was able to make her bounties reach to the expatriated Pastor; and yet so blessed was the intercourse which she had with Ernestine and her family, and so bright the views of divine and redeeming love administered through them and the bible bequeathed to her by her foster-sister, that she never doubted the care of Divine Providence for the aged wanderer, nor ever was permitted to fall again under the influence of that church, the offence of which consists in setting up its own traditions and decrees in opposition to the simple declarations and doctrines of Holy Writ.

JEWISH PROSPECTS.

(*Concluded from our last.*)

We rejoice greatly to find that the important matter which we transcribed into our pages last month from the "Voice of Jacob," under this head, has attracted much attention, and excited no small degree of interest among our readers. This is as it ought to be; female hands are fully competent to enter into the details of what, when it pleases God to bring about its accomplishment, will be the fulfilment of many a prayerful longing of female hearts. What we have further to lay before our friends may be called 'dry statistics' by some; but their investigation is of great importance; for we cannot be too well furnished with proofs of the plain practicability of what is too generally regarded as a chimerical idea; founded on a speculative interpretation of certain obscure prophecies. We fear that not a few among the people of Israel themselves hold this notion, simply for lack of calm inquiry into the matter. They all expect that their nation will one day be restored, and re-established in the land of promise; but though throughout the formularies of their synagogue-service they are taught continually to pray for their own restoration to their land, and that their own eyes may see the Lord's return to Zion in glory, it is astonishing how few among them appear actually to expect the fulfilment even of the first part of this supplication. The

number, however, of these is rapidly increasing; and a spirit is awakened among them that promises a ready, an eager response to the first plain summons for such a movement as Colonel Gawler shews to be not only desirable, but in the highest degree feasible. We certainly must attribute, under God, much of this revived hope among the Jews to the high and scripturally national tone of "The Voice of Jacob;" and to the echo awakened in so many quarters of the world, by the sounding of that Voice. We only wish it was more generally in the hands of those who love Israel; for it abounds with interesting intelligence respecting the scattered nation, which the Lord will shortly gather from all the ends of the earth.

We now proceed to the remainder of Colonel Gawler's communication; delighted to think that some of our Christian sisters, by acquainting themselves with the heads of his plan, may in the evening family circle, be enabled to set them attractively before their fathers, husbands, brothers, and to shew the plain practicability of what, at the first opening, those sagacious gentlemen might be inclined to shake their heads at. We have always by our side Mr. Smith's beautiful model of Jerusalem, with its surrounding hills; and very glorious is the vision that often bursts upon our mental view, or rather, which opens to the eye of faith, as we dwell upon the promised restoration, the renewed, yea redoubled beauty and fertility of that land of Judea. May these anticipations be fulfilled, even in our day!

PRACTICAL DETAILS.

Primary Considerations.

'1. An immense proportion of the fertile land in Palestine lies waste and unprofitable.

'f 2. The supreme right of property in such waste land, as well as in a very large proportion of that which is under cultivation, is held by the Turkish Government, of which it is also the practice to let out land to rent.

'3. While on the one hand, it is contrary to the *letter* of the Ottoman law that foreigners should hold land in freehold; it is, on the other, conformable to long established practice, that they should occupy such property on tenures nominally temporary, but amounting in effect to freehold possession.

'4. *If measures, eminently calculated to be salutary, were even somewhat opposed to ancient law and common practice; still, under the present alarming condition of Asiatic Turkey, it would appear to be most reasonable, that the great European powers which have rendered such essential services to the Turkish Empire, should require, and that the Ottoman Porte should accede to, the adoption of them.*

'5. It would, however, be an advantage to the Ottoman Porte which that Government might be expected to appreciate; that it should lease for long fixed periods —say of thirty or forty years—for a defined fair remuneration in lieu of all rents and taxes, portions of the waste lands in Palestine, to well regulated colonies of foreign Jews. The advantage would be direct in the way of pecuniary returns, and indirect in the influence —as has been already suggested—which the example of active and intelligent men, would have in the support of order, and in the promotion of industry and scientific farming, among the surrounding population—to the diminution of the expenses of civil and military controul, and to the general increase of the wealth of the community and of the public revenue.

'*Localities.*—6. In the ranges of country, that lie within semicircles with radii of twenty-five miles, from the several maritime roadsteads of Palestine; there exist large tracts of such waste, fertile lands. In one or each of these districts, a colony of Jews might, with the permission of the Ottoman Porte, be planted. The debarkation of the emigrants, and their subsequent land transit to their precise destinations, would be facilitated by the conveniences of the port or roadstead. It might become, eventually, a market of export for their produce; and nearness to it would procure for them the protection by influence if not in effect, of the naval force frequently on the coast.

'7. In the event of such a settlement, so situated, it appears probable that Jews with more or less capital, not actually enrolled in the colony; for the purposes of trade and in contemplation of the security which even they might derive, would take up their residences in this port of communication. Thus giving a collateral impulse to the prosperity of the country.

'*Security.*—8. The British Government, it would seem, might with the greatest propriety on its own movement, even if other powers were not disposed to work in concert with it, undertake the protection of such a colony. As the numerous members of the Greek Church in Asiatic Turkey are under the protection of Russia, and the several divisions of the Roman Catholic Church enjoy that of France; it would surely be consistent and reasonable that Great Britain should exercise such a privilege in Palestine, in behalf of Jews—of any, at least, who might become settled there through the medium of her exertions.

'*Numbers.*—9. To be respectable and influential, each colony should not, perhaps, consist of *fewer* than *seven*

hundred effective men; averaging with women, children, and some elderly persons, a total of about *three thousand* souls. And, in the early stages of the attempt, to be manageable, it should not, perhaps, include *more* than *twelve hundred* effective men, or about *five thousand* souls.

'*Government and Laws.*—10. It would seem desirable, that such settlers should be located in groups or villages, say of from about 100 to 400 families each; those persons getting together, who might be acquainted with, and attached to, each other. These groups should be far enough apart to prevent embarrassment; but near enough to facilitate mutual communication, assistance, and protection. Each village might be under the control of an elder or mayor—answering in some degree to the surrounding *shiyukh el belad* (village sheiks)—and his deputy, elected at stated intervals; who, for reasonable defined remuneration, might become, with the assistance of subordinates in the character of English constables, the executive in all the minor details of management, and the media of communication with the supreme authorities.

'11. Considering the frequently disturbed state of Syria, and the novelty of such a proceeding in relation to the Jews themselves; it would be most desirable that, while acknowledging and shewing all respect to the supremacy of the Ottoman Porte, the Jewish colonists should be governed under an agent of the foreign protecting power, by laws especially framed for them—on the general principle which has long obtained in the Turkish dominions, that European foreigners, in that empire, are amenable to their own Consular authorities.

'12. The maintenance of order and administration of

laws in such a colony, would be simplified by the circumstance, that expulsion from it and its protection would constitute the extreme penalty that it could be necessary to inflict, except for cases of murder, or very aggravated assault, or robbery. In regard to these it might be hoped most uncommon crimes, the course appears to be open,—if the colony were under the controul of the British Government,—of transference of the offenders to the courts of Malta.

'13. Complaints against a Jewish colonist by an ordinary Turkish subject, except in the cases of extreme crime just noticed, might be tried before the protecting consul; and complaints of the Jewish colonists against ordinary Turkish subjects, before the regular Turkish authorities. The local Turkish superior functionary in the first case, and the protecting consul in the second, having the right of being present at such trials in person or by deputy.

'14. In the early stages of the attempt, it might be desirable that private debts should not entail personal restraint; and also that the colonists should from the first distinctly understand, that pauperism could not receive either relief or support from public sources.

'15. The early circumstances of such a colony could require no more than a *simple* code of laws and regulations. It has been a most prolific cause of evil in British infant colonies, that to meet national taste, laws have been poured in upon them to extents surpassing, beyond all due proportion, their population and necessities. With a simple and comprehensive code, framed to meet the peculiar requirements of such a community, minor offences might come under the cognizance of the protecting consul, or of the mayors of villages, upon the general plan of British magisterial control; while in

cases of the more serious class, verdicts of guilt or acquittal might be returned by juries, and the degrees of punishment, embracing fines, forfeitures, labour on public improvements, or expulsion from the colony,—rest with the protecting consul, under the limitations of a general scale.

'16. To such a code of laws and regulations, limited in operation to a certain number of years, or made dependent for continuance on certain circumstances, the settlers might be required to affix their signatures on enrolment as members of the colony.

'17. Perfect freedom might be left to all settlers of withdrawal from the colony at pleasure, except when under actual charges of crime,—on the payment of their lawful debts, and the transmission of a proper notice to the protecting consul.

'18. *Actual residence, due improvement of land, and solvency in regard to private debts, and public dues,* must be indispensable conditions for continuation in the colony and its privileges. The two first requirements might be defined, so as to be of practical applicability, without becoming unduly burdensome.

'19. Alterations in, and additions to, the code of laws and regulations might be permitted, upon the proposal of the protecting consul, with of course the sanction of his government; and the acquiescence, by signature, of the majority of the enrolled male adult colonists.

'20. Jews ought not to object to be under control of the kind above described, for a limited understood period. Their own safety and prosperity would imperatively require, that in the early stages of an enterprise so important and so liable to adverse events, they should not be left to themselves; and also, that order and good conduct should be very effectually maintained.

Extreme self-confidence certainly constituted on many past occasions their besetting and ruinous error. If this dangerous principle were again brought into prominent operation, the hopes of their best friends must fail, and all efforts for their benefit become unavailing.

'*General description of the Settlers, and of the mode of their location.*

'21. The colony might be formed of three classes:—

'1st, of persons possessing sufficient capital to provide entirely for themselves, both as to transit and settlement. Receiving from the colony protection and privileges, and land, immediately, of any of the extents, according to their own registered desires, of *about* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 100, 200, or 300 acres; with the possibility of advancing, by further permission, from any of the lesser extents to any of the greater.

'2nd, Of persons with small amounts of capital, providing wholly their own passages and means of transit to the location. Receiving, when really necessary, some assistance towards settlement, and land at once to any of the extents, according to their own originally registered desires, of about 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, or 20 acres, with the possibility of its being increased, by future permission, to 30, 40, or 50 acres.

'3rd, Of persons of very small means, receiving a free conveyance for themselves, their families, and a regulated weight of luggage; and assistance towards settlement, according to a fixed scale, and in reference to particular necessities. Obtaining at once, on arriving at their place of destination, a site for a house; and, as they might desire it, land in the proportion, of *about* one acre for each adult in their families, for every two children above, or for every three children under, ten years of age,—with the possibility of the extent being

increased on future application and permission, to *about* 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, or 10 acres.

'The second and third classes might pass into the higher privileges in regard to choice of land, on application and permission according to opportunities; after repaying the value of the public assistance they had received, according to an established scale.

'22. The second and third classes would constitute the essential substance of the colony. They might exist on the small allotment system, without the first class; but their prosperity and prospects, and the general character and influence of the whole undertaking, would be most materially improved by the mixing of a due proportion of the first class with them.

'23. The proportion of the 3rd class, should never be *less* than four effective men to every 100 acres of the total amount of land claimed for the first class. This proportion might leave a surplus of labour in reference to the requirements of the first class; but as the labourers would be in possession of their own small allotments for the production of the absolute necessaries of life, no serious evil could arise from the preponderance. The second class, with casual assistance from such surplus labour, might be expected to be equal to their own wants in cultivation.

'24. On these principals, if 200 heads of families were to come forward as applicants for admission into the first class, requiring on the average each 100 acres of land, the numbers of the third class should not consist of fewer than 800, leaving room for 200 of the second class to complete a colony of 1200 effective men. The population and land statistics of the colony would then be—

1st Class, 200 men, occupying	20,000
2nd Class, 200 — averaging perhaps each 15 acres, ...	3,000
3rd Class, 800 — averaging perhaps each 2 acres, ...	1,600
1,200 men	Acres 24,600

'*About* 5,000 total population, occupying, *if in one block*, a district containing *about* 40 square miles of arable land, in cross measurements, in a fertile tract, *about* 5 miles by 8.

'25. If applications for the first class were less numerous, the numbers of the third class might still remain about the same; and those of the second be augmented to make up the deficiency of the first. The colony in such a case would be poorer, but more compact.

'26. As admission to the number of the colonists could take place only under authority, the control in reference to any desired proportions of the several classes would be kept very much in hand.

'*Local Primary Land and Financial Regulations.*

'27. *Every settler to be responsible for the rental of the whole of the land he may have chosen.* The first class lodging on registration, each a deposit of one year's average rental, and the average cost of his proportion of the survey, returnable in the event of the settler not being put into possession. No rent or taxes to be paid in consideration of the first two years occupation. After the termination of this period, the annual rental to be—say—ten per cent. on the average value of the produce of the whole of the land in occupation, as if it were under full cultivation in wheat.

'28. This average value of the produce in wheat to

be decided as follows:—First, the average annual quantity of wheat which good lands in the tracts of country fixed upon commonly yield, to be settled with the Turkish government by preliminary treaty, and maintained as an unalterable standard. *Second*, the average market price of wheat to be agreed upon annually, on—say—the first Tuesday in the month of May, i. e. about a fortnight before the usual ingathering of harvest,—by conference at the seaport of communication, between a Turkish authority duly appointed, and the protecting consul, or in case of illness, their duly appointed deputies. Either of these functionaries having full power, in the event of the absence of the other at the place, day, and hour determined, to fix absolutely by himself the rate.

'29. The payment to be made annually at the settlement, or at the seaport of communication, on a day or days, and hour, at the discretion of the protecting consul, between the 20th June and the 20th July—that is, after the latest period of harvest home—to any duly appointed Turkish authority. The payment to be in cash, in grain, or in the two together, at the uncontrolled choice of each colonist.

'30. In the event of any extraordinary destruction by drought, fires, locusts, or otherwise, of the whole or any considerable portion of the crops, the protecting consul's solemn written statement of the same, duly handed over to the Turkish authorities, to be taken in delay of payment for—say—two years, of the portion of rental proportionate to the destruction: such payment withheld, however, to be charged with interest at a rate fixed in the original treaty.

'31. In the event of the payment of rental for any extents of the land in occupation, not being forthcoming

at any of the absolutely stipulated periods, land to the same extent from the district allowed for the colony, to be returned in totality, by the protecting consul to the Turkish government.

'32. The protecting consul to be also responsible, that two-thirds of the total extent of land allowed for the colony shall be in occupation; and after the first two years, chargeable with annual rental. Departures from this proportion on the side of deficiency, to be corrected annually, by a proportionate surrender of land to the Turkish government.

'The principle of surrender of land at the rate of deficiency of rental, would ensure to the Porte either the rental, or the speedy return of the territory; and would keep the colony clear of debt in this particular.

'33. The foregoing principles for the payment of rental on lands, in occupation, might be also adapted to the rendering of compensation for the depasturing of live stock, on the unoccupied lands in the allowed district, or upon waste lands in its vicinity. That is, the annual compensation might be fixed at—say ten per cent. on the annual average increase. Such average increase on each class of animals, being permanently settled by original treaty; and the successive annual market prices, by conference between a Turkish authority and the protecting consul. Payments also being in cash, in kind, or in both at the discretion of each settler. Registration of all stock must of necessity be required, under penalty of forfeiture; and the property of each settler be liable for any of his defaults of payment. The protecting consul, with the power of making musters of the stock, should be responsible for the correctness of their registered numbers; and at such musters, a Turkish authorized agent might have the

right of attending as a witness. Animals actually employed in labour might be exempted from the depasturing rental.

'34. Each colonist must be moreover liable, in proportion to the extent of the land he might occupy, for the salaries of the mayors, constables, and other local Jewish officers; paying in cash or in kind, and the officers receiving payment in the same manner, according to the rates and principles already laid down for the raising of the general rental. The number of officers and the amounts of their salaries, being fixed by the original regulations; and becoming subject, in the same manner that these would be, to alterations.

'35. In order that persons, who might desire to devote themselves to trade instead of to agriculture or pastoral pursuits, should contribute their proportions to the local public expenditure: shops, and public sales, might be made subject to licences, graduated in price according to a scale of average quarterly, half yearly, or annual profits. Cases of disputed valuation becoming determinable, as such are in connection with the present English Income Tax.

'In the pamphlet, the foregoing details are followed by a close examination of the FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS necessary for their accomplishment. Space does not here permit the insertion of this head at full length, and those who may desire to enquire into it minutely, must refer to the pamphlet itself. It may here be observed concerning it, that like all other particulars in the pamphlet, *it has been drawn up with a most careful regard to* PRACTICAL *application*. Accustomed to superintend the debarkation of emigrants and their complete settlement, in a country of which the latitude, climate,

and features, have a near resemblance to those of Palestine, I have placed myself, in mind, in Palestine, and have calculated, I believe, every possible contingency.

'The Financial arrangements are divided into two principal classes,—*local* and *foreign*; and the last of these again into two heads,—*unavoidable* and *extraordinary*. It is proposed that the *local* class of expences —generally described under article 34 of the foregoing details—should be borne after the first two years by the colonists themselves. But that, for the first two years, it should be defrayed by the foreign protecting power, which would also meet, wholly, the other class termed *foreign*.

'These propositions ought not to be startling to any reader, for there is nothing unreasonable in them. The total amount of outlay for a colony would be a sum comparatively small—not greater than that required for the building of one large line of battle ship, or war steamer—the ship perishing in a few years, the colony never perishing, but growing in endless advantages. According to the plan laid down also, all considerable expenditure on the part of the protecting power would be confined to a very limited period of time. It is moreover suggested, that the *unavoidable* portion of the foreign expenditure should be met from the public treasury, and the *extraordinary*, by private contributions.

'In regard to the claims of Jews for such assistance from Christian nations, two principles are advanced, which a glance backward at the page of history ought to make obvious to every intelligent reader without further explanation.

'These claims also, be it remembered, come supported *by the duty of rescuing the* EAST *from its present appalling degradation;* and by the interest, of cultivating high, honourable, and benevolent, feelings in our own nation. *All these, in these times, are considerations of unspeakable magnitude.*'

'G. G.'

DO YOU LOVE CHRIST?

Do you love Christ? I ask not if you feel[1]
The warm excitement of that party zeal[2]
Which follows on, while others lead the way,
And makes *His* cause the fashion of the day:
But do you love him when his *garb* is mean;
Nor shrink to let your fellowship be seen?[3]
Do you love Jesus, blind, and halt, and maimed?
In prison succour him;—nor feel ashamed[4]
To own him,—though his injured name may be
A mark for some dark slander's obloquy!
Do you love Jesus in the orphan's claim;
And bid the widow welcome in His name?[5]
Say not, "When saw we him?"—Each member dear,
Poor, and afflicted, wears his image here;[6]
And if unvalued or unknown by thee,
Where can thy union with the *Body* be?[7]
And if thou thus art to the body dead,
Where is thy life in Christ the living Head?[8]

[1] John xxi. 15. [2] 1 Cor. iii. 4. [3] Rom. i. 16.
[4] Matt. xxv. 34—40. [5] James i. 27. [6] 1 Cor. xii. 12.
[7] 1 Cor. xii. 26. [8] Col. i. 18.

And if dissevered from the living Vine,[1]
How canst thou dream that thou hast Life Divine ![2]
Sweet is the union true believers feel,[3]
Into one Spirit they have drunk ;—the seal[4]
Of God is on their hearts,—and thus they see[5]
In each the features of One family ![6]
If one in suffering,—all the rest are sad ;[7]
If but the least is honoured,—all are glad.
The grace of Jesus, which they all partake,
Flows out in mutual kindness for his sake.
Here he has left them for awhile to wait,
And represent *Him* in their suffering state ;[8]
While He, though glorified, *as yet*, alone,
Bears the whole Church before the Father's throne.[9]

[1] John xv. 1. [2] John xv. 6. [3] Rom. xii. 5.
[4] Eph. iv. 4. [5] Eph. i. 13. [6] Eph. iii. 15.
[7] 1 Cor. xii. 26. [8] Eph. v. 30. [9] Heb. vii. 25.

Review of Books.

LAYS AND LAMENTS FOR ISRAEL. *Poems on the present state and future prospects of the Jews. Original and selected. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. John Anderson, Free Church, Edinburgh.*—Blackie.

We are somewhat fastidious, perhaps, in matters connected with this subject; because we have had so very many occasions to remark and to lament the profound ignorance existing among Christians in what regards the ancient people of God; and above all to blush for the total absence of all delicacy, not to say respect, in dealing with our elder brethren. Jewish literature, though much on the increase among us, is not yet sufficient to supply even a small portion of the demand: the Jew is thrown on the Gentile press for information and amusement: and there are many books—indeed the vast majority of books written with an actual view to their especial benefit, which we would not put into their hands; so certain they are to revolt the feelings of an Israelite. We are happy to find little of this objectionable character in Mr. Anderson's very pleasing

collection; and not only has he carefully avoided insulting the Hebrew, but he has rendered a measure of justice so rare, yet so true, that we transcribe it with delight from his Introductory Essay. After recording their avidity for learning, and the proofs that abound of their literary turn, he proceeds: "The Jews are thus entitled to be considered as eminently an intellectual people, who, amid all the disadvantages of their dispersed and despised condition, have contributed their full share to the sacred and secular literature of the world. In a moral respect, they are a very different people from what is commonly believed. The popular belief is, that they are eminently covetous, hard-hearted, and ungrateful. A consideration of facts warrants us to state that for this prevailing belief there is no foundation. In these respects they are not worse, nay many of them are superior to the generality of nations and individuals bearing the Christian name. Numerous instances could be adduced of Jewish generosity. As a people, they are peculiarly susceptible of and grateful for kindness. They are noted for their temperance, and it is seldom that their names are to be found in the calendar of a nation's crimes."

This is all most true; and it is thus that a few of God's dear servants are beginning to "gather out the stones" that block up Israel's way. The number will increase, as the gross ignorance now prevailing is cleared away by honest statements of the truth. We have always near us the six large octavo volumes of Jewish service-books for the festivals: two containing the service for the day of Atonement; one each for the New Year, Passover, Pentecost, and Feast of Tabernacles: with a similar volume of daily prayers, as used in the synagogues. When conversing with Christians, cleri-

cal and lay, on Jewish subjects, we have pointed to these books, asking if our friends were at all acquainted with them: and with one solitary exception (the Rev. A. Dallas) the answer has been in the negative. We have pointed out passages in these books, all always perfectly new to our friends; and have greatly enjoyed their amazement on reading them. Now, really, people should not undertake to handle subjects, on which they are so entirely in the dark; and we do hope that a better day is dawning, when these unfounded prejudices shall vanish away. We hail Mr. Anderson as a fellow helper in the work that it is our glory to prosecute; that of pressing the demand, 'Justice for Israel.'

CHARACTERS. *By the Rev. Denis Kelly, M.A. Minister of Trinity Church, St. Bride's, London; and Author of "Self-inspection," "Sabbath Evening Readings," "Practical Sermons," &c.*—Edwards and Hughes.

We are always pleased with Mr. Kelly's books, because he is so much in earnest in what he writes, and does it with so evident a desire to be useful to the souls of men. His style, too, is very pleasing; and his works are among those that instruct without wearying the attention. The present volume is descriptive of different dispositions, scripturally viewed, and exhibits much thoughtful study of that great paradox, the human character.

JAMAICA : *enslaved and free.*—Religious Tract Society.

THIS is another of the monthly issues, intended and admirably calculated, to supersede some of the trash that inundates the country at a merely nominal price. The first discovery of Jamaica, and its occupation by Columbus, are exceedingly well told, and in an excellent spirit. Then follows a most graphic description of the country and its productions, with a sketch of the history, so awfully interesting as connected with the horrors of slavery. We hope these little volumes will become increasingly popular. "Jerusalem" is announced as the next in succession.

SELECT DEVOTIONAL WORKS OF JOSEPH HALL, D.D., *Bishop of Norwich.*—Religious Tract Society.

BISHOP Hall needs no commendation from us: his writings are among the most precious of our once Protestant Church. This neat volume contains seven of his best treatises, and several letters. It forms part of a series, entitled "The works of the doctrinal Puritans." An awful designation to be bestowed on a bishop! We must, indeed, see an extensive revival of the spirit that animated those real Puritans, in our own church, manifested with equal boldness, decision, and disregard of man's favour or frown, before we can hope for any thing like an effectual barrier against the incursions of Popery. May the Lord grant us such a revival!

THE NECESSITY AND CHARACTER OF THE REFORMATION. *By Archibold Boyd, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Cheltenham.* Davies.

THIS is a tract; but it is a splendid thing. Mr. Boyd, indeed, cannot help being splendid. His Derry fire burns not the less brightly in a comparatively uninteresting locality. Many beautiful and striking thoughts are thrown out in this little Protestant gem; and though it has no London publisher, we hope it will circulate far and wide.

THE TIME OF THE END: *or, the World, the Visible Church, and the People of God, at the Advent of the Lord. By the Rev. Edward Hoare, M.A., Curate of Richmond.* Hatchards.

A MOST important, striking, and valuable work: merely a tract in stiff covers, but full of matter and meaning. We very strongly recommend it to our readers for their most diligent perusal; but as more than one pamphlet is about, bearing the same title, they must look to the Author's name. We do not go along with Mr. Hoare in his little foot-note touching the Evangelical Alliance; but in all other things we feel it a privilege to concur with him.

WE have seen with pleasure a little Address, entitled, 'Reasons for wishing to join the Evangelical Alliance,'

in a Letter from the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, of West Street Chapel, to his flock. (Nisbet and Co.) Plain truths, spoken with singular boldness and fidelity, characterize the Letter; and we trust it will be the means of deciding some doubtful brethren as to the course which they ought to take.

'"WARS and rumours of wars;" "distress of nations and perplexity;" these words,' said my uncle, 'may indeed be used to describe the present state of the world. In Europe we have the outbreaking of such popular commotion as threatens to spread, by sympathetic influence, the flame of civil war. In Africa, we behold a sanguinary contest carried on by the wanton thirst of conquest and of fame on the part of a nominally Christian nation, against a people who never have been, nor ever will be conquered: a race whose destiny to the end of time is as clearly marked out by the inspired word as that of his kinsman Israel. I behold in the extraordinary leader of those Arab tribes the very embodiment of God's word concerning his father Ishmael, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him: and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." Such has been the character, such the lot, of the unconquered Arab, during upwards of thirty-six centuries, and it is very remarkable that in our day, when every thing seems combining to force upon men's minds the recollection of what the Lord from of old hath spoken, this formidable Arab leader should be called into universal notice by the unprincipled aggressions of infidel France.'

'Indeed, uncle, it has sometimes appeared strange to myself; but I must confess that there is no character

now performing a conspicuous part on the world's vast stage that so fascinates my attention as this Abd-el-kader: nor any contested cause in which I take so deep an interest as that of the invaded Arabs.'

'It is not to be wondered at, seeing that you look on it through the medium of prophecy, and trace a beautiful fulfilment of the divine word, where the careless world sees nothing more than a fierce struggle between two hordes, of civilized and of uncivilized savages. From Africa, if we turn to America, there is a volcano ever threatening to explode on a tremendously large scale; while warfare, in some shape, is always breaking out in the southern parts of that extensive line. Asia ——' here my uncle made a pause.

'Ah, if we could pierce the secret thoughts of human bosoms, uncle, we should find ourselves justified here in taking up the remainder of the passage, and adding "men's hearts failing them for fear, and looking for those things that are coming on the earth." I believe that golden empire of India is a source of terrible apprehension now to many who have long revelled in its wealth, and, while gathering the spoil, have persuaded themselves that to-morrow shall be as to-day, and yet more abundant.'

'Nothing is more appalling to my mind, my dear, than the tone in which recent events in that wronged and rifled country are spoken of in quarters where the lowliest language of contrition and sorrow might rather be expected to sound forth. The fact that our previous movements for years past in that direction have been wholly and most wantonly aggressive: the fact that "to take a spoil and to take a prey" was the notorious object of proceedings for which a wretchedly flimsy covering was sought in the pretence of a friendly and

philanthropic interference in the affairs of what were certainly ill-governed states, all is forgotten ; and a cry of exultation is raised, by Christian voices, over the slaughtered thousands of heathens whom we were bound by the commandment of God to approach with the gospel of peace, and not with the murderous sword of destruction—too surely, alas ! in their case, everlasting. My very heart raises an indignant protest against the impious assumption that the Lord led, and blessed our armies with success, because, in His infinite mercy, and in answer to the supplications of believing parents, wives, sisters, at home, He graciously interposed to avert the utter overthrow of our forces.'

'But were not the Sikhs really the aggressors in this instance ?'

'Let us suppose that, for purposes avowed to be most friendly and gracious, a very powerful army of foreigners, whose object always and in all places had been conquest and plunder, advanced as near to London as they could do, on the Surrey side, and there proceeded to fortify themselves ; at the same time gradually drawing towards them powerful re-inforcements. Now if the Londoners, not liking such a juxta-position, nor wishing to see the whole country south of them overrun by such hostile bands, were to cross the Thames, with a resolute determination of driving these polite invaders back to their own territories, they would commit an act of aggression similar to that perpetrated by the Hindoos in crossing the Sutlej. The ultimate conquest of the Punjaub, the subjugation of all India, have long been determined on, forming perhaps the remote, but still steadily regarded landmark in every movement connected with that country : and it is an awful thought, that while our poor soldiers fell in hun-

dreds around, with the natives of provinces already conquered and trained to extend our domination over a land that God never gave us, He, to whom the past and the future are alike present, beheld the secret counsels of former years, planning and plotting these aggressive acts against a people who dwelt inoffensively in that portion of the earth which he had divided to them. It is a fearful, a dreadful thing to represent that most just and holy Lord God as approving, yea fixing a public seal of his approval, on acts that he has so denounced, "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place; that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" I fear this applies with terrible force to us.'

'There is another passage, the application of which, even if we were the aggrieved and assailed party, I cannot but fear would also reach us. "Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled; and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee! When thou shalt cease to spoil thou shalt be spoiled; and when thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee!" We are so apt to forget the first steps in a prosperous course, when those steps have not been according to right principle; but there is no such forgetfulness with God. Rejecting it, perhaps, in words, we are alas! too ready practically to adopt the unhallowed sentiment, that the end sanctifies the means. We run into terrible danger, when we represent the shedding of human blood in the battle field as a thing on which the Lord of life can look complacently down; and to make Him, as it were, a party in our merciless deeds of slaughter, is to provoke his direst vengeance in the face of the whole world.'

'Well, we shall be very unpopular in our avowal of such principles, but what matter, so long as the Bible bears us out in its every page? The Lord of old sent his chosen people, armed for the conflict, to execute his just vengeance on guilty lands; on nations whom he could have visited with famine, pestilence, or any of his sore plagues, and so swept from the face of the earth, had it not been his gracious purpose, by making the Israelites the executioners of his vengeance, to strike a terrible fear of the divine judgment into their hearts; and above all to guard them from the sin of idolatry, to which they were always prone. In the fulfilment of these commands, they truly marched, and fought, and overthrew their enemies, under the divine guidance: the Lord was their banner: the Lord shewed himself a man of war. Again, when Israel was established in the land of Canaan, other nations came up against them, boasting in the superiority of their own idol gods over the living God whom the Hebrews worshipped; and they were routed, slain, destroyed, sometimes by the direct interposition of the Lord, sometimes by the power that he gave his people to vanquish in his name all who should come against them uncommissioned by Him. Now, this is the Old Testament authority for connecting the name of the Lord God with the wars and fightings of men. In what respect is it analogous to any of the events, where even Christians have accustomed themselves to call the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ "the God of battles," and to describe Him as going forth with our aggressive legions? If we turn to the New Testament, we have not merely the absence of even a seeming foundation on which to build so presumptuous, I could say impious a theory, but we meet with the strongest, plainest, most unequivocal condem-

nation of the whole principle and practice of modern warfare.'

'Yet there will be wars and fightings to the end of the dispensation.'

'Yes, as long as the world lieth in wickedness with Satan, its prince, perpetually stirring it into active rebellion against God. But see how prominently the final end of all hostile movements is set forth as one of the signs and blessings of Christ's kingdom upon earth. "Nation shall not lift up the sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." "They shall beat their swords into scythes, and their spears into pruning hooks." "None shall hurt nor destroy upon my holy mountain:" and why? because "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Oh, let us be careful how we express ourselves concerning what the inspired apostle describes as coming from the lusts of men! Let us humbly, and with contrite hearts, acknowledge] that it is of the Lord's mercies that our armies and our nation are not consumed at the hand of an enemy; but beware of making Him a party in our unholy strife, or of representing Him who willeth not the death of a single sinner as presiding over our homicidal operations!'

'Tell me, uncle, do you think that in the coming outburst of strife that we are taught to expect among the nations, the Jews, as such, will take a part?'

'I am inclined to think not an actively hostile part against any. They will rather be the objects of unprovoked attack, in consequence of the peaceful prosperity that shall have dawned upon the restored remnant in their own land; and then the Lord Himself, their own Messiah, the Redeemer of Israel, shall appear for their

deliverance. I was reading last night, in unbroken succession, the forty-second and two following chapters of Isaiah, and most strikingly clear appeared their application, alike to the Gentiles on one side, and Israel on the other. I think the Jews will be the occasion of much strife and destruction among the idolatrous nations, especially those of the Latin and the Greek communion. How remarkable are the expressions used in reference to the four quarters of the world in which we see Judah and Israel at this time scattered. "I will bring thy seed from the East, and gather thee from the West; I will say to the North give up, and to the South, keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." That word of authority, GIVE UP! addressed to Russia, how it thrills on the ear, and animates the heart!'

'And, "keep not back," is so applicable to the South. The perilous places through which their fathers passed, would have presented a formidable obstacle now to the returning families; but God has, by human instrumentality, opened a way in the wilderness, and a highway in the desert; and the passage will shortly become safe, easy, frequented, pleasant, where innumerable difficulties must have "kept back" the mingled company approaching Judea from the South.'

'"I will *gather* thee from the West." A very extensive field it is, and very widely are they scattered there. Southern Europe and America, and the isles of the sea are included. It will be a great gathering! Is it not marvellous, is it not glorious, to behold the most mysterious predictions, things that so perplexed our forefathers as to put them upon spiritualizing into nothing the literal promises of God to His ancient people, becoming daily more plain, more palpable, yea, more ine-

vitable in their fulfilment under our eyes? Railways and canals through the Great Desert would have appeared to the last generation as the wildest of dreams that could disorder a fevered brain; and, behold! we see them commenced; we witness the casting up, the preparing of that way by which God will bring back His own Israel to the land of their inheritance.'

'With what intense anxiety, dear uncle, do I await the result of the mission, the voluntary enterprise of that noble Montefiore, to the court of the great autocrat, the oppressor of the Jews!'

'May the blessing of Abraham rest upon him, and the richest success crown his undertaking! When I last grasped the hand of that devoted patriot, and saw the fervency of spirit that animated him, chastened by as unaffected a humility as ever I traced in man's countenance and language, I felt in my inmost soul that the Lord had chosen and commissioned him, even as Nehemiah of old, to do a great work for his people. Yes, Montefiore will succeed, either directly or indirectly; and we shall soon hear the awful voice that none can resist, saying to the North, "Give up!" Six hundred thousand was the number of the Israelites whom the Lord led forth from Egypt: upwards of one million, six hundred thousand Jews are held in actual, though not nominal captivity in various parts of the gigantic empire of the North. A great prey for the tyrant Czar to give up.'

'And what of Jerusalem, uncle? Day after day, with the vividness of almost tangible reality, the holy city lies before me, in its modelled beauty, talking so eloquently of past, present and future, that every other object, save only the glorious Word of God, lying beside it—its divine charter—fades into comparative insig-

nificance. What of Jerusalem—what of the Protestant bishopric ?'

'I know of no Protestant bishopric there, alas ! Recent events have presented in a frightful aspect the antichristian spirit of the persecuting churches that we are pleased to term orthodox, and to give them the right hand of a fellowship which cannot exist—that of Christ with Belial ; the temple of God with idols. Lately, in Constantinople, some poor members of the Armenian communion, having heard the truth as it is in Jesus, and searched for themselves the Scriptures, attempted to separate from the idolatrous body in which they had been brought up. The consequence of this was a most horrible anathema, publicly pronounced against them in the church by the Archbishop, in which God's direst vengeance is threatened, not merely against those whose name of reproach is "Gospellers" but against every one who shall give them a morsel of bread, or in any way extend to them the slightest succour. The father who shall feed his famishing son, while that son professes the pure faith of the Gospel, is denounced as giving food to Judas. I never read any papal fulmination more replete with ferocious bitterness. The consequence is, that these simple professors of the truth are perishing : the licences in virtue of which they pursue their respective trades, are withdrawn ; men will neither buy nor sell with them ; the very water-carriers in the streets refuse to leave a drop of the indispensable element at any house where they are sheltered ; and but for the private bounty of our missionaries, and English residents, they must die of starvation, and the violence used to compel their return to idolatrous practices. Is that a PROTESTANT work, one prominent obligation of which is to bandy compliments with these persecuting

tyrannic ecclesiastics, to salute them as "Your Holinesses;" and openly to disclaim any interference whatever with their vile system; discouraging all who seek emancipation from it, and glorying in the unity maintained with these churches, which form the eastern limb of Antichrist, shortly, it would seem, to be reconciled to the Western; and to make head against Christ and his saints.'

'And what reason can be assigned for this unholy, this unnatural alliance?'

'Fear: I know of no other. The local government would listen to the complaints of the Greek Churches, as a pretext for getting rid of what they evidently consider an intrusion; and Russia, ever fiercely alive to the cause of her own superstitious faith, would come into the field to put down all that opposes it—Turkish, or Popish, or Protestant. According to the dictates of worldly prudence and policy, all this caution is right; but not for one moment can it endure the test of Scripture.'

'It seems that every new look at what is passing can but deepen the conviction that "all the foundations of the earth are out of course." To no quarter can we turn, but this is apparent; and the necessity for making all things new becomes so evident, that I find rest for my harassed spirit only in the reiterated prayer, "Lord Jesus, come quickly!" We have, indeed, the comfort of seeing on all hands such manifest tokens of his very speedy coming as may well teach us to lift up our heads in joyous anticipation; but I feel impatient at the long delay.'

'Yet, remember, the Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is patient, long-suffering, not willing that any should perish,

but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth." Oh for an army wielding the sword of the Spirit—holding forth, not the weapons of death, but the word of life! With such a host, the Lord would indeed go forth; and truly would he show himself the God of such battles as they should fight. It will yet be, that a great ingathering shall take place, the Spirit being poured forth from on high, and multitudes rescued in the last terrible day of separation. With this in our minds, let us patiently wait: and let us enter fully into the meaning of the petition, that should be ever on our lips, "Thy kingdom come!"'

THE

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WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XIX.

The events of several years succeeding that of the memorable Council of Lateran, afford us no clue by which to trace the footsteps of the flock, beyond such glimmerings as we have noticed, of an unextinguished light existing amid the thick darkness. Those years were marked by much stirring incident in the world: the Eastern Crusades revived in all their original enthusiasm, completely drawing off public attention from the devastated provinces where Simon de Montfort struggled to retain what his cruel violence had grasped; and where Fouquet and his unprincipled associates still kept up the war-cry of 'Heresy,' as a pretext for aiding the sanguinary conqueror. The career of the latter, was, however, near its close: already had the terrible and wily enemy of Christ's Church been called from

the seat of his supreme earthly dominion to appear before that Jesus whom he had so fiercely persecuted, and to render an account of his evil deeds. Innocent III. was cut off in the prime and pride of life, leaving to another, perhaps not less willing, but certainly less able hand, the task of wearing out and destroying the saints of the Most High; and the extinction of that master-spirit was felt throughout the world, as an event that must needs change the general aspect. To de Montfort, the pretended servant of the papacy, who in reality served none but himself, it mattered little who ruled in the Vatican, so long as he had an army of good fighting men under his command; but there is no doubt that the removal of their pontifical oppressor produced an exhilarating effect on the Languedocians, and on their chiefs. The Count of Foix in particular was strongly suspected of holding the doctrines that Rome most abhors; and his wife openly professed them; but the character of a religious war had been well nigh lost sight of, nothing but the fanaticism of the ecclesiastics keeping alive its semblance.

Toulouse, exasperated by the perfidy and barbarity so recently experienced at the hands of Simon, received once more its ancient lord, Raymond, with a fixed determination of upholding his rights. It was not long before powerful reinforcements were poured into the city, headed by the principal chiefs and nobles of the surrounding territories; so that Simon was compelled to hasten with all speed, in his wonted assurance of being able to put down every opposition by the strength of his arm. His troops, however, contained many who had enrolled themselves only to escape suspicion and consequent destruction, and these immediately deserted him for the standards of their respective chiefs. Not a

few of his mercenary soldiers, panic-struck at this unexpected turn of affairs, abruptly left him also ; and it was with a diminished host, though partially strengthened by a junction with his brother Guy, that he approached the walls of Toulouse, ere yet the eager citizens had completed their rebuilding and the repairs of their ruined fortifications. Against them, de Montfort put in practice his utmost skill, power, and persevering resolution, but in vain. Many months were passed in pressing a hopeless siege, and in making assaults that were always repulsed with severe loss to the assailants ; until matters became so critical that Fouquet hastened into France to preach up a new crusade : and Simon, dispatching his Countess to solicit aid from Philip Augustus, himself made a very urgent appeal to the Vatican. It was, indeed, become necessary to rekindle the old embers of religious persecution into a blaze, in order to preserve to him the prize that he had proudly thought his own.

But before the result of these applications could be known, the vengeance of God overtook the criminal. With his usual show of pious zeal, he was attending the service of the Church on the 25th of June, 1218, when news was brought to him there that the besieged had made a sally and taken his favorite machine, "the cat," which they were destroying by fire. Mass was then being celebrated, and he remained till the moment when the wafer was elevated, to which the monstrous dogma of transubstantiation had been formally affixed by the Lateran Council ; then blasphemously perverting the language of Scripture, he loudly exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace ! for mine eyes have seen thy salvation ;" and with this awful testimony to his idolatrous belief, he left the Church, to

superintend the retaking of the murderous machine. In this he succeeded; but at the same moment a ponderous stone cast from the walls smote the defyer of the living God on the forehead, and laid him low in death.

It was not till after a month's protracted, but fruitless efforts to carry the siege to a successful termination, that Amaury de Montfort took up his father's corpse, and bore it over the blood-stained track of his long advance, to that memorable spot, Carcassonne, where the young and noble Count Raymond Roger had been ensnared by treachery and committed to the hands of one who, after a long and dreary imprisonment in a dungeon, ended by murdering him. Hither the grim and ghastly body was brought in all the mingled pomp and pride of military and regal parade; and when at the last day of awful judgment the graves are opened and earth and sea yield up their dead, from the crumbling fragments of Carcassonne will come forth the wretched Simon de Montfort.

His character and his career were, indeed, most fearfully pre-eminent in guilt. The wild enthusiasm of the age, that really thought to do God service by slaying his saints, the chivalrous spirit that loved to conquer for conquest's sake, and courted the plaudits that formed the victor's proudest meed, these belonged not to de Montfort. Dark, stern, cold, selfish, calculating, and with that revolting peculiarity which distinguishes some few beasts of prey, the wanton prolongation of the victim's sufferings, while the monster gloats over its pangs, he stood comparatively alone, supreme in cruelty, where all were cruel; and never was he known to yield his own savage will, save when some prompter, like Fouquet, suggested a refinement of treachery

and barbarity beyond what he had himself conceived. The selection of such a man to bear the title of the Church's most trusted and most favoured champion, speaks volumes as to what that Church itself must have been; while imagination shrinks from pursuing the track of his blood-stained course, rending, mangling, and destroying without mercy old and young, the grey-haired sire of successive generations, and the helpless babe of yesterday; the true worshipper of God, and the loyal slave of Rome who dared to cast a look of compassion on his more enlightened brother; ay, and the undoubted devotee of that very religion for which Simon professed to combat, if by including him under the common charge of heresy, the plunderer might destroy him, and seize on his inheritance. We cannot follow such a wretch as this to his final account: we can but ponder on the fearful truth that such, in its unrestrained workings, is the mystery of iniquity; such the character of that Great Babylon on whom vengeance will ere long fall; and from the contemplation gather fresh energy for the re-iterated call, "Come out of her my people! be ye not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues."

Amaury de Montfort, determined to retain what his father had won, exerted himself effectually, alike at the Court of Rome and that of France, to obtain the needful assistance for another crusade; of course on the old pretext of extirpating heresy, but in reality to attack and to slay the native possessors of a soil over which he desired to reign supreme; and who, though perfectly sincere in their allegiance to the papacy, still preferred the mild rule of their rightful and half-enlightened lords to the sway of a bigot, dark, fierce, and pitiless, as they had good reason to fear a de Montfort must be.

This expedition was headed by Prince Louis of France, as a meritorious service before God; and very many were the lives sacrificed of those whom we cannot number with the saints, the objects of the war made by the Beast, in the person of Innocent III. The castle of Marmaude was an important post, and to this the crusaders laid siege, until the inhabitants offered to capitulate, and Prince Louis willingly granted them permission to leave the place in safety, rejecting the counsel of the Bishop of Saintes, that he should seize, burn, and otherwise slay the whole body, civil and military, as heretics and apostates. But what the French prince could not bring himself to perpetrate, was done by hands more experienced in the work of treachery and slaughter. While a few of the principal chiefs and knights were going through the form of surrendering themselves in the tent of Louis, Amaury de Montfort at the head of his troops, privately entered the unguarded city, where of five thousand inhabitants, of all ages and conditions, they left not one alive. Every man, woman and child, was butchered before Louis could interpose to stay the work of death. He expressed displeasure; but it was not for a mere secular prince to condemn what had been done under ecclesiastical sanction; and leaving the reeking heap of carnage to send up to heaven its fearful cry against them, the crusaders prepared once more to assault Toulouse. They were further encouraged to this attempt by the publicly recorded oath of the pope's legate, who had solemnly sworn, 'that in the said Toulouse should remain neither man, woman, boy, nor girl, but that all should be put to death, without sparing any, old or young; and that in all the city there should not remain one stone upon another, but all should be demolished and thrown down.' This pious oath, by the

immediate representative of infallibility, infused new courage into the crusaders, and excited no small dread in the bosom of the miserable Count Raymond, who continued fast bound in the chains of superstition, pursuing his anomalous course of unbounded submission to the spiritual thraldom of Rome; and protection, so far as it still existed to be protected, to what she denounces it an unpardonable sin even to tolerate. Still Raymond had many brave and faithful allies, who threw reinforcements into the city in great abundance; while the devotion of magistrates, burgesses, and people to their hereditary ruler and his son was unbounded. No sign of intimidation appeared, but the boldest preparations for a vigorous defence; and after some able but fruitless attempts to carry a part of the outworks, Prince Louis, with the remains of his army, gladly retired; accompanied not only by the disappointed Amaury de Montfort, but also by the legate, Bertrand, whose pious vow was baffled as effectually as that of the devotees of old, who were sworn "neither to eat or drink till they had slain Paul."

But where, during this while, were those who in life and doctrine were followers of Paul, even as he followed Christ? They were still scattered about the provinces, taking advantage of the temporary diversion of their merciless foes from the work of direct persecution; confirming each other in the faith, and deriving new strength to resist alike the allurements and the terrors of Rome, from what they had beheld of the practical workings of that cruelly fierce and antichristian spirit, which stands in every point opposed to the peace and love of the gospel. Gradually, the number of those who had still lingered in their native vallies decreased more and more. Asylums were found

in other lands, where compassion for their unparalleled sufferings, respect for their blameless characters, and not unfrequently a happy curiosity to learn the particulars of a faith that bore such fruits, inclined the inhabitants to receive and to shelter them. In this way was the seed of divine truth spread far abroad, even by the same wind that prostrated the parent tree on its native soil; and to the teaching of these expatriated confessors of Provence may be directly traced the germ that appeared in its maturity in the persons of John Huss, and Jerome of Prague.

It was in 1219 that the last hope of Amaury de Montfort was baffled before the walls of Toulouse; and in the interval that succeeded, an appearance of revival gladdened the hearts of many who had remained at or returned to their former posts. It is on record, that in 1222, a sort of convocation of the Albigensic Church was held in Razez, where upwards of a hundred of their principal men assembled, and in some measure re-organized the dispersed body, by again appointing preachers and instructors for the several departments, where the flames of martyrdom had consumed together both pastors and flocks; a few fragments of the latter only remaining to be now re-gathered into their beloved fold. Beyond this, we have no authority for stating any particulars respecting the Albigensic believers: if they left any written documents, they would ultimately fall into the hands of the exterminating Inquisition, subsequently established in that wretched country under the fierce followers of Dominic; and it is not to be supposed that such dangerous papers would escape the flames kindled for their authors. The opposite party, of course, had nothing to tell, for they knew nothing; or we should have it before us in such exulting annals of mar-

tyrdom as Peter de Vaux Cernay supplies up to the death of his patron, Simon de Montfort, with whose career his work closes. We can only in imagination follow the quiet course of those who had always found it right for the sake of their kind, tolerating neighbours, to worship in comparative secresy; and who now on their own account no less than theirs, avoided all open manifestation of the partial revival, beyond what was necessary for the right ordering of their Church. Most absurd reports were circulated, even on this slender foundation; even to the assertion that the heretics had, in another kingdom, elected a pope of their own, in opposition to him at Rome; but to this no one can give credit. Even at the comparatively numerous convocations already alluded to, only three new preachers were ordained, which, considering how lamentably the number of teachers had been diminished by fire and the sword, starvation and exile, sadly proclaims the yet more diminished state of the recovered flock.

Matters went on in this way for the space of several years, even to 1226, before the torch of desolating war was rekindled in the unhappy provinces. Long before that period Raymond VI. died; exhibiting to the last the most servile devotion to Popery; sustaining the character of a broken-hearted penitent towards the enemy who had so relentlessly persecuted him; and clearly proving how far he was from having received the life-giving rays of that light which, nevertheless, he had long protected and favoured. It must be said of him that he deliberately chose darkness rather than light; for both were before him; the latter in its purest radiance, shining amid the agonies of many cruel deaths: the former in the depth of its most hideous blackness, with its unmasked horrors evermore crossing his path.

Raymond VII. had exercised the powers of government in his father's name, for some time, before death removed the old Count from the scene of vicissitude and woe where he had long been a prominent actor. This youthful prince showed himself less conscientious towards his subjects than his father had done: for not only were his protestations of devoted fidelity to the Papacy constantly renewed; but he repeatedly declared his readiness to seek out, to seize, and to punish with the utmost severity that Rome could desire, all who held the better faith. It availed him little, however; for in 1226, at the head of fifty thousand horsemen, and an altogether innumerable force, sanctioned by the Pope's blessing, accompanied by his legate, and by the veteran traitor and homicide, Fouquet, bishop of Toulouse, (by the Toulousians themselves called the Bishop of Devils,) we find the King of France, Louis VIII., engaged in a vigorous crusade against the heretics of Albigois—in reality, to deprive his powerful vassal-counts of their possessions, and to secure in his own grasp what had been the grand prize aimed at by Simon de Montfort.

In the month of June, the king laid siege to the splendid city of Avignon, pressing it with all his forces, during three months unsuccessfully. He is stated to have lost, by pestilence and the sword, twenty thousand men in those three months; and when at last the place capitulated, it was on terms such as had often been granted, but never before kept by conquering crusaders. In this case, the articles were observed; and the enormous sacrifice of life, including the hastening on of the king's own death, brought no real advantage to the invaders, although the verbal submission of all the Languedocian nobles was secured by the intimidation pro-

duced. But the object of this holy war was well nigh baffled altogether; for not a single heretic could be found throughout the country which they traversed, though Fouquet put forth all his energies, and the king all his zeal in the search. At length they found at Cannes, near Narbonne, an aged preacher of the Gospel, named Peter Isarn, whose infirmities having disabled him from flight, he had secreted himself until the diligence of Fouquet discovered and dragged him forth. With exulting ceremony, they brought the venerable minister to a mock trial; and publicly burned him as an acceptable offering, if not to the God of heaven, to the foul spirit that delights in making herself "drunk with the blood of His saints."

C. E.

THE DAYS OF LAUD.

PART II: CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Mr. Parnell discovered whither his son had gone, his astonishment was not great, but his grief was bitter, and from that moment, though he would not suffer Henry's name to be mentioned in his presence, he watched the progress of the war with more excitement, more intense anxiety than he had hitherto shown. Few could be quite sure whether he most rejoiced or trembled when victory attended the royalist cause, though none doubted that his heart was as true as ever to his King. But triumph began to be more equally shared between the parties. In the north especially, Fairfax and Cromwell gained mighty advantages over their opponents. Scotland was coming to aid the popular cause. The exact discipline and correct manners which the Parliamentary troops still sustained, gave them an acknowledged superiority. The arm of despotic rule was broken for ever, and peace, an honourable peace at such a juncture as this, what might it not have effected! Civil freedom obtained without the overthrow of the ancient constitution. Religious freedom won, and the Church of England still existing, purified from recent innovations, but still the Church of England. Is it folly or enthusiasm to imagine that such might have been the result of an equitable treaty, concluded before the battle of Marston Moor destroyed

the balance of power which had been hitherto nearly maintained between the parties, by throwing immense advantages into the hands of the Parliament. Enough of this. God overruled man's evil, and out of it brought good; but man followed his own headstrong counsels, and during four more years involved the country in a terrible warfare.

The Marquis of Newcastle took up his quarters in York, where he determined to hold out against the forces of Manchester and Fairfax, combined with the Scotch troops under General Leven, by whom he was vigorously besieged. While the siege lasted, deep anxiety pervaded every breast in Strode. Mark Wentworth evinced his share in these feelings by the redoubled energy with which he fulfilled the duties of his sacred calling. War and death made him think yet more of "life and immortality brought to light through the gospel," and offered to the dying sons of men. How eagerly Wentworth proclaimed the gracious offers of God, those only could witness who heard him echo the Spirit's "Come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." The principal part of his day was therefore spent in his parish, and Lucy was sitting alone with her infant son, when Margaret and Bertha Parnell came, as was their wont, to reciprocate their hopes and fears.

'Tidings!' exclaimed Bertha, 'good tidings—the siege will soon be raised, and our poor friends released from their cruel situation. Prince Rupert is on his way to York with twenty thousand men. The gallant Prince! Neither Fairfax, nor that arch-hypocrite Cromwell can stand one day before him. Lucy and Margaret, you are only half loyal, or you would look more joyful.'

'And our brother—our poor deluded Henry'—said Margaret, in a tone of reproach, as if her sister in her burst of loyalty had forgotten all more tender ties.

'Oh he will be safe,' said Bertha. 'My father is so true to his King: much will be forgiven at his plea.'

'Another battle-field may lay many heads low,' said Lucy, in a more desponding tone than the sisters had ever heard her use. "Cuthbert will be wherever danger is the darkest. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, but it shall not come nigh thee."' She continued musing on the words she had heard so distinctly in her unforgotten dream, but she could not, even in imagination, connect them with her brother's destiny. Her peace-loving husband seemed present to her mind, but she could not in thought bring Cuthbert and that promise together.

Bertha's exultation at the approach of aid for the distressed city was damped by the forebodings of her companions, and they sat for some time without making any strong effort to cast off the gloom which oppressed them. Lucy occasionally referred to a promise that had cheered her before, or repeated some scripture admonishing them to watchfulness and prayer, but she too sat listening as if every breath of air must be fraught with news from the besieged city.

'Hark!' said Margaret. 'It thunders fearfully. There will be a storm in terrible keeping with these awful times.'

'It is perhaps a fresh attack upon the city-walls,' said Lucy—'Yet—no! It is nearer. Is it indeed thunder?'

'It must be so,' said Margaret, 'or the more fearful thunder of these dreadful days coming nearer and—nearer,' she said, still listening as the rolling sound increased.

They stood together at the open door as peal after peal of that strange thunder rent the air. They were soon joined by Mark Wentworth and Mr. Parnell, who came in search of his daughters. 'The noble Prince Rupert has met the rebels on the moor,' he said, 'and there will be a desperate encounter.'

'On the Moor? On Marston Moor?' exclaimed both his daughters at once, 'and within four miles of us!'

'God defend the right!' said Mr. Parnell, fervently, as the noise of the artillery roused the martial fires in his breast. 'God watch over my poor infatuated boy,' he added, as his paternal feelings gained the ascendancy. The villagers now began to flock to the parsonage, bringing tidings or such rude comfort as they could offer, varied according to the party with which they sympathized. This was usually the royalist, but some wished well to the popular cause.

'Never fear for Master Camden,' said one man, addressing Lucy. 'General Cromwell's troops are the flower of the army, and they'll stand their ground against Prince Rupert and all his ungodly pack.'

'Out on thy irreverent tongue,' said another. 'Thou didst not dare to give it such free rein while our noble King kept his court in his good city of York; and I trow when his gallant nephew has chastised these crop-eared knaves, we'll all learn a better language.'

'Let us rather pray,' said Mark Wentworth, 'that God will put an end to this unnatural strife, than thus by hot and fierce words kindle flames between those who have not each thrust a sword into the breast of his fellow. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up strife." Had the nation and her governors hearkened to that scripture admo-

nition, should we now be listening to those fearful sounds?'

The villagers began to crowd into the house that they might join their minister in prayer. He prayed not for success to either party, but for peace—heartfelt, abiding peace. He did not pray that rebels might be crushed, or that the King and his council might be converted; he prayed that the Spirit of the Lord might descend upon all, might guide and govern all, that they might not "be consumed one of another." '"Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord,"' he said, as they rose from their knees. 'He who in God's strength stills the tumult in his own breast, may more effectually serve his country than the leaders of those contending armies can do.'

'Ten righteous,' said Mr. Parnell, reciprocating the lovely feelings that glowed in Mark Wentworth's breast—'Ten righteous may yet be the patriots to whom our country shall owe her preservation.'

At this moment a man who had been to some distance to seek intelligence of the battle came running towards the house. 'They are flying!' he cried out as soon as he came within hearing. 'They are flying in every direction.'

'The rebels?' asked Mr. Parnell.

'No, no, Sir,' replied the man, who was a staunch royalist. 'I would it were so, but the Prince himself and his troops. It is surely the Evil One that helps that foul knave Oliver Cromwell.'

'The battle is the Lord's,' said Mark Wentworth. 'The Lord "fought for Israel" when Israel triumphed, and when he failed, it was the Lord that "sold him into the hand of his enemies."'

'The Marquis still holds his ground,' said the man; 'he will beat them yet or perish.'

'They are coming this way!' said Bertha, clasping her hands with terror: 'see, see the road is thronged with running soldiers!'

'Only a few stragglers from the Prince's troop,' said her father, trying to quiet her fears, which had magnified a few fugitives into the whole body of pursuers and pursued.

'One of them has fallen,' said Mark Wentworth, going hastily out of the house. 'We must give him shelter or he will die.'

He proceeded at once to the high road, accompanied by Mr. Parnell and most of the villagers who were with them. They found the soldier leaning against a bank, unable to proceed from excessive fatigue, and the effect of a slight wound which had occasioned considerable loss of blood. He was brought into the house, his wound dressed, and his wants administered to with Christian care; but as soon as he found his strength returning he seemed anxious to continue his flight. 'I must go,' he said. 'Victory is in the hands of the rebels, and it will but bring evil upon your dwelling should any of the King's party be found in it.'

'We will do our duty, my good friend,' said Mark Wentworth, 'and leave the care of our lives and our possessions to Him who careth even for the sparrows. You must not leave my roof to-night, lest evil befal you, while you are weak and weary.'

'You have suffered enough, Master Wentworth,' said the man, 'in the former days, and it would be hard if, by the strange contradiction of these sad times, you should suffer again, and from the hand of those who undid your bonds.'

'Robinson!' said Mark Wentworth, taking the hand of his former parishioner, and returning his warm

grasp. ' Nay then, if we should not forget to entertain strangers, how much less those whom we love in the Lord! Here you must remain until you can again join your regiment.'

' It is utterly scattered and destroyed,' said Robinson. ' The Prince's artillery is taken, and'—

' What of the Marquis ? ' interrupted Mr. Parnell.

' He fought behind a rampart of dead bodies,' said Robinson, ' when to continue the fight seemed but to seek certain death, nor did he retreat till the whole army was driven off the field. The Prince's wing, pressed hard by Cromwell's desperate zealots, gave way first, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, animated by this success, broke through the other wing. Our brave commander rallied us again, and he threw Lambert's cavalry into some confusion ; but just as we were dreaming that victory was ours, Cromwell was back from the pursuit, and tired as we were, we had to begin again. But, oh,' he added, in a hesitating tone, ' scarce one sad sight, on this sad day, so troubled me, as that which met mine eyes, when Master Cuthbert Camden, waving his sword above his head, urged his men onward to the slaughter, by crying out in the words of holy writ, " The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'

' It is the battle-cry of his fanatical party,' said Mr. Parnell, and he shuddered, for he thought that other lips might also use that watchword.'

' I have heard it often,' said Robinson, ' but only with indignation, when those whose doings dubbed them hypocrites, so misused the scripture ; but when those who once seemed to follow Christ, are drawn away with the wicked, it is time to mourn for our country indeed.'

Lucy and Margaret stood side by side, both listening

with intense eagerness, while Robinson continued his account of the battle, but neither speaking the deep solicitude she shared. He saw no more of Cuthbert—of Henry Parnell he knew nothing; still they listened with trembling interest, and even Lucy felt uneasy when her husband, unable to learn more of the event of the contest, began to question Robinson concerning his own history, and those in whom he felt an interest in Laytonfield. He spoke of Sir Humphrey's sudden death, and the subsequent removal of his wife and daughter. 'They are gone to foreign parts,' said Robinson. 'It's rumoured the young lady will be a nun (I think they call it) for he made her more than half a papist.'

'Mr. Atterbury?' said Lucy.

'He was one himself, I suppose,' continued Robinson, without giving any direct reply, 'for they say he was under vows, or the young lady would have married him. However, he knew what he was about, and tried to coax her over to his religion, though he didn't own it openly himself. He stayed behind them in Laytonfield for some time, but just as the search was making for recusants, he took himself off. We had a sore time of it after you were taken from us, Sir,' he added, addressing Mark Wentworth. 'The parson who succeeded you winked at the Sunday sports, gave us a bran new painted window, and suffered us to live as we listed, provided we let him do the same. Ill living of all sorts increased, and, excepting a few whom the Lord had called by your mouth and ministry, Sir, a viler and more wicked parish could scarcely be found; but when the Parliament did, as godly rulers should do, made inquiry after scandalous ministers,* I and one or

* See Fuller's Church History Book ii. section 5.

two others thought it would be right to tell how this man was misguiding his flock, so he was put out, and another was sent in his place. The new minister was a very young man, and didn't care much for our beautiful church prayers. I was very sorry for this, but he was a good man, and lived a holy life: so we were well off compared with what we had been.'

'Tell me, then,' said Mark Wentworth, 'since you so highly approved the doings of Parliament, how you came to leave your peaceful calling to fight on the king's side?'

'They were wise governors then, Sir,' said Robinson, thoughtfully, 'but you see its hard knowing who are our rulers now. We've one Parliament at Westminster, and another at Oxford; besides, I couldn't refuse to fight for the king, without feeling very like a traitor. I wish we could have both the wise laws of the Westminster Parliament and the lawful authority of the king; and somehow, I think, we might, but for firebrands and makebates. Oh, it did my heart good, when I saw the common hangman take the infamous Book of Sports, and burn it in Cheapside before all the people.* The miserable wretch himself had a noble piece of work for once, instead of mangling the backs and faces of his fellow-men.'

The day was far advanced. Everything was hushed and still, as if no deadly strife had been, save that some of the wounded were brought from the field of battle to be tended, or to die in Strode. Among these Mark Wentworth and Lucy found engrossing occupation. The fears of the latter, on her brother's account, were softened. Robinson had seen him alive in the thickest

* Neale's Hist. of Puritans, vol. iii. p. 37.

of the fight, and the troop which he commanded was a conquering troop. Mr. Parnell and his daughters returned home, and Robinson, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, consented to remain in Strode until his wound should be sufficiently healed to admit of his removing without inconvenience.

CHAPTER XII.

'I cannot rest—I dare not go to bed this night, Bertha,' said Margaret Parnell, 'with this sad weight upon my spirits—this terrible foreboding in my mind.'

Margaret Parnell's manner was commonly so calm and composed, that some who knew her not supposed her destitute of acute feelings. But it was not so. Her feelings were controlled, regulated by that word which says, "if we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." She did walk in the Spirit, and therefore rejected the hand of Cuthbert Camden, when she believed it was the will of God she should do so; but the affection she had given while she thought him the Lord's servant, she could never entirely withdraw.

'What do you fear?' said Bertha, tenderly. 'None of the troops marched in this direction. The prince has gone towards the west, and the rebels—the Parliamentarians (thus, I suppose, Master Wentworth would have us speak),' she added, with a smile, 'have gone on to the city. We at least are in safety.'

'In safety!' said her sister; 'and others dying perhaps of sore wounds and burning thirst.'

'The conquering army would not leave their wounded

to perish thus,' said Bertha. 'Such could not be our poor brother's lot.'

'I would fain visit the battle-field,' said Margaret; 'I am not wont to give way to fancy, but'—

'The battle-field! sister,' replied Bertha, astonished, 'none will be there but the dead. The wounded will all be cared for, and you could not visit that dreadful—that horrible scene.'

'I will go, said Margaret; 'I will then visit the dead. I will learn if *his* soul is yet before the judgment-seat. Oh!' she said, 'it may not yet be too—too late.'

'Then I will go with you,' said Bertha, looking terrified; 'but our father'—

'He went back to the village when he left us at home,' replied Margaret; 'I would not willingly cost him one uneasy thought. There will be yet two hours before the sun goes down. I will take nurse Amy, but you must stay here, Bertha.

'Nay, sister,' said Bertha, bursting into tears, 'forgive my terrors, my hesitation, but you shall not go without me. I know whom you seek, but believe me, Cuthbert Camden is now joining in the revels of his fellow-victors, or, if General Cromwell's discipline permit not mirth or revelry, he is listening to an exhortation which will inflame his courage for more valiant feats to-morrow: your mind is discomposed with the terrors of the day, and you see troubles where trouble has not yet come.'

'Nurse Amy will come with me,' said Margaret; 'but I will not suffer you to go, Bertha. You must be here to meet my father, when he returns. There is little danger in mine errand. To you there would be much of terror: there is no cause that you should suffer what I shall not feel. But there is a danger—

danger to his soul. Oh, Bertha—that I dare not think of.'

Bertha had been accustomed to yield her wishes, whenever they chanced to differ from those of her elder sister, but she used no little importunity to prevail on the latter in this instance, to grant her request. Margaret remained resolute; and, Bertha's fears seconding her sister's firmness, she, at last, consented to remain behind, and stood at a window anxiously watching the receding forms of Margaret and her wondering attendant.

Nurse Amy wondered, for her young mistress had ever been guided by strict discretion, and now, as she followed her quick, eager steps in the direction of Marston Moor, she thought the errand of charity on which Margaret was bound, would have been better performed by others, whom she could have deputed to seek the dying, or bind up the wounded. This, nurse Amy thought, but she did not say it; her confidence in Margaret's prudence was not to be shaken even by her present unusual conduct.

The young lady walked on, unmoved from her purpose by a single fear. She believed she was doing God's will, and she said in her heart, "He shall cover me with his feathers, and under his wings will I trust." An impression amounting to certainty, that she should find Cuthbert Camden dead or dying, lent the strength of agony to her steps: and she had nearly gained the moor when an object met her eyes that sent the first sickening pang of fear to her intrepid heart. It was the dead body of one of the king's soldiers—the first sad token of their proximity to the battle-field. A frightful gash opened on the soldier's forehead, yet Margaret stooped over the body to ascertain if life were quite gone. He was cold and stiff, and taking the arm of her ter-

rified attendant, she went on, moving with the celerity of one who dreams, and only fearfully conscious of the dreadful realities which now thickened around her.

The dying and the wounded had been removed, but death was still here in his palest terrors. One text—the first milk that the new-born Christian feeds upon—sustained Margaret's sinking soul as she looked on the awful scene, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Sin has done this, she thought, "but some even of these trusted in Him." The mercy of God in Christ never shone out more fully on her soul than in that terrible moment, when having for some time wandered from body to body, she found the object of her search apparently as cold and lifeless as the rest. The fresh bleeding of the wound in his breast alone gave token of still struggling life. Margaret knelt beside him and tried to staunch the blood. She came prepared with every simple remedy that her haste had suffered her to think of, and Amy, now for the first time aware what motive had urged her mistress to her desperate errand, lent a ready aid while the tears fell fast from her eyes, for Camden was beloved by all who knew him in his brighter days.

Margaret wept not. Her feelings were too intense for tears, and those feelings centred all their might in one earnest, burning wish for the salvation of his soul. "Ye shall die in your sins," rung like the knell of eternal death through her heart. "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," she said in a clear but trembling voice, as if she thought the message of mercy would rouse the dead from his unbroken sleep—but none answered.

"He is able to save to the uttermost, seeing he ever liveth," she said, and this time the deep sigh of some

one who stood near replied to her words; she turned and saw her brother Henry standing beside her. In his hand he held his helmet, which he had filled with water, and had just returned to try if Camden could taste it, when the sight of two females tending his dying comrade, stopped him. He listened with deep emotion to Margaret's words and with wonder to Margaret's voice, but both forgot all other feelings in the one purpose that then engaged them.

'He will drink it perhaps,' said Margaret. She took the helmet from her brother's hand and held it to Camden's lips. The water touched them—there was a spasmodic but vain attempt to swallow. 'He lives,' she said, 'oh run for help before it is too late.' Henry and the nurse both obeyed her wish, and for a few minutes Margaret was left alone, almost the only living being on that field of death. But Camden lived; of this she was sure, though his breathing was so low as to be almost imperceptible, even to her senses rendered acute by agony. She supported his head, she bathed his temples with the water, and ever and anon she repeated in his ear one of those many strength-giving scriptures that gives the soul something to grasp when every thing seems to be sinking beneath it. Whether her words were heard Margaret knew not—Margaret never knew!

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," she said; and while she spoke, the prayer that accompanied her words was one intense uplifting of her heart to God. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely;" as she spoke these words she held the water again to Cuthbert's lips; again he tried to receive it, but in vain. Was the water of life rejected too?

The re-appearance of her two companions in her mournful employ relieved her mind in some measure from this terrible questioning. They brought with them a band of peasants, bearing some planks of timber rudely lashed together, on which they laid the still senseless form of Cuthbert Camden, with the intention of carrying him to Strode, where they could procure medical assistance. The peasants relieved each other in their labours, and Margaret walked beside, supported by her brother, who could scarcely trust himself to speak to her. When they drew near the village he gently resigned his place to Amy, pressed his sister's hand within his own, and in a few moments was out of sight. Once only during that sad walk she had ventured a remonstrance, kind and loving, but wholly ineffectual. He stopped her at once, spoke of his responsibility to his commanders, of his duty to his country—he was gone to seek another field of blood and death !

It would be vain to attempt describing the grief of Mark Wentworth, or the woe of the suffering Lucy, when Cuthbert was brought to their home, cold and senseless ; dying, if not actually dead. There were many standing near the couch on which they laid him ; all wept but one. Margaret Parnell looked strangely calm, but her eyes were fixed upon the surgeon, and her ears drank in the words of solemn truth that Wentworth spoke beside the dying man. The surgeon shook his head when he had examined the wound, and Margaret shuddered when she heard him say, the attempt to extract the ball would be instant death.

' He is dying now,' said Robinson, as a few short gasps disturbed the stillness that all had kept for one minute.

" Lord Jesus ! receive his spirit !" exclaimed Margaret,

with the earnestness of despair. Camden's lips moved. Lucy and Margaret bent over him to hear his last words —"All they that take the sword"—he murmured; "shall perish by the sword," he would have added, but utterance failed.

THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. X.

By Sidney O'Moore.

" Where (superstition) day and night did pray,
Upon her beades, devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred Pater-nosters every day,
And thrice nine hundred Aves did she say:
And, to increase her painfull penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes did she sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit."

Spenser.

From a very early period of the world's existence, mountains and high places have been regarded as the temples of nature. Sincere worshippers repaired to the solitude of such lonely heights, that their minds might be freed from associations of the material world, and might soar in the unshackled pinions of undisturbed devotion: the great Exemplar himself occasionally "retired into a mountain apart to pray." But as the shadow accompanies an object, even so the actions of good men have usually found their dim counterparts among the deeds of the multitude, with this distinguishing brand, total difference of motive, or impelling principle. Thus, the Jews who lapsed into idolatry invariably selected 'high places' as the scenes of their false worship, impelled by the belief that thereby they were elevated to a closer proximity with the objects of their adoration. The same idea seems to have guided the absurdities of Simon Stylites and his followers, the

"pillar-saints," who continued their idle penances so lately as the twelfth century, and appear still to have left their representatives in the Fakirs of India.

Of all high places and sacred mountains, Mount Carmel and Croagh Patrick bear the nearest affinity: both rising from the borders of the sea, both resorts for devotees during more than a thousand years; each the most striking headland of its respective coast: but here the similitude ends, for while Mount Carmel boasts Pythagoras, Elijah, and Elisha amongst its earliest visitants, Croagh Patrick's most illustrious residents have been the Druids, the Culdees, and the patron saint of Ireland.

A monument of Druidical industry yet remains in a long, low wall of uncemented stones, which bounds one side of the platform near the summit of the Reek.

Among thousands who visit this sacred mountain, to obtain remission of their own sins, or earn a shorter probation for their deceased relatives, many instances have occurred of heroic suffering, and love stronger than death. Year after year widows have undergone penance here, from the time of their bereavement, until death ended their pilgrimages: year after year, sons and daughters perform the painful ceremonies in behalf of their departed parents. They return, and depart, and return again, because there is no man to tell them that "Bodily exercise profiteth little;" there is none to point their benighted understandings to the full and free atonement of the Cross.

The fate of one unfortunate pilgrim, in particular, has been frequently related to the visitors of Croagh Patrick, but the simple story has been so touchingly told in a late 'Tour in Connaught,' that I cannot refrain from transcribing it verbatim.

A small platform lies very near the summit of the mountain. 'It was there,' said the guide, 'just there, a poor woman and her two childer perished not long ago—the craythur's husband had died of a decay, and left her desolate, and it was not her low state, without any one to do a hand's turn for herself and her children that grieved her—but it was that she had no means to get masses said for his poor sowl; and she thought of him every night suffering away in purgatory, and crying out in the middle of the flames, 'Oh, Biddy, Biddy, jewel, can't you help me out of this torment:' so she thought of coming up here to the Reek; it was not the season at all for such work, it was long after Hollantide, and not a pilgrim had passed up for many a long day, but Biddy was resolved to set out; for why, her dear Darby was a-suffering; and as she was a lone woman, and had no one to leave her two children with, she took them with her, and paced the mountain. It was, as I said, a bad season; the day wet and windy; some of the neighbours who saw her going up, shook their heads, and wished that God would get her safe over her blessed work. Nobody can tell whether she went through all her stations or not; the craythur any how tried her best. Night came down on her, and such a night,—the storm set in from the north-west, the ocean came tumbling in from the head of Achill—the rain that poured thick, soft, and sweeping below, was all hard-driving sleet on the mountain.

'To this spot poor Biddy retreated for shelter, and nothing had she to save herself and her little ones but her poor threadbare cloak. To make my story short, the neighbours fearing for her, went up next morning in search of her, and here they found her, and the little things beside her, all stiff and huddled together; the

cloak was wrapped round the childer—the poor fond mother, (heavens be her rest, and sure it is she is there, dying when doing such a holy work) had stripped her own body of its covering, to save those she loved better than her own life, and all to no purpose.'

Such is the brief record of one of the numerous instances of self-renouncing heroism, which often occur in humble life, unnoticed and unknown. How different had been the motive which had induced Cormac Moran to repair to the mountain.

It was but a few months after Black Cormac's visit, that a station, on the largest scale, was held upon the Reek. The assemblage of *voteens* and idle spectators was immense, as crowds came from great distances. Amongst others appeared Mary Moran, the mother of Cormac Dhu and Aileen. When she had about half-way ascended the mountain, she turned—not to contemplate the magnificent scenery which lay unrolled beneath her,—not to gaze upon the queen of three hundred islets, the pearl of the western sea, Clare Island,—but to trace the far-retiring ranges of distant hills, and strain her eyes in the attempt to distinguish Nephin More, the giant guardian of her humble home.

She was soon joined by a stranger pilgrim, who inquired, whether she was looking for Lough na Corragh.

'And why would I be afther looking for id?' was Mrs. Moran's interrogative reply.

'*Why!* because not a thraveller ever comes here but looks out for the lake where St. Patrick chained down the ould sarpent alive to the bottom. Some calls it Lough na Corragh, and some does be calling it Lough Derg, but any way it's a curiosity. Why, ma'am, if you only seen it in the dark night of storm, when the thunder and lightnings is rollin' over the lake, and the

big white waves lepping up to meet them ; then's the time the sarpent comes up, and rides over the dark waters, lashin' them into snow-streaks wid his tail. But he darn't lave the place ; my seven thousand blessings on the blessed saint for that.'

'Twas well for us he drove out all those fathers of poison, those wicked craythurs,' said Mrs. Moran.

'Oh, but he never would have been able to do it, only for the blessed Virgin,' said the communicative stranger; 'You see the saint rung the bell until his arm was weary, and then his boy Fiechus held up his hand for him, an' shook it, until at last the clapper of the bell fell out, and he couldn't ring no more. So the sarpents and such like, that were goin' slowly, slowly towards the say, whin the bell stopped, they stopped, and wor coming back laughin' at St. Patrick. But he was up to them, for he prayed to the Holy Virgin, and she sent angels flyin' through the air to him, wid a bran new bell ; and in very little more time he rang all the varmin into the say, only the big sarpent of Lough na Corragh, he had a mortal spite to that one, for it had *bruised the heel* of his other boy Meeniune, so he chained it up by itself.'

'Oh but that was the blessed bell surely,' cried Mrs. Moran. 'Well, see now how the blessed Virgin's ear is never shut to a prayer. Glory be to her holy name.'

'May be you'd be afther wishing to see that same bell,' said the pilgrim, 'you've the luck before you to meet it on the Reek the day, for it's a family from beyant Ballinrobe that always keeps it, and it isn't every station they bring it to, but they brought it here yesterday, and it's a power of money they are makin' by it.'

The pilgrim's conversation ceased, for they had reached the first station, the Leaca Menaan. Here they

crossed themselves and knelt down opposite the central wooden cross. Each repeated according to custom seven pater-nosters, seven ave-marias, and a creed. Then the stranger walked seven times round the monument, which is about a hundred and thirty-five feet in circumference, and at the end of each circuit, he bowed his head to the cross in the centre. Mrs. Moran pictured to herself her favourite Norah weeping in purgatorial torment, and with the hope of releasing her child the sooner, she adopted the more severe mode of penance. Upon bare knees she performed one painful circuit over the rough path, strewed as it is with stones, and before she had traversed a space of two yards, her limbs bled from innumerable small wounds. On returning to the spot whence they had started, both pilgrims crept upon their knees towards the rude wooden cross which stands in the centre of the monument, and there recited repetitions, miscalled prayers. On rising, the stranger attached a small shred of his garment to the cross, while Mrs. Moran fastened to its beam a lock of her hair, which had been jetty black, but was now streaked with a silvery hue. The cross is covered with memorials such as these; placed there by the poor devotees with the idea, that should the Almighty upon the day of judgment forget that they have performed their pilgrimages, the patron saints may remind Him, by bringing forward these tokens in their favour.

The first station having been completed, the pilgrims turned to ascend the path of difficulty, the Cassaon Cruagh. It is a rocky pass worn deeply into the steep side of the cone, 'partly by winter torrents, and partly by the feet of multitudes that for a thousand years have thought they were appeasing an angry God by making this difficult ascent.' The path is about 900

yards in length, and has been compared to a pavement of oyster-shells with the sharp edges turned upwards. Here it is to be remembered, that no devout Roman Catholics will walk upon this mountain without putting off their shoes before they touch such holy ground. This is a serious aggravation of penance to the men, and to the richer class of women, but I am sorry to say that poverty compels many others to retain the primitive fashion of the far-famed Grana Vaile.

Many of the voteens refresh themselves at this part of their progress, from bottles which they provide for the occasion. Mrs. Moran continued her penance without any such stimulant: kneeling down in St. Patrick's knee-print, she repeated seven pater-nosters, seven aves and a creed. She was then obliged, without rising, to proceed upon her lacerated knees to the altar. Wearily, languidly, she dragged her tortured limbs to the appointed place, streams of blood gushing at every movement. Hundreds were in the act of performing similar acts of suffering at the same time upon the holy mountain.

O false religion! which led them there, which substitutes the blood of the sinner for the blood of the Saviour! O false religion! which substitutes dead men and women for the ever-living Mediator, and dares to appoint wordy repetitions instead of heart-felt prayers to a Father-God!

Mrs. Moran found some difficulty in approaching the altar, from the number of pilgrims and spectators by which it was surrounded. A priest was engaged in celebrating mass; the host, candles, and other requisites, were arranged upon a rude ledge or table of rock, called an altar, since St. Patrick officiated there.

When the service had concluded, the pilgrims singly

approached, and upon payment of one penny each, were allowed to kiss a small wooden crucifix, said to have belonged to the patron saint; and a piece of sheet-iron folded together, which was supposed to have formed part of his sacred bell. To the last relic is ascribed such saving virtue, that whosoever kisses it, is said to be freed at once from all mortal sin.

Mary Moran, amongst others, was now a sinless being, according to her creed. The priest had lately, at confession, forgiven her venial sins, and mortal sins (which he could not forgive) had been cleansed away by contact with the sacred bell. She therefore felt assured that her sufferings would be more efficacious than formerly in behalf of her beloved Norah, and prepared to endure yet greater pain.

The long station is four hundred yards in circumference, and round the whole she dragged herself upon her swelled and bleeding limbs. She murmured not at the gravelly and rocky path: could she think of murmuring, while she believed that the agony of each moment removed months of more intense torture from the darling idol of her heart?

The majority of the pilgrims preferred the easier mode of performing this station, which was to run around it fifteen times, at each circuit repeating a paternoster, an ave, and a creed. Those who had no beads upon which to count their prayers, threw a pebble at the end of each circuit into a certain spot, and by reckoning these stones, ascertained that the requisite number had been completed.

Mrs. Moran found that her strength was unequal to the additional tasks belonging to the Relic Murrah. She therefore determined to retire to Malley's house, and snatch a short repose by daylight, for her cruel

creed enjoined total watchfulness on the nights of Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, during her week of penance, and however wearied by her journey, stations and ascent of the Reek, she dared not yield to the balmy influence of slumber.

Near the public house she met a man named Thady Kearney, who was considered one of the worst characters in the whole barony of Tyrawley. She addressed him as an acquaintance, and expressed her astonishment at finding him, of all men, a pilgrim to any sacred place.

'Me is it,' he replied, 'ne'er a one that came to it these seven years, took more good out of the mountain nor myself; I came here with a budget that would blacken the bay, and now there's not a baby on the Reek fit to hold a candle to me, and if it did, sorra speck could it find on my sowl, for it's as clane as a new pin since yestherday. Plaze the piper, I'll come again in two or three years time, and *wipe off as much more.*'

'Now, Thady Kearney, take care how you make the holy place a lift to your sin, take care but you'll sup sorrow for it yet.'

'Oh, *bather shin*, sure sin can't be so bad, if its so asy claned off again.'

Mrs. Moran entered the house without reply, her upright principles revolted against the idea of converting what she deemed a holy ceremony unto an unbridled license to commit wilful sins.

Malley's abode contained an extraordinary medley of visitors upon that night. In one room sat a number of men drinking and smoking, many of them more than half intoxicated; while in a corner knelt an inebriated devotee, rapidly repeating set formulas. In another room the gayest tones of bag-pipes and violin,

alternately sounded inspiriting national tunes, while men and women danced enthusiastically, in despite of their cut and swollen limbs, upheld by the stimulus of strong liquor, and their extreme love of the exercise. Mary Moran sought refuge in a small adjoining room, from the giddy throng whose gaiety jarred upon her stricken heart; and while other old women endeavoured by cards and cup-tossing, to ascertain the fortunes of daughters whom they had left at home, the bereaved mother offered many paters and aves for her's who had departed.

THE COTTAGE READING.

It is the close of a December day,—the cheerful fire burns brightly on the household hearth,—the shutters are closed,—the wind sounds dismally from without,—while all tells of comfort within. The family at the village hall will surely not break the circle round the hearth to-night. Yes—there is one who will be absent; the mother of the assembled group. The lamp in her dressing-room has long been burning, visible from the distant road, like a solitary star amidst the surrounding gloom. It is now seven o'clock; the lantern is lighted and one of the family ready as a companion. The evening may look uninteresting, but the thoughts of the way-farer are at the goal, and that is bright beyond all of earth, for the light that illumines the path of the just with its ever-increasing brightness, is borne by her in the torch of the Living Word; and the minds of the ignorant, the hearts of the poor, are waiting "to rejoice in that light."

In the largest room in the village-street, the village poor are assembling. There are the old and young, the labourer from his team or plough,—the young man too old in years but not in knowledge for the infants' school, and the less ignorant though not less thoughtless village girls. The company is not large, but each individual is an immortal being; upon his knowledge of Jesus Christ whom God hath sent depends his eternal life; yet many are unable and others unwilling to

search for themselves the record which God hath given us. A simple form of prayer is used—the poor reverently stand or kneel. A portion of the word of life is read, and simply explained. No search is made after a variety of ideas; the one desire and object is to point to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; and to place before the sinner's heart its lost and hopeless state without him,—its full salvation in him. A few pages from the Pilgrim's Progress (of which peerless allegory the poor never weary) are then read. Cowper's hymn beginning, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and a short prayer, close the simple service, never exceeding an hour and a half in length. The same hymn being *generally* chosen, the memories of those assembled gradually retain the words, and one by one the voices of the poor unlettered labourers rise in unison as they recollect the sweet and often-repeated strain. A few kind words are spoken as one by one the dispersing group turn to meet the look of recognition awaiting them, and to give their own token of respect. The lantern is again lighted—the hill climbed, the fireside reached, and the day closes with the blessing of that God who hath promised it to those who "consider the poor and needy."

The ignorance of this village population was very great. Their minister was not resident among them. Sunday after Sunday would sometimes pass, and the door of the sanctuary was unopened;—their hearts were alienated from it, and when the service was performed, comparatively few cared to attend. There was no helpful link of habit binding the indifferent to the hallowed spot where, "being in the way," the Lord might meet with them. The finished revelation of God's word was among them, but it was to them "No

open vision," rather "a sealed book." "For the Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep, and hath closed your eyes: the prophets and your rulers, the seers hath He covered. And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith I cannot; for it is sealed. And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this I pray thee: and he saith, I am not learned." How often, in teaching the children of the poor to read, are we opening for them the only channel which after-circumstances will not close, but through which each one may obtain for themselves the living water to supply their need! "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." If there be *one* doctrine of the word of truth ceaselessly evidenced to the observant eye, it is this,—the silent, vivifying influence of that word. How clearly does it bear the trace of proceeding from the same creative hand which framed the material universe. In looking upon the budding groves and green enamelled verdure of the spring, who would turn back to dwell upon the drops of life-giving moisture which, through less genial months, have fallen? Yet it was these that ministered silently and out of sight to the springing germs of vegetation,—not less efficacious than the summer's cooling shower refreshing its drooping life. The professed disciple is visibly directed, strengthened, comforted by the word,—but not less surely does it often minister life to the souls of whom, as yet, "Abraham is ignorant, and whom Israel acknowledges not."

In tracing the results of this cottage-reading, I would desire to remind my reader that our estimate of the

probable success of our labours is not our only incentive to those labours. "*In keeping* Thy commandments is great reward." The true secret of happiness is in the constant endeavour to "do the will of our Father which is in Heaven," and this will is the glory of Christ, and the sanctification of His people by their union with Christ. We cannot fail, while our aim is one with the Lord our God: ever remembering that the first and most important step in this great work lies in the "perfecting holiness" in our heart and life, by our own ever-deepening rootedness in Him, who is the only source of holiness and truth.

I will add a short account of one who regularly attended the Scripture-reading, for the encouragement of those who may be led to adopt the same means of instructing the ignorant. The history of this poor woman is so intimately connected with that of her next-door neighbour and friend, that the two can hardly be separated, an acquaintance being first formed with her neighbour, and this leading to an introduction to *her*. The histories of both equally prove the happy results that may be expected from bringing the poor or their children under the influence of a religion of truth and love. In the day when all secret things are brought to light, many such results now unknown to the faithful labourer, will be unveiled to gladden their hearts. They will then be far beyond the weakness of humanity, which is now best strengthened by a simple obedience to, and simple dependence upon, the God who deigns to work by human instrumentality to accomplish His own sovereign will and pleasure. Surely now, even as in the last great day of account, the motto we most desire to see engraved on our every action is, "Ye have done it unto *me*!"

THE HISTORY OF HANNAH.

In a summer-evening's stroll, a little cottage-girl was met, of more than common attractiveness in person and manner. The extreme simplicity of her replies to some questions addressed to her, awakened a farther feeling of interest, and on learning that she did not attend any school, but that she would like to be admitted to one held on Sundays in the adjoining village, a promise was given that an early call should be made at her home, and her parents' consent requested. The little girl had been taught to read by her father. The cottage was soon sought for, and discovered in one of the pleasant lanes of that most lovely village. It was built of red brick within and without, looking rich in English comfort. The little parterre in front was gay with flowers —the beds intersected by paths too narrow, one would have imagined, for any but elfin feet; the whole strictly guarded by a low wooden paling. To the left, as you entered, stretched the well-stocked garden, with its tall fruit-trees, its low bushes of currant and gooseberry, and the still undergrown of useful vegetables. In addition to these was the thriving hive of bees, chief of all in the good wife's esteem, since from the sale of its yearly product her one new gown was purchased. The little wicket-gate closed after the visitor, and, admiring the neatness of all around, she knocked upon the door, and waited an admission, for, stranger or friend, we would ever respect the right of the poor man in his cottage-castle. The door was opened by a woman of most forbidding countenance and manner, and the visitor ungraciously let in. If love, the root of courtesy, had reigned within, the picture would then have been perfect,—for the cheerful wood-fire glowed from the

low hearth for the evening's repast, the thorough light of the two casement-windows displayed to full advantage the cleanliness of all around, and the open door of the blue corner-cupboard exhibited to view a great variety of glass and china. The children sat round the room with awe-struck countenances; but, whether they were in terror of their mother, whose fist was occasionally doubled if they ventured to move, or of their visitor, it was difficult to tell. The dear child who was the object of the visit, looked anxiously first at her mother, then at her friend. The offer of admittance into the school was declined, and every argument to induce consent was pleaded in vain, till the mother inquired whether singing was practised in the school. Being answered in the affirmative, she immediately gave consent to her child's attendance, adding, that she hoped her girl might obtain a notion of it. The visitor rejoiced at having gained her point, though she could not quite comprehend the partiality her new acquaintance had evinced for harmony; and giving the timid child a second invitation for the following Sunday, left the cottage, secretly resolving not hastily to recross its threshold.

Sunday morning came, the child with her little basket on her arm, containing her dinner, walked the three miles to the neighbouring school. Her neat appearance, respectful behaviour, and the correctness with which she always repeated her lessons, rendered her a valuable addition as an example to the less docile and attentive. Week after week she continued to attend with unabated diligence, until at last with blushing cheeks she one day stopped her teacher in the chancel, and with her mother's "duty," begged that her little brother might be allowed to accompany her to school.

The request was heard with some surprize, but a willing consent was given, and the following week a second visit to the cottage was ventured upon. How different the reception! A pure and heaven-appointed channel is opened when through the child you reach the parent. The mother's heart was touched; her lips were grateful in their language; and her very eyes were eloquently expressive of her feeling. Yet her child had received no gifts: one among eighty little Sunday scholars, she had listened, she had learned, and the potent influence of the law of love had comprehended within its bond the mother in her distant cottage. Neither of them understood perhaps the agency thus influencing both, but its almost magic power was beautiful in the eyes of those who did observe and understand. Is not this one among the thousand tokens for good which are the results of Sunday Schools? A way is at once opened to the mother's heart, which not many weeks before appeared so impregnable a fortress that it must have been a dauntless assailant who dared to face its fire a second time. The child has reflected in her home the attractive influential charm of the Sunday School, and the mother owns its power, and in meekness turns to learn herself the lessons of truth and love, which but a little while before she had thought to deny her child. The visits to the cottage became more and more frequent, and the mother became a pupil now, having expressed an anxious desire to learn to read. She toiled with untiring patience, but was long before the letters could find a resting-place in her forgetful memory; then came the "cross-row" and one syllabled words, and the spelling-lesson to be repeated by rote—these last were the hardest of all, so hard that I think for adult learners the benefit derived does not compensate the labours.

The anxious learner would wake with the early dawn, and sitting up in bed, while her infant slept upon her arm, apply herself perseveringly to the task.

The visitor was one day informed by her that Hannah, her neighbour, desired to enter upon the same study as herself. The adjoining cottage, in which Hannah resided, was more picturesque in appearance without, but it displayed less of comfort within. The walls of white plaster were crumbling away, and the roof of thatch greatly needing repair, but the long strip of garden-ground skirting the road-side was studded with scattered bee-hives, the winged inhabitants of which, it seemed, knew and loved their mistress, for not one of them would resent her proceedings or be provoked by any casual accident to sting her. She fed them in winter, tended them in summer, and I truly believe cared for them almost as for her children. Her husband, a bad and hardened man, earned a livelihood by irregular work, and was the complete opposite of his steady industrious neighbour. It was the fading autumn, and the days closed early. The visitor had lingered in Matty's cottage till the sun had set, and on entering, for the first time, Hannah's dwelling, the evening candle was lighted, its gleam partially illuminating the comfortless abode. Hannah received her guest with some incivility; acknowledged her desire to learn to read, but declined any further assistance than the bestowment of a book for the purpose. The book was shortly after left at her cottage, and nothing more was heard of Hannah for some weeks. At length one day, while her neighbour was reading her appointed task, she was seen hastening in with her youngest child in her arms and her book open in her hand. She asked to be allowed to read a few words, and again and again she came for

the same purpose, excusing the discourtesy of still withholding an invitation to her cottage, from the fear she entertained of her husband's ridicule. She made rapid progress, and before the winter was gone, her desire to learn had overcome this fear, and the visitor was a frequent guest at her fireside.

All within the cottage now wore a more cheerful aspect. A bright and pleasant expression lit the interesting countenance of its mistress, while her once rough manner were now remarkable for a gentleness and courtesy that would have won even a stranger's interest. This change could not be attributed to her perusal of the Bible, for she could as yet but imperfectly spell the sacred page, nor can it be attributed to instructions received at her house, for they related to the one desire of her heart, the learning to read. The growth of a kindly feeling would naturally be reciprocal, but there was one silent influence deepening its hold week by week, of which she seldom spoke, but the power of which was more and more evidenced; she was a most constant attendant at the cottage-reading. Her lips were very silent, but the smile of grateful pleasure with which she welcomed all visitors who were associated in her mind with the brighter dawn which had now risen on her soul, and the care and pains with which her two elder and lovely children were every Sunday equipped for their long walk—for they too had joined the Sunday School—evinced the reality of the change. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." How happy they in whom this witness of the truth of their profession is clearly set forth, as in Hannah's quiet life.

The beautiful spring returned. I think I see her

countenance of beaming affections now as she came laden with the first gathered of her early vegetables; dwelling on the fact, as she begged for their acceptance, that they were the very first; an offering simple but dear to the heart of the receiver, the friend from whose lips she had learned her first lessons of heavenly wisdom at the cottage reading. Week by week her pence were now laid by, that a Testament might be in her possession as soon as she should be able to read it. The cloud over her home was not dissipated, but it was evident that her heart was lightened of a load. Her quick and active step, her animated manner, and the cheerfulness of her countenance, all seemed to indicate a spring within which bore her onward, unworn, unwearied through all the trials of her way. The one object ever before her was the longed-for delight of turning again to the sacred page; for this her work was hastened, but not slighted, for neatness was now a striking characteristic of her cottage. The rapidity with which she learnt, and the little aid which she needed, were astonishing when compared with the slow progress made by the other adult learners in the same village.

An inexpressible charm was now linked with these cottage homes. The little ones from either house would watch from the middle of the lane for the first approach of their friend, or they would come to meet her laden with some offering for excuse, 'a Robin's pincushion,' or little nosegay from the field or garden. They were a lovely group! all bonnetless and half ashamed, adorned with childhood's artless grace, they might have stood for Wilkie's pencil. There was a touching melancholy about one, the little Hannah, her mother's only girl; her half reluctant smile and lisping whisper stole a

feeling from the heart of tenderness not unmixed with sadness, and yet you knew no reason why childhood's light of mirth, which often visits the most destitute, should be dim for her. She was well, and no tasks beyond her years fell to her *then*. She grew beneath the sunshine of her mother's smile,—the shelter of her love. It was as though a presage of her coming sorrows hung over her young heart. Matty's rosy children too were there ; Anna with her hair so closely cut, which yet *would* cluster round her forehead in its natural curls, —the child so good and steady, always the speaker of the party ; and Louisa, the merry mischief-making child of four years old, with her arch smile and large bright eyes, her face half hidden behind the other two. Dear children ! all has sped well with the two sisters ; but the little solitary Hannah, under the care of a cruel step-mother, has drunk a bitterer cup of sorrow than infant lips can be often called to press. God grant to them to be reunited where death and sorrow cannot enter, and to their friend, to meet them in the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, the city of the living God.

When the summer came, the teacher and her pupils would sit outside the cottage door, within the shadow of its trees while the sun went down, its slanting rays lightly touching with golden hues all on which they fell. The elder child on a low stool at the visitor's feet would make one among the group, her own self-chosen place, while the little ones searching the fields and meadows round, would gather bunches of "Ladies' hair," or flowers of more varied hue to enrich their guest with at her departure.

The autumn fell and the hearth at the Hall was left desolate : the Scripture reading was held no longer, and

the footsteps of the teacher crossed no more the cottage thresholds. How prayerfully, how watchfully should we improve our every opportunity for doing good, that when called to "arise and depart" we may be enabled to look up with humble faith and say, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

On returning again to the neighbourhood, within the distance of five miles, the first tidings of the beloved people that reached the visitor were, that Hannah was dead. The winter had been one of unusual severity,—the lanes filled with the drifted snow, and Hannah's illness of such short duration that no one had seen her from whom any tidings could be gained. Its severity had now passed by, and the early spring was shewing its milder face. The first opportunity was embraced of visiting the neighbours of the departed. It was a solemn meeting, and the simple history of Hannah's death and of her life, during the few months intervening between the removal of her friends and her own sudden departure, was deeply touching. I give it in the homely strains of her friend and neighbour.

'After the family had left the hall, she'd work so hard of a day and get it done so early, by eleven o'clock, and her hearth swept up and all so clean,—and then she'd sit down by her fire-side and read her Testament o'er and o'er, and all out loud, because then, she said, she seemed to understand it better. I'd hear her reading as I sat by my fire here; and so she went on till her confinement came upon her, and then she was suddenly taken very bad with inflammation, very bad indeed, and the snow lay deep upon the ground. Her husband would'nt let the doctor be sent for, though I told him how bad she was. The third morning, I think it was, she died. When I went in she spoke to me about

her state ; I told her what I considered of its danger, but she said, 'I'm not afraid to die, I'm not afraid to die.' She then spoke about her hope, and said, *O neighbour, till that Scripture reading I never knew I had a soul!*'

THE BIBLE ! oh strange, mysterious volume! a stumbling-block to the proud—the life, the joy and consolation of the humble ; poison to the sceptic—heavenly manna to the believer ; easy, simple, and yielding to the broken-spirited—a bar of steel to the caviller who lifts his foot against it.—*Rev. D. Kelly.*

THE CAVES.

"Because of the Midianites the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strong holds."—Judges vi. 2.

"When the men of Israel saw that they were in a great strait, then the people did hide themselves in caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits."—1 Samuel xiii. 6.

THERE are many curious and interesting remains found in Ireland, which prove that its inhabitants must have formed similar places of refuge in olden times of danger and difficulty. A very remarkable cavern was discovered beneath a stupendous limestone arch, in a place called the Ovens. It is twelve feet high at the entrance, and then lowers so as only to admit of a person on hands and knees: from thence the passage winds in a circuitous direction to the west, south, and east. There are several other galleries varying in length, breadth, and altitude, crossing each other. One of these leads to a well. Some are so wide as to admit of six or eight persons abreast. Smith, who gives an account of this subterranean labyrinth, says, that according to his own computation, he must have traversed a quarter of a mile in exploring this cavern; the country-people told him that it extends to Gill Abbey, near Cork; that is to say, two miles underground. There is another entrance to the cave near the church.

Some oval chambers, or cells, were discovered near the church of Roscarberry; they have arched clay roofs, five feet two inches in height; are twelve fee

long, and six broad, having long narrow passages between each chamber, measuring eighteen inches in breadth, and three feet in height. The walls were smoothly plastered, and lined with soot. There was a broad flag-stone at one end of each chamber. We learn from the old Irish manuscripts, that the means used to force the inhabitants out of their cavernous retreats, was by kindling a fire at the entrance. Some antiquarians conjecture that these inhabitants were the aboriginal race called Firbolgs; the term, they say, signifies creeping man; and, from the lowness of the passages, they must have crept through them. These people have also been called giants in some of the manuscripts.

It is a prevalent idea among the common-people, that the immense pile of stones covering some of the caves, and the gigantic pillar-stones which have been reared in a sort of rude order, must have been by the magical operation of a gigantic race.

How lamentable that a warm-hearted, intelligent people, capable of the best culture, should have their understanding warped with such superstitious vanities! —The pure, unadulterated word of God would convince them that the Irish had followed the example of the Israelites of old, and their foolish fears would vanish while exploring the recesses of their subterranean dens and caverns.

The following legend is a specimen of their wild imaginings. As nearly as I can recollect, I shall give it in their own words. About fourteen years ago, I was staying with a friend in the neighbourhood of Mallow. The picturesque landscape abounds in magnificent rocks, among which many curious remains of antiquity have been discovered. My friend conducted me to one, apparently inaccessible, on her father's estate. There

was no road, scarcely a pathway, over the rugged rocky hills: to cross them in a chariot drawn by a pair of horses seemed a hazardous attempt. This rare sight attracted the attention of the peasantry; numerous little cabins were instantly deserted of their ragged inmates, while men, women, and children, ran eagerly towards us with wild amazement, and innumerable questions in Irish and broken English addressed to the coachman—'Is it ladies you have there?—and where are they going—and what did they come for?—And what do they want among the hills?—Sure there's nothing here but heather and stones?' We passed an enormous pillar-stone, which stood alone at a short distance from the place we were going to. Finding that a near approach in the carriage was impracticable, we left it and proceeded on foot, and now we had an opportunity of satisfying the curiosity of our attendants, whose offers of assistance were freely tendered and thankfully accepted. They cleared away numerous brambles, furze, and loose stones, which impeded our progress. When we told them of our intention to visit Carrigeleana, they seemed highly delighted, saying, 'Well, though you'll see nothing outside but big stones, there's a grand place entirely under them—for Cleanah lives there in her own beautiful palace that the fairies built for her beneath the rocks.' We found the ascent so precipitous and rugged, that we hesitated, whether or not to make the attempt; but our obliging and intelligent guides anxiously assured us there was no danger—they could make steps for us and help us forward, as they were well acquainted with every inch of the ground: attended with some labour and difficulty in dragging us up, we found ourselves upon the summit, which is crowned with three gigantic piles of stones, the central

one by far the largest, evidently brought there and arranged by some artificial contrivance, as the stones themselves are of a different kind to those found in the vicinity. The peasants made this observation to us in pointing out their huge dimensions. How could they ever have been conveyed to this high position? we exclaimed. An old man with a self-satisfied smile at his own superior intelligence, answered, 'Why then, who do you think could ever do the like o' that, but the ould Irish giants—them that could carry the world itself on their backs? And sure they done it all for the dear lady of the land.' 'Who was this lady?' we inquired. 'Do you mean who is she? sure she is one of the great O'Callaghans of Dromenene Castle. And because the O'Callaghan More (*i. e.* the great O'Callaghan, or head of the sept) found that the fairies had recourse to her, he sent for the monks of Buttevant to exorcise the *crathur*—but just when they were beginning their unnatural work, she wrapped herself round in her mantle of green, and invoking her fairies, they whirled her off in a moment, and left the monks stupified with wonder. It was here that the fairies carried that beautiful lady, and they hid her in the grand palace that they built under the ground, and the giants reared these big stones over all.' Upon our asking how long she lived in that subterraneous dwelling? We were instantaneously answered, 'Why sure she lives there still: Cleanah never died, nor never will.'—'How can you tell that?' I inquired. The old man indignantly replied, 'Because my own two eyes seen her many's the time, walking among them big stones with her mantle of green about her in the shadows of the evening. And did'nt others as well as myself see her, and did'nt we all hear her mournful cries, when any trouble came

upon a neighbour—when our landlord was hard upon us, wanting the rent, or when the bit of land was took from us and given to a stranger, for Cleanah's heart is with us, to pity and love us, and she never likes to part with the poorest among us.' Upon our inquiring if the entrance to her cave had been discovered, they pointed to a spot at the bottom of the hill, telling us it was there, but closed up in such a manner that it could not be entered, and nobody would venture to make an opening for fear of displeasing Cleanah. They then related the misfortunes which had befallen a man who had the temerity to cut down a tree which grew among the rocks, one very severe winter to kindle a fire. The tree, they added, was useful to Cleanah for drying her clothes, and summer and winter it was always the same, covered with green leaves ; but, from the time the man burned it, he had no luck, a blight came upon him ; his cow died ; his horse fell into a pit, and sickness wasted himself to a shadow.' Many other wonderful things were related to us concerning the lady of the cavern. We inquired if she had ever admitted a visitor. 'Never but once, that we know of,' was the reply. 'She lodged two poor benighted carmen ; one of them was an O'Callaghan ; she gave them the best of eating and drinking, and before she bid them good night, she gave to each a green bough, telling them to keep it safe. They knew, or saw no more until the morning, when they found themselves lying on the cold grass at the bottom of the hill. O'Callaghan had his branch in his hand—it turned into gold, and made him rich—the other man could not find his gift, he had thrown it away, and he was always in poverty.'

A few days after our visit to Carrigeleana (*i. e.* Cleanah's Rocks) we drove to Dromenene Castle, in former

times the principal seat of the O'Callaghans. This magnificent ruin covers a great rock on the bank of the Blackwater, a river celebrated by Spenser. The castle in its pristine grandeur could not have been so venerable, so interesting, and so beautiful as it now appears. Its high towers and battlements clothed in an evergreen mantle of ivy, where the rooks and jackdaws revel unmolested, while centuries roll on. Noble woods and ever verdant fields mark the boundaries of an extensive domain, luxuriant, though untenanted and neglected, except by the flocks and herds which browse upon the rich pasturage.

The castle bawn is large, and well enclosed with an high stone wall, flanked with round towers. In King William's wars, the English kept a garrison in this castle for a consideration, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Culliford.

The domain attached to Dromenene Castle, forms part of the estate of Adam Newman, Esq., of Dromore, as well as Carrigeleana.

'By an inquisition taken at Mallow, on the 25th of October, 1594, it was found that Conagher O'Callaghan, *alias* The O'Callaghan, was and is seized of several large territories in the inquisition recited, in his domain, as Lord and Chieftain of Poble-Callaghan, by the Irish custom, time out of mind used; that as O'Callaghan aforesaid is lord of the said country, so there is a Tanist by the custom of the said country, who is Teig O'Callaghan; and that the said Teig is seized as Tanist by the said custom of several plow-lands in the inquisition mentioned,'* &c. &c. Why they were thus deprived of their property does not appear: lands were assigned to

* Smith's 'Cork.'

the different branches of the family by the head of the sept, and removed from them at his pleasure.

I can, from my own experience, vouch for the truth of an observation in the second article of the *Quarterly Review* of September 1845. 'To this hour the supposed lawful owners of confiscated estates in Ireland are known as well as the present possessors. Families, which to strangers' eyes are no more than private gentlemen of moderate fortunes, or, it may be, even sunk in poverty, are esteemed and honoured as still representatives of royal blood.'

S. M.

MESMERISM.

My dear Madam,

I have re-read with intense interest your letter on Mesmerism, in the Lady's Magazine for January, 1845; addressed to Miss Martineau, also the Sidmouth Tract contained in the numbers for July and August, 1845, because this diabolical art, as I have always considered it for the last fifteen or twenty years, since it was imported into Ireland from France, under the name of Animal Magnatism, has been lately practised in the house of a Clergyman of the Establishment, in a town not a hundred miles from this, where the Somnambules repeated whole sentences in various languages after the Mesmerist, though they were totally ignorant of one word of any of them, they also danced, sung, and imitated the Mesmerist in all his antics.

This noxious Miasma is diffusing its vapours over the length and breadth of our land by public agency, and in most cases is received as arising from natural causes hereafter to be explained as our faculties receive strength, as the flowing of the blood, &c.; and is defended as equally beneficial to mankind, and not to be despised or rejected, and we who oppose it are stigmatized as weak or foolish.

However, from a bare secondhand description by a lady who witnessed it in the house alluded to, I have no

hesitation in uniting with you in condemning it as of the Devil; but chiefly in its having proved itself supernatural in foretelling or disclosing events, as in the case of Miss Martineau's female servant; and here doubtless is the fearful part of it, as described by you from Miss Martineau's letter, as interfering with the truth of the miracles of our blessed Lord.

The art as I understand it in the case of Miss Martineau's servant, shews the Somnambule pictures of passing events at a distance—on ship-board at sea, and may hap at the Quay of Gibraltar, or in our newly acquired possession at Hong Kong—this brings proof to my mind that the same agency is employed as when our Lord was tempted by Satan on the "high mountain," by the offer of giving Him all the kingdoms of the world, *before the time and without suffering*. That Satan shewed our Lord the kingdoms of the world is beyond doubt, for the inspired Word of God says, "He shewed Him all the kingdoms of the world;" and even the Rev. Hugh McNeile, in his Lecture (No. 4.) on the "sufferings of our Lord," in connection with the character and conduct of Satan, has a note at page 102, wherein he says 'he cannot exclude every thing panoramic from the description, after perusing all the commentators within his reach.'

Now, this is just what the Somnambule does, and may I not fairly ask, is it not by the same power, even that of the Great Dragon, *the Devil?*—for it evidently is superhuman.

Again, another point which Mr. McNeile notices: in speaking of the Temptation, he says, 'that it was an offer of a false Millennium.' And quere, is not this proved by the assertions of these Mesmerists, that they

can so still pain in the human frame, and perform the most critical surgical operations without the knowledge of the patient, and thus do away one of the consequences of God's curse on man's sin,—cause pain to cease. Was it not well expressed by a young friend of mine the other day, on hearing the subject canvassed, 'I think Satan wants to forestall the Lord in the coming Millennium.' It was immediately suggested to my mind, that *clairvoyance* is a proof of this. It is evidently forestalling the Millennium. 1 John iii. 2. 1 Cor. xii. 12.

Oh, let Christian believers beware how they trifle with Satan, and yield for amusement sake to his devilish, though they may be fashionable, devices; and let Clergymen professing godliness, take care how they invite the arch enemy of mankind to their houses to entertain their company. The description of the one entertainment, as detailed to me, was fearful in the extreme, and what may the next step be, if persevered in? Not to say one word of the loss of time, which might be so much better employed in leading sinners to Christ—this in itself is a device of Satan.

I protested against this 'black art' practised in the house of a Clergyman fifteen years since, and I never heard that the Lord has honoured that minister in the conversion of one *soul* since. I could give you frightful accounts of it as detailed to me by many persons since the period of the French Revolution, all of which to my mind, prove it to be a sister of those false miracles wrought in Egypt up to the present day.

Happily for myself I feel it to be, that I have never witnessed the performance, and with the blessing of the Lord never mean to do so, while I continue to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." And I would say, let

all who name the name of Christ depart from this *iniquity*.

Yours, Dear Madam,

A Layman and *a Lover* of the True Magnet.

Dingle, Kerry.

P. S.—It is matter of extreme regret to me, to find that your admirable paper on Mesmerism in January Number 1845, of Lady's Christian Magazine, is out of print, feeling it is so much required in the present day as an antidote to this insidious poison.

THE ignorance which is to be found, even in men of gigantic intellect, as to the spiritual and hidden meaning of Scripture, is a fact as undeniable as it is remarkable. * * Man may grasp every topic of human inquiry. But the truth of God he cannot comprehend. Unaided intellect never did.—*Rev. D. Kelly.*

"WHEN YOU KNEEL DOWN, YOU CAN SEE THE SKY."

DEATH had separated me from the beloved of my soul; and a few months after that event I had exchanged my dear and once pleasant home, with its rural sights and sounds, and a pretty garden, for some apartments in town; they appeared to me dark and dingy, and the rather narrow street into which they looked was very dirty; and the rain was pouring when I sat down to write to a distant friend, to tell her of my child, myself, and our sadly blighted prospects: the tears unchecked, unheeded, ran down my face: just then, in a cheerful tone, my blue-eyed boy called out, 'Oh, mamma, look how the sun is shining—look!'

'I replied, 'I can see no sunshine *here*, my child.'

'But, dear mamma, if you will *stoop*, you can see the sun shine.'

To please the child I stooped, but without moving from my desk, and replied 'I can see no sun nor sky, I see only high houses.'

'Oh, mamma, but come with me to this window. Now please kneel down here, dear mamma, then you will see the sky.'

I knelt, to please my persevering child, and the posture so often associated with time, joy, and comfort, was so at that moment—a beam of the bright sun seemed as if it shone into my very heart, telling of the

Sun of Righteousness that beareth healing on its wings; and the words, 'If you *kneel down* you will see the sky,' still sounded in my ears. I clasped my kneeling child, and blessed him for his word in season.—'When you *kneel down* you can see the sky.'—Tears flowed afresh, but not of bitter discontent. I then began to *yield* the treasure which my Master claimed.

THE backslider can never again be *as happy* a man as he should have been, had he not fallen. For, although fully and freely forgiven, and most mercifully dealt with, nevertheless, the *temporal* penalty is inflicted, even as in the case of David: God forgave his sin, but the sword never departed from his house. * * The punishment follows in the way of natural consequence, and the course of nature is not altered. He who has acted the apostate, can never, in *this* world, be the happy man he would have been, had he never fallen.—*Rev. D. Kelly.*

THE SIGNS AND DUTY OF THE TIMES.

Ye say, when fierce red fills the west,
Wind comes! and, rough it blows;
Or, when soft zephyrs soothe to rest,
'Twill rain! and, fast it flows.
Ye deaf, with ears! ye blind, with eyes!
Ye dead in nature's crimes!
Ye *scan* the portents of the skies,
But *scorn* those of the times.

The years decreed *have* run their course![1]
The omen-king *is* gone![2]
Turkestaun's flood *has* spent its force!
And Syria's *tenth* lives lone![3]
The race-elect *must* triumph in[4]
That land where honey drips!
What then stay's Tarshish's isle of Tin?[5]
EARTH WAITS HER SUMMON'D SHIPS![6]

[1] Daniel viii. 13, 14.
[2] "He shall come to his end, and none shall help him. And at that time, shall Michael stand up. . . . [3] Isaiah vi. 11—13.
[4] Isaiah lxv. 8—10. [5] Ezek. xxvii. 12. [6] Isaiah lx. 9.

THE SIMPLE MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF DEAR LITTLE JENNY.*

Our beloved Jenny became an object of God's peculiar care, almost as soon as she entered into this life, for she possessed that extreme sweetness of temper which afterwards formed the most prominent trait in her character. While in her cradle she was never impatient, she seldom cried, and learned at a very early age to understand the word "be patient."

As soon as she could speak, her father and myself attempted to turn her heart to the Lord, and she soon became familiar with his glorious name. I think she was only eighteen months old, when being one day in her father's room, she asked him of her own accord, and without being in the least prompted to do so, *to pray to God.*

'Papa!' she said earnestly, '*pray!*' 'Mamma, she again repeated, 'pray!' and scarcely had we knelt down, 'ere she came and placed herself on her knees beside us; she remained silent and serious whilst her father was praying, and when we rose from our knees, she appeared happy and contented, and as if she had really felt the enjoyment which a child of God cannot but experience at His throne of grace.

She continued thus until she was two years old; in some respects she was perhaps less precocious than

* From "Sketches for Youth: By C. Malan, D.D." an interesting volume recently published.

other children of the same age, but she was early remarkable for her habitual trust and confidence in God, and in his mercy.

Was she sick? She invariably looked to God for restoration to health, believing and saying as of the most natural circumstance, that God could see her, and would be sure to restore her if it pleased Him to do so; and then she would wait patiently and without any complaint until her sickness was removed.

How often has this little child's simple and complete reliance upon God, taught my own heart to understand what is really meant by faith in him, and by trusting in his promises, without fear or doubting! Whatever she knew that God had promised, she was satisfied he would perform, indeed so much so that one day (about this period,) when one of my sisters had received some sorrowful news which made her weep, Jenny went up to her and said; 'Dear Aunt, let me comfort you. God says, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," it was God, dear Aunt, who said this; so you will soon be comforted; therefore do not cry!'

See how this sweet child was already taught by the Spirit of God, to honour his Holy Word. 'The wind blew,' already, as our Saviour said, 'and we heard the sound thereof, but we knew not whence it came, and above all, whither it was going.

At this time Jenny's little brother was born; she was then about two years old. She was extremely delighted with the little babe, and from the first day of his birth she overwhelmed him with the most tender affection, indeed her heart seemed to open to him more and more every day.

Every thing she possessed was to be given to this 'dear little brother,' and to be shared with him. She

never shewed the least jealousy or selfishness; she forgot herself in her anxiety for the 'dear little Cæsar,' who was a constant source of pleasure and interest to her; and the sudden illness and death of this precious lamb of the Good Shepherd was Jenny's first sorrow and grief. She was astonished; she could not believe it: she wanted to awake the little one from his long sleep, and when she was at last made to comprehend it in some measure, she sighed and said, that 'God had taken him to himself.'

'My little brother is in heaven,' she would say, 'and he will never play with me again!' . . and then she would sigh sorrowfully, and look towards heaven, but never with a murmur against God.

Her brother's death had a great effect upon her; her character seemed to open rapidly, and her sweet affectionate disposition became more and more manifest. She seemed to feel how greatly she might add to her father's and my happiness; and she exerted herself to show us every kind of affectionate attention, that she might be able to comfort us and alleviate our sorrow.

'O Lord!' she exclaimed one day, whilst she was amusing herself in my room, 'do not take me to Heaven just yet, as thou hast taken little Cæsar: it would make mamma so unhappy to lose me!'

She never forgot this little brother: she was always talking about him, and she was continually saying in her sweet soft voice, 'My little brother is in heaven; my little brother is happy now; he is singing hymns.'

You will remember, my dear father, that gentleness was the chief characteristic of this dear child, and it showed itself on every occasion. She was extremely benevolent to every one, and her interest for the poor

was indescribably active ; she always wanted to talk to them, to comfort them, and to help them.

Some little beggars were in the habit of coming to our door every evening, at dinner-time, Jenny would immediately take her bread, and asking leave, she would give it all to them ; and if we ever judged it better to send them away without giving them any thing, Jenny was overcome with grief, and we had some difficulty to make her understand, that we acted thus from motives of prudence, and even for the good of the children themselves.

When we walked out together, the same scenes would occur. If I refused to give charity to a child, Jenny said nothing, but she became very sorrowful, and she would often turn round and look after them with a feeling of sadness ; and if we happened to meet an old man, she would then say ; 'Do give something now, mamma, for he is an old man !'

She was always truly happy when she had it in her power to be generous. The love of God reigned in her heart, and the image of Jesus himself in the years of his childhood, was certainly reflected in the soul of this blessed little girl, for she loved to give away, not merely those things which were superfluous to her, and which she did not care to possess, but those which she really loved the most of all.

One day when I was packing up a box of things for some missionary families abroad, I thought I would add to them some toys for children, and I mentioned my wish to Jenny's papa in her presence. She immediately ran to the closet where her toys were kept, and having gathered them together, she threw them all down at my feet, and said, 'There, Mamma, there they all are ; give them to those poor little children, for they have no

shops to go to, and their Mammas cannot buy them any;' and she was quite delighted at the idea of being able to send them her two prettiest dolls, her picture-book, her pencils, and many other of her nicest toys.

Often too, when at table, if any dish was placed before her for which she had any preference, she would offer it to her papa or me, saying; 'Dear papa! take this; it is so nice,' and if we replied, 'We have some already, dear child,' she would still insist upon our taking some, saying, 'Yes, but you have not enough; it is so nice!'

Besides all this, her delight at being able to read, was beyond description; 'Because,' said she, 'I shall be able to read the Word of God!' She came several times every day of her own accord to be taught to spell, and she always begged for a longer lesson than I thought it necessary to give her. It was indeed a joyful day for her, when she was able to read the Bible sufficiently well to understand what she read!

Before she was thus far advanced, her father and I taught her to repeat texts of Scripture by heart; and every morning when our family prayer was concluded, she repeated to me all she knew. . . She had already learned more than fifty! and she repeated many of them with the most heartfelt pleasure. For instance, the following: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."—"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head;" to the latter she would add; "You know the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

It was quite of her own accord that she associated these texts together in her own mind. She also thus

united the following in the same manner; "Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord;" immediately adding, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

She took great pleasure in stories from the Bible, many of which were quite familiar to her! She was particularly interested in our Lord's entry into Jerusalem; and often repeated it in a sort of extacy; and her eyes were quite lighted up with joy when she came to the words "Hosannah to the Son of David!" 'Mamma,' she would say, 'I tell him this also, and I know he hears me!'

Jenny was however in many respects like all other children; she had her faults, and was by nature sinful. But no sooner had God shown himself to her in love and compassion, than she humbled herself and was sorry for her sin!

One day she was angry with her nurse, and went so far as to strike her; but suddenly stopping, she became very unhappy, and throwing herself into my arms, she said;—'Dear Mamma, pray to God for me, that he may make me a good girl.'

Another time I was obliged to punish her for a wilful fault. She made no resistance and did not even cry; but humbling herself even before her nurse, she said; 'Nurse! Mamma has punished me; but it is because she loves me. If she did not love me, she would not punish me!'

Alas! even to this day I feel her whole conduct is a lesson to me! she has left me; God recalled her to himself; . . . but I seem to hear her sweet voice still saying to me: 'If Mamma did not love, she would not punish me; . . .' and I try to say the same to God; and indeed I do believe it's truth. It is because He loves us

that he afflicts us. If our heavenly Father did not love us, he would not have chastised us ! !

Jenny knew by heart many of those sweet hymns which you, my dear father, have composed for children. She was particularly pleased with the story of Colinette ; she often sang it, and like her, Jenny was very anxious to make herself useful in working for the Missionaries.

You saw, my dear Father, how cleverly her little fingers learnt to sew. . . . Alas ! I can scarcely help weeping when I reflect upon what they now are ; . . . But, my father, God gives us the victory even over death.

Jenny, as I just said, was desirous to work for the 'Missionaries among the poor heathen,' as she would say, 'who do not yet love our Lord Jesus Christ ;' and it was with all her heart, and with a perseverance which nothing could overcome, that she embroidered a little napkin ring, which was to be sold at the end of the year at a bazaar, for these missionaries.

At length the ring was completed ; I sent it to the bazaar, and can never picture to you her extreme joy, when I told her that a lady had purchased her ring, and that with the two francs she had given for it, we could procure two New Testaments, which would be sent to poor little pagan children.

I have already told you how much pleasure she took in her reading-lessons, and how much she longed to be able to read the Bible for herself. This book was more attractive to her than all her playthings, which she immediately threw aside as soon as I took up the New Testament to teach her to spell some words in it.

'When I can read,' she would often say, 'I shall have a New Testament ; and when I am five years old,

Mamma, you will give me a Bible. How glad I shall be!'

She did not live to be five years old; but how much greater a gift has the Lord bestowed upon her, and with what ineffable joy is her soul now satisfied!

While here below, her chief delight was in showing kindness and generosity to all, and in adding to the happiness of those she loved; the following is a touching instance of it.

Her Father told her last October, that he would take her to a bazaar, and that she should there choose whatever she liked best.

Jenny jumped for joy as soon as the time of departure had arrived; she constantly repeated;—'I am going with Papa! Papa is going to take me with him! Oh! how happy I am!' For the pleasure of being with her papa was much greater to her than that of being at the bazaar, or of purchasing any thing she pleased.

They at length reached the shops, which were filled with pretty and attractive things, and her father said to her;—'Come, Jenny, choose for yourself; for I wish to give you something.'

'Papa!' replied the child, 'my little friends L—— have no work-box like the pretty one I see there. If you will buy it for them I shall be very much obliged to you.'

The box was purchased; they passed on to another shop, and her papa said to her again;—'Now, my child, choose something for yourself. Come! what do you want? Tell me!'

'Oh! papa,' said Jenny, 'my cousin has no pretty doll, like that in the cradle; Do buy it for her, papa, she will be so pleased!'

The doll was also bought, and the darling child affectionately thanked her papa, and was much more gratified than if the doll had been for herself.

'But, my child,' said the father, 'I wish to give something to *you*; it will give me pleasure to do so, therefore choose for yourself.'

'Papa!' replied Jenny, 'Mamma has no ring to hold her keys. She wants a large one and a small one; do buy them for her!'

The rings were soon in Jenny's bag with the other things, and she jumped for joy at the thought of carrying them home to her mother.

At length they reached a shop full of cocoa-nut ornaments, and toys, and her papa again pressed her to choose something for herself. Among all the pretty things that were before her, she at length selected a simple little egg-cup, which she carefully examined, preferring the one which was carved the best.

They then returned home, and Jenny could scarcely tell me fast enough, all her delight and the pleasure she had had.

'Mamma, do see all that Papa has given to me. Here is something for my little friends L——, and a doll for my cousin. Oh! how much I should like to take it to her myself now directly. And here is something for you too, Mamma; and this is for me; see this is for my breakfast.'

Another instance of the same kind shows how God had early detached her heart from the things of this world.

When Clement was baptized, she received as a present from her Grandpapa, a nice little box of bon-bons. As soon as it was presented to her, she was anxious to distribute its contents to all around her, taking but very few herself; so few, indeed, that although the box

was left entirely at her own disposal, it remained many days without being emptied, and was only at length finished because she *implored* some of our visitors to take her 'pretty sugar-plums.'

Her father had taught her the third commandment; "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain;" she believed it, and entered so completely into the spirit of it, that she never would allow any one to take God's name in vain in her presence.

Her nurse had got into this unfortunate habit: and she frequently made use of the expressions, 'oh! yes, my God,' or 'oh! no, my God,' which in France are very common amongst all classes of society; but Jenny always reproved her, with as much gentleness as earnestness, and the nurse at last corrected herself of her bad habit.

At other times when she made use of these improper expressions, Jenny would say, 'Nurse, papa has taught me a verse which I will repeat to you. Listen to it; "Thou shalt not take *the name* of God in vain;"' and in repeating the passage she laid great stress upon the word *name*, as if to impress her with the impropriety of speaking *lightly* on such a serious subject.

She so fully understood the spirit and meaning of this commandment, that one day when she was repeating the little hymn which begins; 'My God! my Father!' &c. she said to me, 'Mamma! I'm not now taking God's name in vain.'

And once when little Clement was ill and looked as if he were dead, and I was weeping over his cradle, Jenny, who was by my side, looked at her brother, and said, in the most touching way —'Oh! my God (I do not take thy name in vain) make little Clement well again!'

The next day, when the little boy was still very ill, and I was again distressed on his account, Jenny came to me, and wiping away my tears with her little fingers, she said :—'Mamma ! do not weep. Praise God ?'

And many times I heard her singing as soon as she awoke in the morning :—'My God and Saviour whom I love, make Clement well again, restore my little brother !'

'Mamma !' she said to me another day, 'God is taking care of my little brother Cæsar in heaven. Oh ! I wish he would take care of my little brother Clement on earth !'

This little lamb of Jesus' flock would never take any of her meals without first asking His blessing upon them, even if she happened to be alone ; two days before her death, when some sugar and water was brought to her, she joined her hands together and said, 'Oh ! Lord, I thank thee for this sugar and water !' and this habit became so natural to her, and so sacred, that even when we were travelling from one place to another, when she was sitting beside me at the public table at the hotels, she looked round at all present, to see who asked a blessing, and if no one did so, she would pray for herself in the most solemn manner, but without making any appearance of doing more than simply seeking God's blessing.

It was during the journey just alluded to (alas ! my dear father, it was when she accompanied me to pay you a visit !) that Jenny so often gave proofs of the constant seriousness of her thoughts, especially in connection with the Word of God. One circumstance amongst others struck me particularly ; it was as follows :—

When we arrived at the town of Cette, Jenny and

her nurse accompanied me to the sea-side. Jenny was overpowered at the sight of such an immense body of water; and whilst she was admiring it, I read her the passage in the Bible, which says, "This great and wide sea, where are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts, and there go the ships," &c. She remembered the verse, and when we returned to our hotel, she turned round in the direction of the sea, and said solemnly; "This great and wide sea!" and added with equal gravity, "and it was God who made it!" I saw that she was struck with the greatness of this noble work of God; and I perceived a recurrence of the same feeling, when at Geneva, I took her to the border of the lake, she again repeated, with her former solemnity of manner—'Mamma, this reminds me of Cette. Do you see this "great and wide sea," which God has made?'

It was also at this period (and I think you will remember it, my dear father) that this dear child gave us so many proofs of her reverence for the word of God, as also of her complete forgetfulness of herself, and her thoughtful and attentive kindness to those about her. I shall remind you of three instances of this kind which interested me much.

A lady of our acquaintance called upon us, and giving way to her feeling of admiration of Jenny's beauty and sweet appearance, she exclaimed; 'What an adorable child!'

Jenny, who was sitting beside me, immediately rose, and in a pleasing, affectionate manner, she said to the lady;—'Oh! dear lady, do not say that. It is God only that we must adore.'

The lady was much struck with this gentle reproof, and she whispered to me,—'What a lesson! I shall

never forget it!' It was thus God drew forth his praise from the feeble lips of a little child!

Another day, Jenny was present when her aunt, one of my youngest sisters, had shewn a degree of pride and disinclination to comply with a command of her mother's. Jenny immediately became very unhappy, and taking one of my sister's hands, she said to her kindly—'Dear aunt! do you not know that God has said, "Children! obey your parents in the Lord!"' She then came running to me, for I had also been present on the occasion, and drawing me aside, she said; 'Come, dear mamma, come and pray for my poor aunt; for she must be very unhappy.'

Another day, she was in the garden with her uncle, my youngest brother, and either through fun or mischief, he gave her a blow in the eye with his stick. The pain, at the moment, was very great, for she screamed loudly, and I ran to her assistance.

'What is the matter!' I asked; and when I saw Jenny's eye closed, and very red, I turned round to my brother, and reproved him severely. But the dear child, endeavouring to overcome her pain, went up to her uncle, who was crying, and very sorry for what he had done, and she said to him; 'Do not cry, uncle, I pray you, it is not very bad!' Then turning to me, she said; 'Dear Mamma, do not be angry with my uncle; for you see he is very sorry for having hurt me!'

It was also at Geneva, my dear father, that being one day in the garden, with mamma and little Jenny, I observed her talking to herself, and I asked her what she was saying.

'I am speaking to God,' she replied.

'And what are you saying to him, my child?'

'I am telling him, that I shall go some day to my brother Cæsar: but not till after New Year's day.'

I could not help shuddering at these words. I however endeavoured to satisfy myself, that they were but the passing fancy of a child. But alas! when the event actually took place, as she seemed to foresee, I immediately understood whence this prediction came, and why I felt the momentary shock.

For indeed, our Jenny, our sweet and precious child was called to leave us; the Lord who had lent her to us, was about to recal her to himself, and it happened but a very short time after you, my dear father, had taken her in your arms, and had given her your blessing in the name of the Lord.

Yes, Jenny was called to quit this sinful world, and to enter into that glory where she should praise and worship God without any interruption.

She became ill for several days, but there was no symptom which occasioned any alarm. New Year's day arrived, and according to custom, there were many presents for our little Jenny, both from ourselves, and from other members of the family.

The dear child was confined to her bed, and did not seem to have the least inclination to get up, still less to be dressed: generally she was extremely lively, and was always amongst us, the spirit and life of the party, and as it were, the brilliant star of all our domestic enjoyments.

We had our family prayer that morning by her bedside. When it is was finished, she gave a Bible to her nurse, and said, with an expression of indescribable joy; 'Nurse, you must read it; I give it you, because you have been so kind to me.'

We then brought her our presents; but she took

little notice of any of them, excepting the one you sent her, my dear father; I mean the New Testament, in large print, which we told her you had given to her.

She took it, and immediately opened it, and she exclaimed in a transport of joy;—'Papa! here is the name of Jesus! . . . . And here is God's name! . . . Oh! how kind of Grandpapa at Geneva! I will read it:' and turning over the leaves, she selected the eleventh chapter of St. Luke, which she began to read, until she came to those words of our Lord's prayer; "Thy kingdom come!" She then laid down (for she was very weak) and said;—'How beautiful it is, mamma! Oh! how I love this Testament! You must leave it on my bed!'

In the afternoon, she wished to get up, that she might sit upon my lap. 'Some friends came to see us, and they each brought some little present for Jenny. She received them all with much gratitude; but she said to me the next day:—Oh! my dear mamma! I like the New Testament the best of all my presents. My playthings will be spoiled and broken; and my sweetmeats will soon be eaten; but the New Testament will teach me the way to heaven.'

The dear child recovered her strength and appetite, in some measure; she was even able to get into the garden, and we thought, with grateful hearts, that the Lord had quite restored her.

But His ways were not as our ways, and He, who does all things wisely in his infinite love, had appointed that Jenny, who was his own gift, should return to the bosom of her Saviour. Her disease again attacked her; and came rapidly to a crisis; pain seized the whole of her tender frame, but she was always calm and submissive, and seemed to suffer in a spirit of obedience to the

will of God: yes, to that God, my dear father, who, I feel assured, softened this dear child's sufferings, for he bestowed upon her a sweet serenity, and sometimes a charming liveliness which delighted us all, and often raised our hopes, although they could not remove our apprehension of the great trial which awaited us, and which seemed to overwhelm us.

'Come,' said my dear Alphonse to me, on the Saturday morning, 'and let us ask of God, perfect submission to his will!' And this merciful God, whose "compassions are far above all his works," enabled us to restore into his own hands the most precious of all his earthly gifts.

From that moment the strength which God alone can give, became our portion, and we were able to watch the progress of our precious child's disease, and quick decline. Yes, my dear father, the Lord, "the eternal God himself," was faithful to his own promises, and during the long and weary hours of inexpressible grief which attended her illness, God led us through the dark vale of tears, and bid us lean upon his arm.

The Good Shepherd watched also over his feeble lamb. He had prepared her for her heavenly rest, and he then called her to enter into it without a struggle.

'Mamma! . . . . I am very ill,' she said to me, about three o'clock.

'My child, when you reach the fold of the Good Shepherd, you will cease to suffer. It is a wide fold, and all are happy there.'

'Mamma! are there many entrances to that sheepfold?'

'No, my child; there is but one; and that is the Lord himself.'

'There are both sheep and lambs there, are there

not? The lambs are the children, and the sheep are the papas and the mammas. . . . . Mamma! those who reach that fold will never come out of it again!'

'No, never.'

'Cæsar is in that fold, is he not?'

'Yes, my dear child.'

And Henrietta, and Valentine, and Clement, will come there too, will they not?'

She was silent; she was overpowered, and suffered from a dreadful thirst. I thought of those words of our Lord upon the cross; "I thirst!" and I implored of God to remove that from which our precious child suffered so much. My prayer was answered; for her thirst became less trying, and at length ceased altogether.

Her disease made rapid progress, but although she became so much worse, she never ceased her attentions to those about her.

'Clement is crying,' she said, 'poor little fellow! he must be ill! Do go to him, dear Mamma!'

In the evening she asked her papa to relate a story to her; and she always took most pleasure in those which were of a serious and pious nature. Her father repeated the story of Colinette, and when he had finished, she said;—'Papa, you have forgotten one word.'

'Which is it, my dear child?'

'Thy love in her heart,' she replied. She then asked him to repeat to her the story of the little boy of five years old, who had a New Testament given to him. She then added;—'Dear Grandpapa at Geneva, how very good he was to give me a New Testament, you must thank him very much for it.'

She was hastening to the close of her short life; her strength gradually gave way, her eyes became fixed,

and her voice feeble. Her father then placing his hands on her head, formerly so full of beauty, blessed her in the name of the Lord, and after having kissed her once more, he said ;—'Go, my child ! return to the bosom of thy Saviour, and bless his name for all the joy and happiness which thy short life has occasioned us on earth.'

For my own part, I drew near to her bedside, fixing my eyes once more on her's which were almost closed, and as I said, 'My beloved, my precious child ! ' . . she added quickly ; 'Call me no longer your beloved, your precious child, I have no longer a name.' She evidently wished to tell us that she had a *new name*, and no longer a name on earth !

A few moments afterwards, she joined her little hands together, raised her eyes to heaven, and saying, 'Mamma ! Mamma ! ' she closed them in the sleep of death ! . .

With a groan her breathing gradually became less and less, and soon ceased altogether with a slight sigh.

And now, my dear father, draw near to the throne of grace with us, and pray for us, that we may be enabled to say without a murmur ; "It is the Lord who gave, and who hath taken away ; Blessed be the name of the Lord ! "

Yes, my father, may His holy name be praised, and may his Spirit, the Comforter, come to strengthen our hearts, and to guide us day by day and hour by hour to the throne of *his* grace, whom Jenny loved to call the 'Good Shepherd,' the 'blessed Saviour,' and of whom, she also said, with so much sincerity of heart, 'Thou shalt call his name "Immanuel," that is, "God with us."'

May He indeed be *with* us and *in* us, for He is our

resurrection and our life, and he can fill those hearts with "joy and gladness," whom he hath gathered unto himself, and introduced into the assembly of the just made perfect.

The precious remains of our little Jenny were deposited beside those of her 'dear little Cæsar.' One simple stone covers the grave of these two little lambs, alas! so soon recalled to enter the fold of the Good Shepherd. . . May my heart, O Lord! be made submissive to thy will! Yes, my father, may *my* lips praise Him, may I shed my tears into his own bosom, and may I in so doing glorify his Holy Name.

Review of Books.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. *Volume the Fourth. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D., President of the Theological School of Geneva, and Vice-President of the Société Evangelique. Assisted in the preparation of the English original by H. White, B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge.* Oliver and Boyd.

THERE can be no doubt that Merle D'Aubigné was raised up and gifted for our eventful days by the same All-wise and gracious Ruler, who sent forth Martin Luther. Our great need now is to have the very vital principle of the Reformation, as developed three hundred years ago, brought into visibility and activity among us. No pains have been spared to disguise, to cloud over, and to clog it to such an extent as should render it utterly valueless: no pains are spared to enwrap us again in the poisonous mantle of Popery. To meet this emergency, it has pleased God to awaken a voice in Switzerland, the thrilling tones of which re-echo through all Christendom: and most remarkable

it is, that, as Dr. D'Aubigné informs us in the Preface to this volume, while in France, where it was originally published, the sale of the former part has averaged 4,000, not less than from 150,000 to 200,000 copies of the English translation have been circulated in Great Britain and America—the countries where Jesuitism under its Tractarian mask, is most zealously employed at the very work which this noble book is calculated to defeat.

The present volume is written in English by the Author, and reads no less delightfully than what he wrote in his native tongue. It commences with the Diet of Spires, in 1526, and reaches to the lamentable catastrophe at Cappel. We are promised in the succeeding volume a sketch of the Reformation in England. May the Giver of every good and perfect gift abundantly aid His dear servant in this most important work!

A BRIEF ACCOUNT *of the Rise and Progress of the change in religious opinion now taking place at Dingle, and the West of the County of Kerry, Ireland. By Mrs. D. P. Thompson.*—Seeleys.

We are happily persuaded that the change described in this animated narrative is something more and better than a change in religious *opinion*. It is the passing away of old, corrupt things: the creating anew unto righteousness of many an immortal spirit. The volume reaches us so late, that we are not able to give it the attentive perusal that is requisite for going into a detailed account; but a cursory skimming has satisfied

us of its intensely interesting character, and powerful claim on public attention. We hope to return to it, for some interesting details, Mrs. Thompson having been a witness of the work throughout, and a most valuable helper in the Lord's cause. A map, and several illustrations accompany the volume.

CLOSET HYMNS AND POEMS. *By James Edmeston.*—Religious Tract Society.

A VERY sweet little book of original poetry, breathing the gospel spirit most fully. Texts of scripture supply the subjects, in general: the thoughts are those of a devout Christian, seeking the rest that remaineth to the people of God: and the poetry will not detract from the well-merited reputation of its Author.

LAYS OF "THE BETTER LAND." *A selection of sacred songs, composed or arranged, and most respectfully dedicated by permission to Dowager the Hon. Lady Grey. By Caroline A. Howell.*—Varty.

WE do not assume to be judges of musical composition; and in recommending any thing on that ground we are guided by the majority of votes, from friends better qualified to decide. Of the poetry of this handsome little

volume, we can speak more confidently: many of the pieces are the most beautiful of McCheyne's, and the same spirit breathes through them all. We feel sure that we may safely commend the whole, as an acquisition to the musical treasures of our Christian friends.

THE PROTESTANT.

'THE Anniversaries are again come round,' said my uncle; 'and once more, through the unmerited, ill-requited mercies of the Lord, we may meet, not only in peace and safety as concerns this nation, but with an unobstructed field of operations still open to us, as messengers of the Gospel of Christ, throughout the world. A few months ago, we should scarcely have dared to anticipate this. May our hearts be so impressed with the long-suffering goodness of our God, as to render our assemblages tenfold more spiritual, more prayerful, more directly expressive of our membership with Christ, and with each other!'

'To forward that most desirable end, uncle, it is greatly to be desired that each speaker, lay as well as clerical, should look on the opportunity afforded him of addressing the multitude of attentive hearers, as a gift which he receives expressly to minister to others the blessed truths that have been made known to his own soul. We should then have more of that building ourselves up on our most holy faith, which the Apostle enjoins: we should hear more of the praises of God, though perhaps less of the praises of particular societies and their agents. We should be reminded that they who are essaying to build a temple to the Lord, are told by Himself that the silver is his, and the gold is his; and thus much of the apparently mercenary object of

these meetings would be put out of sight; and perhaps less eagerness would be exhibited to lay hold on men of rank and title, as such, to occupy the most prominent places; more value would be set on the humbler class of laborious workmen in the vineyard, who, perchance with little comparative eloquence, but more heart-warm earnestness, feel that their office is to "preach the Gospel—in season, out of season." Carnality in all its forms,—carnal wisdom, carnal pride, carnal expediency, carnal worship,—now invades and pollutes the Church: to this we must oppose a far more abundant measure of spirituality, if we would avoid the pernicious infection.'

'And there is an injunction of Divine authority, to which we ought to take especial heed just now. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" It is astonishing what weight mere names have with us: a man filled with the Spirit of Christ, with knowledge and understanding, but plain in speech, and conscious, like Moses, that he is "not eloquent," may propound the weightiest truths, set before his auditors things most essentially belonging to their peace, and carry with him their secret, involuntary assent to the vital importance of all he says; yet shall that man be coldly listened to, scarcely any perceptible response be given to his remarks; and even a manifest impatience to hear his last word, will betray itself, if it be known that after him is to rise an accomplished orator, a powerful logician, an impassioned apostrophizer, or one of those intellectual giants to whom men of ordinary stature look up with a delighted admiration that stifles the feeling of personal envy, and makes the hearer exult in that, if he cannot so express his own ideas, he is yet capable of appreciating and entering deeply into, the metaphysical strain which, to

many, must be as a very lovely song in an unknown language. Now, I think, there is scarcely an individual speaker or hearer, who, however he may grumble at it, will not find himself compelled to assent internally to the justice of my remark; what I want is, to impress all parties with a more realizing sense of the Lord's presence in these assemblages; that so they may be less inclined to measure man by the standard of his brother man, and better disposed to give due, prayerful attention to what he who speaks "as the oracles of God" may utter; though not conveyed in such enticing words.'

'It would much tend to check that spirit of criticism which seems to be called into especial exercise by the meetings; and while yielding due glory to God for the brilliant talent that he has bestowed on some of his creatures, and yet more for the grace that has ensured the consecration of such talent to His own service, we should be kept mindful that a poor, frail, earthen vessel is, after all, the holder and dispenser of what we so much admire; and that the excellency of the treasure is of God alone.'

'Ay; though there are gold and silver vessels, beside which the plain earthenware looks very homely, still they are all perishable alike. Rust and canker will prove as fatal to the one as a fracture to the other; and all should be regarded simply as temporary depositories, of that which never decayeth. I will tell you what I think would be a great improvement in the present arrangement of our religious anniversaries—the solemn reading of a well-selected portion of God's word; and greater freedom allowed, though still within limits, for the exercise of prayer. This would bring us more immediately into the presence of God, as sinners saved by free grace alone.'

'We experienced the power of that influence at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.'

'Yes; and it has dwelt on my mind ever since. Another point would be the shortening exceedingly of those stiff, worldly-sounding documents, the Annual Reports. The interesting facts contained in them might be better brought forward by individual speakers, duly improved; and as to the financial details, and drier statistics, they might as well be left for the printer. Time thus gained, applied as I have suggested, would be very valuable.'

'There is something else, uncle, which I am half afraid, half unwilling to advert to; but do you not think that taking a simply scriptural view of the matter, and still most heartily yielding all honour where honour is due, and blessing God that the class to which I am about to allude increases in numbers, who also grow in grace—do you not think that a less ostentatious putting forward of the pious aristocracy at these meetings, a less evident scramble for their presence, and a less undisguised feeling of disappointment, when announcing the unavoidable absence of my Lord this, or the Bishop of That, would tend to the object you have in view; the more unmixed spirituality of assemblages convened for spiritual purposes?'

'My dear, I am, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, no leveller; but I confess that I have often and often been very painfully reminded of the first three or four verses of the second chapter of James. Never by the external appearance or deportment of the parties referred to, who do really in most instances set an example of Christian humility and meekness to those around them; but, by the anxiety, the mortification that you speak of, in other quarters, and not less by audible grumbles in the body of the hall. The evil in

all its ramifications, would be met by nothing so effectually as by the public reading of carefully-selected Scriptures, and joining in serious prayer and praise, at the very outset. I am an old man, planning reforms that I may not live to see even commenced; but my great aim is to strengthen our position, in some proportion to the prodigious efforts that the enemy is making to dislodge us, or at least to damage our fortifications.'

'Then again, uncle, is it not a remarkable omission on the part of our societies and speakers, that so very little allusion is made, and that in such guarded and mystified language, to the Evil One personally—to "our Adversary the Devil, who, as a roaring lion goeth about, seeking whom he may devour?" Would not one be led to think he had lain down to sleep, from the small notice taken of him and his doings?'

'Why, I complain that sufficient reference is not made either to the true Head of the Church, or to the Church's inveterate enemy. We deal too much in generalities, too much in particulars: we hear a great deal of material means and mortal instruments; of missionary perseverance and heathen, or papal, opposition. We also hear a vast deal about failing funds, increased demands, and of church-building, and book-distributing; but we are not brought sufficiently into the real scene of action, the awful contest between the powers of light and darkness; the actual state of the separated soul that leaves its mortal habitation for an everlasting abode. Well, we must ponder and pray over these things: I believe one main blessing attending the Alliance meetings will be to spiritualize all the rest.'

'God grant it! We are indeed at a very low ebb in some matters, and sadly need reviving; and it is im-

possible to estimate the amount of blessing that would follow these vast assemblages in the Metropolis, if they were so arranged as to solemnize rather than to excite the minds of those who compose them: if individuals were sent away in a frame of seriousness that should dispose each to repair to that seclusion where the soul may pour out its own fulness of sorrow for sin and of the wants that God alone can supply; and then to join the social circle inspired with such thoughts as produce speech with grace, such as is good for the use of edifying. That this is not now the general effect of our meetings must, I think, be acknowledged: that it might be so, cannot well be denied: that it may speedily be made so, ought to be the prayer of every one who, knowing the plague of his own heart, desires to lay hold on every means for the staying of that plague.'

'On the subject of the National thanksgiving, we felt deeply, most deeply, and perhaps there were some who felt with us. In times gone by, it was not deemed too much to set apart a week-day for the rendering of praise where mercies so signal had been vouchsafed as to call for national thanksgiving; but now the Lord's day is invariably laid hold on for the purpose, and the voluntary sacrifice of a few hours, in gratitude to Him, is prevented. Among the Jews, under the divine government, a day of national praise was also invariably a day of rest and refreshment for the labourer; a day when portions were sent from the tables of the more affluent, to satisfy the hungry for whom nothing was prepared.'

'But we are losing all these old customs!' said my uncle. 'The mill must be kept going, the shuttle must not rest in the loom, nor must the clang of the hammer cease to sound, during the wonted six days of worldly

employment. On the seventh ; those who frequent the Church are called on to make mention of the mercy recently granted ; but no one is expected to feast his poor neighbour, or to lose his labourer's services, and so subtract a moiety from his lucrative gains. Yet this is not all : there *may* be occasions where a Christian man cannot conscientiously utter the words put into his mouth in the form of an Address to Almighty God. I never could, I never will, use these expressions,' he added, unfolding a printed form of thanksgiving ; 'I admit ; most thankfully and with deep humility of soul do I admit and acknowledge, that it was of the Lord's mercies alone that our countrymen were not consumed at the hand of an enemy : I regard their deliverance as wonderful, their successful retention of the ground as an instance of interposing mercy, calling for our most adoring praise, where their defeat would have been followed up by such an inundation of blood and violence, carried perhaps over the whole territory of which we have so long held peaceable possession ; but to assume that the Lord, because He wondrously snatched them from utter destruction, therefore led our armies thither ; to tell him that He presided over councils of war, and inspired the minds of fighting men with slaughtering zeal—above all, to talk to HIM of moderation in the hour of victory, who saw the death-struggles of those wretched victims in the water, seeking only to regain their homes by unresisting flight—contending against the swollen river which impeded their progress, and utterly, utterly helpless against every other foe, while the powers of darkness, whom in their blind ignorance they had served, hovered round to seize every departing soul, and plunge it in the blackness of darkness for ever.—Moderation ! Ay truly, it was Christian mode-

ration to be most devoutly bragged of before the God of mercy, that brought a battery of great guns to the river's brink, and never ceased firing till every heathen head was under water, and every heathen soul in hell! Don't blame me,' he resumed, 'for using strong language: horror-struck, and bowed to the earth with such shame as an Englishman is not often made to feel for his country, I might have confined it to my own bosom but for this outrageous mock—I can call it no less—of glorying in the moderation that by such cold-blooded massacre of a vanquished flying foe, throws into shade the glaring barbarity of modern Frenchmen in Africa. I have had too much to do with wars and fightings in my day, though I don't know that ever I was engaged to slay the heathen: but even the warlike sailor of a better era can appeal in the familiar words of an old song,

> 'But mark our last broadside; she sinks—down she goes!
> Quickly man all your boats, boys—they're no longer our foes;
> For to snatch a brave foe from a watery grave
> Is the glory of Britons, who conquer to save.'

Alas, alas! what and where is the glory of Britons now!'

'We have given offence, uncle, by our late remarks on these subjects; yet I am prepared for any thing rather than a retraction of one word.'

'Never retract, unless where you are honestly convinced of error. It is the duty of every one to keep close to the Bible, in its most simple, obvious, and spiritual meanings, and not to be led to the adoption of other men's interpretations, or induced to dilute its strong truths because they are too strong for the generality of people. There is no ground where believers can meet and be at one, save the ground of divine in-

spiration ; and he who firmly takes his stand upon it, though he may find himself one of a very small party, is, nevertheless, a member of the strongest and the safest community on the face of the earth.'

'Yes : he may even be alone, but if so his experience will tally with that of Paul. "At my first answer, no man stood by me : nevertheless the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me." The feeling is thoroughly awake, that the Church of Christ wants some special purifying and sifting process ; wants to be cleansed anew from earthly defilement, and brought more nigh in spirit to her divine Spouse, while earnestly looking for his actual appearing, to revive and to perfect her altogether ; to efface every spot, to smooth down every wrinkle, and to cause each blemish to vanish away. O for the completion of that blessed process ! Let the Refiner heap on fuel, and turn every side of the metal anew to the searching heat ; only let him hasten the day when the finished work shall shine forth to the praise and glory of his everlasting grace ! '

THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1846.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS.

CHAPTER XX.

From the wide battle-field so long deluged with blood, the principal combatants had passed away. Simon de Montfort mouldered on a spot defiled and devastated by his crimes; and the unburied corpse of Raymond VI., for which no efforts, no supplications, no lowliness of submission on the part of his son could obtain the privilege of burial from the vindictive Church of Rome, presented a monument of unavailing, because inconsistent, adherence to a better cause. Of the great army brought into Languedoc by the French king, it might be said, as of the Assyrians of old, that they,

> untouched by the sword,
> Had melted like snow at the breath of the Lord.

The monarch himself died very shortly after his parting exploit of committing to the flames the hoary head,

and palsied limbs of Christ's solitary martyr, Peter Isarn; and while another new occupant busied in settling himself on the throne of the Vatican, and a light-minded, intriguing Queen Regent took the reins of French government into her unpractised hand, it might be supposed that the drooping tree of the Lord's planting among the Provençals would once more revive, lift its head, and extend its branches. But, alas! the wild boar had wounded it too deeply for such a revival to take place; and very few, and very feeble, and far-dispersed asunder, were the remnants of what had once formed so fair and promising a Church. The very pretext of seeking out heretics became scarcely available; and though Blanche, who now governed for the youthful son of Louis, dispatched a fresh armament against the Count of Toulouse, still nominally to extirpate heresy, it would have been difficult for them to give the semblance of a religious crusade to the expedition, had not those two veteran soldiers of the Evil One, Arnold Amalric and Fouquet, personally assisted in the campaign. The castle of Bécéde was taken; the garrison put to the sword; and Fouquet had the joy of discovering within the conquered walls a faithful Albigensic pastor, named Girard de la Mote, with a little flock gathered about him. They would have fallen undistinguished in the general slaughter, but the bishop rushed in to their rescue; and when the work of blood was finished, he proceeded to the still more congenial work of fire. The whole party were solemnly arraigned as heretics, condemned, and with every ceremonial that could give additional zest to the scene, burnt alive. Carried back in imagination to those times, and looking, as it were, on the horrible cruelties perpetrated by men who made it their brightest merit and highest glory to revel in the

death-throes of their unresisting victims, we must feel the glow of natural indignation, heightened by the knowledge that they did these things in the name, and professedly by the authority, and to the honour and praise of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom they thus persecuted, and daily crucified afresh by their enormous crimes; but passing on from the past to the present, remembering the awful fact that these murderers are even now in a state of real, conscious existence, and anticipating the final doom which our own ears will hear pronounced upon them, while our own eyes survey their forms, called forth—terrible thought! to "the resurrection of damnation;" we may well merge all other feelings in that of trembling adoration, as the question appeals to our hearts, "Who made thee to differ?" On the other hand, we know that the spirits of the martyrs are with Him who first suffered unto death for them; and while they stand rejoicing before his throne, the language of their blessed experience is, "Our light afflictions, which were but for a moment, have wrought out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Very beautiful is the country where all these scenes of blood took place. The hand of God had decked it with mountain and valley, hill, grove, and plain. Rich vineyards mantled the graceful slopes, turning their purple clusters to the ripening sunbeam; golden harvests waved, and bright green pastures stretched away where the open plain prolonged its level, watered by rivers, of which the perpetual supplies came bubbling down the rocks, and widened as they ran into new channels. Castles of gigantic size, throwing out their fortifications to an immense extent, crowned by dark woods, while their site, frequently, was on the summit of a precipitous rock, were in keeping with the gran-

deur of the natural scenery ; though alas ! the jealous care with which every part was rendered available for defensive warfare bespoke the constant expectation of some outburst of man's enmity against his brother man ; and told how far the kingdoms of this world still were from having become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ. Yet, overshadowed as they were by the martial piles of their warlike lords, the simple dwellings of the lowly wore an aspect of conscious security and peace. The twining flower-stem threw its graceful arms around the rustic porch, and climbed the roof, and laughed in at the little casement ; its lesser kindred spread their many-coloured forms of beauty on the ground below, intermingled with herb and vegetable, and fruit-bearing bush, with scarcely the defensive precaution of a few light stakes to mark the boundary where none were expected to intrude. Nor was the peace, in numerous cases, such as results from outward safety and tranquillity alone : in very many of those rural habitations dwelt the true son of a true peace, such as the world has not to give—such as the world can never, in life or in death, take away. That peace rested on the heads and in the hearts of the cottage dwellers, while they looked round on a landscape radiant with smiles, and undreading the approach of a hostile step. It rested there, when the land that had been as the garden of Eden became a waste wilderness ; when the protecting fortress was dismantled, and turned to a heap of smoking, blackened ruins : when the soil, uptorn and trampled down again, became a pestilential admixture of corrupting flesh and congealed blood, and decomposed vegetable ruin : when the youthful son of many prayers and hopes fell a mangled corpse before the entrance of the dwelling which he vainly

sought to guard with his wounded body, and the crash of ruin bespoke the utter demolition of that frail tenement whence the son of peace was at length ejected: but how? and whither went he? Bound and fettered and scourged along the hideous road, now foul with death; his matron partner, and his blooming daughters, with raiment torn, and hair dishevelled, and shoulders laid bare to the quickening thong, dragging their bruised limbs after him, the son of peace proceeded on his way, satisfied that as was the Lord, so must His people be in this world, and neither daunted nor discouraged on his path of sorrow, sanctified as was every step thereof by the footprint of the great Forerunner.

They have reached the camp; and in a lordly tent sits the appointed vice-gerent of him who usurps a throne in the nominal temple of God. A dense company surround him, of bishops and priests, and all the ecclesiastical orders of Rome, clad after the pattern seen by John in the wilderness, in scarlet, and gold, and gems of dazzling lustre, such as their queen was decked in. An outer circle enclose this mitred and cowled company, of fierce warriors, whose burnished armour, flashing back the light amid the wild and graceful confusion of silken scarfs and waving plumage of every imaginable dye, add grandeur to the terrors of the scene. Who else is there? The son of peace is there; a most unwonted guest in that gorgeous company! The poor peasant stands before the haughty prelate who wields pontifical authority, defiled with dust and blood, and pale with the anguish that cries out from the overburdened heart, "Save me from this hour!" yet, calm in the inseparable adjunct, so dear to the child of God, "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done!" Close behind him, close as wanton tyranny will permit them

to press, stand the gentle objects of his earthly love, endeared by the tie that death cannot sever. He is questioned concerning his hope: he declares it to be wholly centred in Jesus who died upon the cross for sinners: he is asked of his faith in the power of the so-called church; in the authority of her priests to absolve from sin and to save a soul alive, or to bind that soul in chains that Omnipotence cannot break; he is asked of his confidence in the merits and intercessory efficiency of dead women and dead men; and, finally, he is required to submit himself to the Roman Church, as of divine authority; to bow down and adore a consecrated cake, as the very Jesus, the All-sufficient Saviour whom he has just confessed.

To each and all of these queries and demands, he returns a calm, firm negative; striving at the same time to set forth the grounds of his scriptural dissent: but experience had taught the persecutors the impolicy of suffering the truth to be heard; and with fierce clamour they condemn him to the burning flames. A shorter interrogation suffices with the women; it is enough that his faith is theirs, his hope, his joyous readiness to suffer: and the son of peace passes out, to ascend the pile already prepared by eager hands, well accustomed to the task, and perfectly aware that a victim once seized was already condemned, even though proof should fail that he had ever borne the brand of heresy.

The flames ascend; the priests in awful mockery of God chaunt their *jubilate* round the scene of death; and warriors clash their shields and wave their banners, in joyous accompaniment, while the curling smoke ever and anon dividing affords them a glimpse of what is within. The son of peace is there: the Prince of peace is there also, invisible to man, but oh how sensibly

present to His suffering yet rejoicing servants, now in the act of putting off the scorched tabernacles of their mortal bodies, and to join the noble army of martyrs, resting in the abodes of everlasting peace.

Persecution and affliction are not the necessary portion either of a church or of an individual believer. The Lord assigns the lot that He sees best suited to the circumstances in which he has placed them. Even under heathen rule, and in the midst of many adversaries, there was a period of which it could be recorded, "Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea, and Galilee, and Samaria;" and instead of any declension attending this peaceful state, we read, that they "were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." In like manner, it sometimes pleases God to add outward prosperity and domestic happiness, unalloyed by any great drawback, to the spiritual blessings wherewith he enriches his children; until, perhaps, the doubting soul makes a cross of the absence of crosses, asking, 'Can I be living godly in Christ Jesus, while I suffer no persecution!' These are exceptions, indeed, to a general rule, but they should excite no misgivings: it often seems good to the Lord to try our faith and humility and love, by prosperity as well as by adversity; and perhaps it is the harder trial of the two.

A single believer in an ungodly, dissipated family; a pious man, obliged to abide among scoffers, as a soldier in a regiment, or a sailor in a ship; a little flock of true Christians walking consistently with their profession in a church where spiritual life is otherwise extinct, and where the rulers are not faithful to their trust; these must indeed look for persecution as severe as the restraining power of Protestant toleration will allow;

and where the religion of the Bible is gradually giving way to a religion of forms and ceremonies, vain traditions and unwarranted assumptions, we may be assured that the hour is not far off when such toleration shall cease to exist together with the root that bears it. In the case of the afflicted Albigenses, the sure word of prophecy had foretold their delivery into the power of the Beast, and his successful war upon them; but it is probable that very few among them possessed, and fewer still applied to themselves, what had been revealed to the apostle John. It was enough for them that God had shewn them the all-sufficiency of the one great sacrifice offered on the cross; and the Holy Spirit strengthened them to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, resisting unto death the entanglements of that yoke of bondage which would have enslaved them to a system utterly opposed to the truth of the gospel—a mystery of iniquity, the direful workings of which they beheld on all sides; not only in the profligate lives of its ministers, and the hardened sinfulness of its votaries, but in the deeds of blood and savage cruelty perpetrated under its direct sanction, as a rendering unto God of most acceptable service.

The land was now again thrown out of cultivation; for war had once more burst upon its borders, and it was well known that Blanche of Castille, the queen-mother of France, had promised to put a finishing hand to the work of her predecessors. The young Count Raymond was beforehand with her; after the affair of Bécéde, which was all that the last invasion had accomplished, he took the field with a considerable army, met the enemy's forces, obtained a decisive victory, and gave the most conclusive proof of the extirpation of what was called heresy among his followers by prac-

tising the most barbarous cruelties on his prisoners, who were mutilated and tortured to death by the victors. A second successful battle was followed by the same atrocities, giving evidence that even the restraining influence formerly exercised by the presence of true Christians among the troops was withdrawn, and that the spirit of revenge had taken place of that noble devotion to a better cause which once characterized the Toulousians. A thousand piles of burning faggots, heaped with martyred Albigenses, would not have afforded to Rome such a triumph as did these cruelties of a successful foe: in the former case, she could but kill the body, and after that had no more that she could do: in the latter, she saw her own venom infused into the soul, and the victims were her's and the dragon's for ever.

The signal punishment which followed these acts on the part of men who could not plead ignorance of better things, was a finishing blow to the wars of many years. Here again we meet with the indefatigable emissary of Satan, Fouquet, who encouraged Humbert de Beaujeu, the commander over whose troops Raymond had achieved these deeply-tarnished conquests, to advance upon Toulouse with a powerful reinforcement of crusaders, brought together by the strenuous efforts of the bishops and preaching-brotherhood. Guilty and terrified, the Languedocian troops threw themselves into their ancient city, and prepared to defend it as best they might; but here again Fouquet triumphed by means as contrary to the commandment of God as they were odiously barbarous towards man. He caused the crusaders to assemble each morning close under the walls of Toulouse, the better to attract the attention of those within; and then, instead of

assailing its fortifications, to disperse; each troop under its own leader, and each daily by a new route, across the plains, through the vallies, over the mountains, deliberately cutting down, uprooting and utterly destroying the fruit-trees, and every vegetable growth that could give promise of a future supply to the wretched proprietors and labourers of the soil. Not a vestige did they leave of aught that could yield harvest, or vintage, or gleaning of any kind; while, so far as their ingenuity could effect it, the very ground was rendered barren and worthless. From their towers and walls the people of Toulouse looked forth upon this fearful novelty in the warfare to which they had been so long accustomed; for a novelty it was, because the united energies of a large army were devoted exclusively to the work, so long as there lay within leagues around a spot wearing the aspect of present or future fertility. The citizens dared not venture forth, well knowing their inability to cope with the enemy, and the danger of leaving their gates with a diminished guard. The garrison, recently returned from the battle-field, was paralysed with conscious guilt: they had shown no mercy and could but expect tenfold retribution from a foe to whom for the first time they had given real cause of offence. Three months thus passed, without a day's cessation from the work of ruin, sufficed. Winter had arrived, and no harvests were housed, no vintage gleaned, no hope, for years to come, of that supply without which the wealthiest among them must perish. God's saints were the salt that preserved the mass so long; they were gone, and nothing remained but natural corruption, eating its way through the abandoned body.

Raymond VII. made the best terms he could; and

they were sufficiently hard. Among them, he obliged himself to raze their walls, and to fill up the formidable ditches of Toulouse, rendering it incapable of ever presenting a defensive front to any assailant; while a French garrison, occupying the splendid Narbonnese Castle, would keep strict watch over the proceedings of the citizens. Another article bound him to set a price on the head of every suspected heretic, throughout his dominions; and a third to make war on his generous faithful allies, the count of Foix, and all who yet showed a disposition to preserve their independence. But a more sure method of silencing for ever the voice of truth in those unhappy regions was adopted, by the assembled prelates of the provinces, who met in council at Toulouse for that purpose; and this was the introduction and permanent settlement of that master-piece of what is itself the master-piece of Satan—that most hideous child of a hideous parent, the Inquisition, which had received the fiat of its establishment, as a godly and useful means of upholding the power of the papacy, at the fourth council of Lateran, so infamously famous for its antichristian decrees. If now a single sheep or lamb of Christ's flock lurked among the blighted scenes of former peace and prosperity, it was sure to be discovered, brought forth, and immolated.

C. C.

THE DAYS OF LAUD.

PART III: CHAPTER I.

An unusual degree of excitement prevailed in the streets of London on the morning of the sixth of August 1647. Unusual even in times when few could deliberate coolly, or feel unaccompanied with painful throbbings of heart. The citizens looked harassed and ill at ease. They had taken an active, though a subordinate part in the mighty revolutions of the last ten years. They were now weary of change, and would have remained content with the liberty they enjoyed under the Parliament, intolerant and despotic as it seemed likely to become. Pym—Hampden—Falkland, where were they? The exigencies of the times might have echoed the question. Selden, 'the glory of England,'* and of the Long Parliament, unable to keep the power of the sword from either party, who in wielding it sought to enslave their opponents, had almost entirely withdrawn from public business. Essex and other old and faithful leaders of the Parliamentarian army, deprived by the self-denying ordinance of their command—none left to awe the military might that marched from Hounslow-heath in solemn and determined order, bearing indeed the appearance of humility and submission, but led on by that man whose profound intellect enabled him to centre in himself all the power that fluctuated between the

* So called by Grotius.

army and the Parliament—whose hypocrisy and guilt have reflected their evil shining on some who shared not in them.

But "The Lord reigneth." Hampden, and Falkland, his instruments for freeing England from her ancient yoke, had done their work, and were removed from the troubled scene. Another instrument is needed to scourge the Parliament, and Oliver Cromwell rides scatheless on to remove from its counsels, men who might have opposed his ambitious designs. An instrument is needed to still the unquiet land, and force its children to submit to one common government, to own one common fealty. Could Charles Stuart have done this? or his effeminate degraded successor? or the bigot James. "In very deed for this cause I have raised thee up," is a text that may moderate the wonder with which men regard the elevation, the crimes, and the wisdom of Oliver Cromwell.

The fears of the citizens, who in their panic had looked forward to the entrance of the army as to a signal for massacre and pillage, in some measure abated, while they listened to the well-curbed movements of the soldiers' horses, and the measured tread of the infantry. Henry, now Colonel Parnell, rode at some distance behind Cromwell. His spirits were elated with feelings of triumph. He looked proudly and in scorn at the subdued and terrified multitude that thronged the way. He had looked proudly and in defiance at all who sought to restore the king's authority. Where were now his earnest yearnings after liberty? He was himself part of the dominant power. Cuthbert Camden had brought to the conflict a vigorous mind, and feeling heart, both controlled, though only in part, by pure principles of religion; he had thought and uttered his

thoughts with those whose piety and patriotism were fresh, noble, genuine. He had fought and bled in a struggle for good, although sin mingled deeply in the strife. Henry Parnell's mind was matured in scenes of blood; he too talked of liberty, but was wont to *enforce* the will of his chiefs and his own. He talked of religion, could apply texts of scripture, with little reverence indeed, but with expert shrewdness to the passing events of the day. He had learned the cant of those among whom he warred. A cant that counterfeited, and aped, and brought into evil repute the sayings of such men as Dod,* Baxter, and Owen; that counterfeited, and aped, and brought into evil repute the sayings of God himself, and did its part towards forming the godless and immoral character of the next generation.

Another officer rode near Henry Parnell, who had been engaged in the king's service until the Battle of Naseby, and the surrender of Bristol, nearly put an end to the hopes of the royalists; he then deserted to Cromwell, in whose army he now held the rank of Captain. This man was Parnell's constant associate. There was a charm in Captain Atterbury's manners which the greater part of Cromwell's officers lacked. His birth and breeding were those of a gentleman. They were raised from the lower ranks of society, and their coarseness disgusted Parnell, while he emulated their valour and adopted their language. Atterbury also used it, when it served to urge his soldiers to new exertions in a cause which they believed to be the cause of God, or when, having driven the minister of some village-church from his post, he mounted the pulpit, and strove to inflame the minds of the flock with fanaticism and strife.

* For a sketch of his character, see Fuller's Church History, Book ii. Section 5.

But before Henry Parnell he threw away at least this one of the masks, which he found it convenient to wear. He tore the covering from the face of others, who like himself "wore a rough garment to deceive," and often fixed a veil of hypocrisy where evident sincerity baffled all his attempts to discover one.

The two friends rode on in silence, following the wonderful man whom both owned as a leader, but both regarded with widely-different feelings. Parnell, with the ardour of two-and-twenty, rejoiced in the growing glory of his General as if it had been his own. He saw with exultation the terrified Parliament (the remains of that Parliament which Cuthbert Camden had taught him to venerate) forced to expel its choicest members, and to receive back unquestioned the fugitive speakers, Lenthall and Manchester, at the command of Oliver Cromwell. Other deeds of submission were exacted at the same time. The soldiers were quartered about Whitehall, and the Meuse and the Parliament bent its neck to military rule.

How Atterbury regarded these acts it was not easy to discover. He spoke of his general with respect, but watched him with the solicitude of one whose hopes are staked upon an uncertain future, and who had sagacity to foresee that Cromwell, beyond all other men, would influence future events.

Parnell and Atterbury did not long remain in London. The Scots began to show faint signs of returning loyalty, mingled with stronger fears of the final overthrow of Presbyterianism. Scotland therefore looked threateningly at the martial rulers of her sister-kingdom, and the prospect of northern service took the two friends again to the neighbourhood of York, whither we shall precede them.

CHAPTER II.

WHERE true piety exerts a paramount and energetic sway, everything that comes under its control, bears the stamp of beauty and consistency. Thus it was in Strode. The minister's household set an example of godliness to the parish, and the parish peaceful, orderly, and containing many of those who are "the salt of the earth," was a pattern to the surrounding country. The Church, a simple fabric, and free from Popish ornament of any kind, was kept pure and clean, and in good repair. The churchyard, not overgrown with nettles and weeds, was studded with grassy graves, in some of which were "sown in corruption" those who shall yet be "raised in incorruption."

Over many of these graves a wooden rail was placed, giving its humble record of the dead for whom some loving hearts had sorrowed. A few only were marked by a stone memorial. Beside one of the latter stood a lady with a grave, sweet countenance, whose expression reflected the piety and early wisdom that were now matured by time and its constant attendant suffering. She appeared to be about eight-and-twenty years of age. The grave-stone by which she stood bore the following simple Epitaph :—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF
CUTHBERT CAMDEN,
WHO WAS SLAIN IN THE BATTLE OF
MARSTON MOOR,
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
MDCXLIV.

"But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world."—1 Cor. xi. 32.

Margaret Parnell had read the record which Wentworth placed over his brother's grave before, and had found the scripture that concluded it a fresh spring of comfort, as again and again she revolved its sacred truth in her mind. She read it now, and found that the rod of her God, the very chastening of her Father, gave strength to her soul. She stood by the grave for two or three minutes only, and then walked from the churchyard with quick and earnest steps, intent to serve, among the poor and sick, that Saviour upon whose feet she had poured the precious ointment of her early affections. The care of the poor was Margaret's beloved duty. Other duties she had, more irksome, more harassing to her retiring mind, which she fulfilled with equal zeal and self-denial. Her father's house was now filled with fugitive royalists, who sought a refuge there from the storm that had overtaken them and their master. The latter, mewed up in Carisbroke Castle, whither his own imprudence, or the treachery of Ashburnham, had drawn him, was beginning to entertain hopes of assistance from Scotland, and of a reaction in his favour even in his English dominions, which Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas gallantly exerted themselves to effect. Their loyalty was rewarded by Ireton's base and cruel sentence; and the hopes which the captive King had entertained, were but as the last death-struggle of his cause, ere its pulse ceased to beat for ever. In the meantime his adherents were suffering loss of property, want and banishment, and Mr. Parnell, who had not become obnoxious to the ruling party, made his house an asylum for those in whose sufferings he so deeply sympathized.

Among these fugitives there was great variety of character, but nearly all of them, disgusted by the fanati-

cism or the peculiarities of their opponents, were the declared enemies of real, vital religion—religion that governs the conduct, and must sometimes shine forth in the conversation. This made their presence in the domestic circle and round the social hearth, a ceaseless trial to Margaret, on whom their welcome and their entertainment now chiefly depended,—her younger sister, Bertha, having married, about two years before this period, a royalist who had been deprived of his estates by the Parliament, but who still possessed sufficient money to carry him and his bride to the continent, and to maintain them there in competence.

Margaret was consoled for her sister's loss by the frequent companionship of Lucy Wentworth. Their's was the friendship of two noble minds and two holy hearts. Both had been tried with deep sorrow; now, both "walked with God" in the quiet duties of domestic life. Yet there was a joyousness about Lucy's religion which Margaret wanted. She was calm, peaceful, full of faith, but in her home were many uncongenial minds, and one—her aged father, who sorrowed much for his other children, his absent Bertha—his deluded Henry. Lucy's cup of sorrow had been drunk. Her husband and her children she cared for with a glad care that diverged from these, the first objects of her solicitude, to all who came within her influence.

One circumstance had indeed, within the last few days, in some measure disturbed the usual peace of her life. Lady Clive and her daughter returned from the continent to attempt the recovery of their property. They failed, and finding it convenient to return to France, they were helped forward on their journey by Mr. Parnell, and remained his guests until the vessel in which they intended to cross the Channel was ready for the

voyage. Lucy's first feeling, when she heard that her unt and Marion were in Strode, was the pleasant fruit of Christian forgiveness and Christian hope. She earnestly intreated them to sojourn beneath her own roof; but her loving overtures were met with pride and coldness. Lady Clive remembered that Mark Wentworth had suffered as a puritan during Laud's Archiepiscopate, and with the narrow bigotry of uninformed minds, she classed him with those who had taken up arms against the king, overturned the Church, and despoiled her husband of his earthly possessions. His wife she regarded as a partaker in his sins, and as such she met her. Marion too had her reminiscences. What they were her own heart only witnessed, but she shrank from all kindly communion with her cousin, and attended with distaste the parish church, although Mark Wentworth, in the face of much opposition, still persisted in using the Liturgy, to which the late frequent abuse of extempore prayer had more completely attached him. He had escaped unnoticed when the Directory was first published and ordered to be used in all churches under penalties worthy of Laud himself. Now, when the ascendancy of the Independents had rendered less binding the use of that Presbyterian formula, he continued to use the prayer-book of the Church of England which the new authorities equally condemned. The arm of power found him out at last—a power that would fain force minds, and souls, and consciences under its yoke, on which it successively wrote the petty bye-laws of Churchman, Presbyterian, Independent—a heavy yoke; a power "not ordained of God," and, oh! how unlike the easy yoke of Christ.

The sabbath-morning came, and the inhabitants of Strode flocked together to the village-church. It was

nearly filled before the solemn-service commenced, Mr. Parnell and his daughter were there; Marion too and her mother, with others of the Royalists who sojourned at Strode. The prayers began. Mark Wentworth prayed with a fervour that drew his mind entirely from lesser things, till a noise in the church-porch suddenly distracted his attention: there was a heavy-treading—a clang as of armour carelessly moved. Wentworth raised his head, and saw ten or twelve soldiers accompanied by their officer enter the church, and, advancing up the aisle, take their seats just before him, but quietly and with the appearance of order. Dismay was however visible on many countenances, especially in the group which occupied Mr. Parnell's pew. For a moment Mark Wentworth was tempted to change the order of the service, and by using extemporaneous words, or by slightly altering the language of the Liturgy, to avoid the trouble which he saw was coming.* But the appearance of evil—of dissimulation, he feared would thus be before his flock. He could not instruct them concerning his motives for change, and the highest crime which the ignorant among them might attribute to him would be a base fear of man. This thought determined him to proceed. He read the Lord's prayer in an unfaltering voice. The soldiers looked at the book, and then at one another. The Lord's own words, though read from a book, escaped unreproved. He read on. The soldiers began to murmur in an under-tone, gradually growing louder and louder, till their leader stood up and, commanding silence among his followers, desired Mark Wentworth to desist from using the Liturgy, and if God had granted him the gift of prayer, to use it now for the edification and profit of the congregation.

* This was practised by Dr. Sanderson. See his Life by Walton.

To the astonishment of many who were present, and most of all his who issued the command, the minister of God complied, closed his book, and prayed with fervour and simplicity in his own unpremeditated language. The soldiers joined in his petitions, some with real, all with apparent sincerity, while he implored those spiritual blessings which every Christian seeks first—foremost for himself and others. He prayed for those in authority, with the deference due to their present position. He prayed for the king, not as Charles Stuart,—not as one whose heart was hardened, and whose eyes were blinded,—but simply as King of England. This was the signal for fresh murmurs. The soldiers became outrageous, and their captain advancing with a determined air, commanded Wentworth to resign his place to him, and at once prepared to pour forth one of those fanatical discourses so often delivered at that time by the military leaders. He uttered violent but pointless invectives against Popery, in which term he contrived to include every branch of episcopacy, but more especially the canons and liturgy of the English Church. Military phrases, and pious sentiments were so mingled together, that an air of ridicule was thrown over the latter. But that which most vexed Wentworth's soul was the revolting, the almost blasphemous manner in which the doctrines of grace and the decrees of the Eternal God were treated of.* This grieved him deeply, but it did not astonish him. Mark Wentworth knew his persecutor, and as he sat listening to Atterbury's unhallowed sermon, he marvelled only at the skill of the man who could in so many Proteus forms assail the pure religion of Christ, and those who upheld its truth.

* See Adam Contzen the Jesuit's fifth rule for restoring popery.—Published in Baxter's Holy Commonwealth.

"Can I take the mask from his face, and make him known to his poor deluded soldiers!" was a question that passed through his mind, but was immediately answered by a hopeless negative. He would have left the Church, but was anxious to hear all that Atterbury would utter to the detriment of true piety, that he might to the best of his power undo the mischief by visiting and counselling those who were now compelled to listen.

Once only the preacher quailed, and hesitated. It was when he met the meek but penetrating eye of Lucy Wentworth. The past was all before her. The haughty priest of Laytonfield Hall—the betrayer, the accuser of her husband. The terror-stricken fugitive to whom she had given the shelter of her roof, and now the same man stood there carrying on his schemes in the guise of a fanatic soldier. She thought of the Jesuit's letter, of the words "it is admirable how in speech and gesture we act the Puritans:" * she saw them exemplified, and the hypocrite felt that Lucy's sincere soul looked severely upon him.

One other in the house of prayer regarded the soldier with more wonder than the rest. Marion Clive knew Atterbury, and had felt his dark influence upon her soul, an influence that still clouded her creed and threw its shadow over her life. Strange thoughts passed through her mind when she heard him, in the guise of a Puritan soldier, preach high Calvinism, garbled indeed by a peculiar gloss of his own, but still the reverse of those doctrines of human merit which had pleased her ear, when he presided over the spiritual affairs in her father's house.

When Atterbury had ended his discourse, the people began to steal quietly out of the Church. Some actu-

* Neale, Vol. ii. p. 159.

ated by fear of the soldiery, hurried away at once: others remained in the church-yard, waiting with anxious curiosity the farther proceedings of the soldiers. Among these were Mr. Parnell and his party. An instinctive fear for the safety of his minister, kept the good old man from returning home, and his daughter with their guests determined to remain with him.

The absence of all ornament in the simple Church in some measure damped the zeal of the troops, till they remembered the large book of Common Prayer out of which Mark Wentworth had attempted to read the service. They tore it in atoms, and were searching for something else on which to exert their newly-kindled energy, when an express order arrived from the Colonel of the regiment that no violence should be committed in Strode Church. Colonel Parnell had entered the church-yard at the moment the work of devastation was about to commence. A sudden longing once more to see and embrace his aged parent brought him there, and he was not sorry that his command should be just needed to stop a deed which he knew would grieve his father's heart.

Atterbury was upon terms of close intimacy with his young Colonel, but he was his subaltern in the army, and therefore obliged to yield his will when it clashed with that of his superior officer. He had received orders early on the Sunday morning to visit some neighbouring churches, to search for any remnants of papistry, and if need were to ascend the pulpit, and preach to the villagers an *enlightened* and *edifying* discourse. When Parnell gave the order, he forgot their close vicinity to his native village, and Atterbury, sheltering himself under its generality, determined to visit Strode at once before the opportunity was gone.

He waged no willing war with popish device, or with painted window, but he knew the doctrine that destroys Popery at the root was in Strode, and therefore he chose to visit it. When his colonel arrived he marched his men out of Strode, not however till he had inwardly but solemnly vowed that Mark Wentworth should again be silenced.

When Mr. Parnell saw his disobedient and long absent son advancing towards him, his first impulse was to turn away and refuse to meet him, but Margaret clung beseechingly to his arm, and Henry was at his feet, brought there by a tide of feelings which he could not resist. The old man sobbed aloud—'My boy! my child!' he cried as he held the tall and manly youth in his arms—'You are come back, Harry. They told me you were a rebel. That this bloody war which has stained all hearths, and severed all bosoms, had taken you from me for ever, but I knew they only lied unto me; and you are come back to me my boy, kind, and good, and dutiful as ever!'

Margaret looked at her father; his cheek was flushed and his eye eager and excited. She became exceedingly alarmed, and anxious to put an end to a scene, which she feared would lead to no happy result, and might inflict a lasting injury on her parent. Henry did not observe his look, or notice that his language was strange. The words, 'kind, good, and dutiful as ever' rung in his ears, and seemed as a bitter reproach too hard to be borne. He muttered something of the urgent nature of his present duties and of speedy return, and then without looking again towards his father or his sister, he walked rapidly out of the church-yard, mounted his horse, and left Strode.

Henry Parnell rode away, and in the bustle of his

life forgot the temporary bitterness that had marked his interview with his father. Not so Margaret. In the silence and loneliness of her parent's sick chamber, this new sorrow came upon her with the full smart the chastisement was designed to give. Perhaps in her earlier years the forms to which she fondly clung, though in themselves scriptural and edifying, had been rather a weight upon the wings of her faith; now, in them—through them—through every vicissitude of good or ill, she learnt to say "Christ is all." Lucy Wentworth had learned the same truth in a different school. Catherine Redford and Cuthbert Camden too. "There are diversities of operation, but the same Spirit."

Mr. Parnell did not recover the shock his sudden meeting with his son had occasioned, for several weeks after it took place. Next to the constant and unremitting attendance of his beloved daughter, the visits of his pastor brought him the sweetest comfort. One thing in these interviews continued to give Mark Wentworth much pain. It was the enmity which the old churchman could not overcome, and which he often expressed towards the opposing party.

'But that is Puritanism, Wentworth,' he said, (when his minister had been pressing the necessity of inward experience of religion) 'that deep experimental knowledge of which you speak is universally professed by these men. It tends but to nourish spiritual pride, and being itself a delusion, what wonder that the deeds of those who make it their boast are so fearfully wicked?'

'A delusion!' said Mark Wentworth, astonished that one who had himself given strong evidence of the life of faith, should make this assertion. 'The witness of the Spirit, communion of the believer with his Lord—the hope—the helmet of salvation—all a delusion?'

'Not these things exactly,' replied Mr. Parnell; 'but the comfort, the assurance of hope which is ever on the mouths of these traitors and hypocrites. I am certain there is not one among the band who committed such violence in our church—the band I mean under the command of my misguided son,'—the old man hesitated and his voice trembled, but recovering himself quickly, he went on—'not one who does not profess to hold communion with the Most High God, and to hold familiar converse with him: and is not this blasphemy?'

'We disagree but in words, I believe, sir,' replied Wentworth, 'for I have heard you rejoice in God your Saviour. I have heard you speak of the power of prayer as one who had found it all but omnipotent. You at least are sincere, sir, and I have heard you utter praise that nothing but inward spiritual joy could have elicited. Remember you not your favorite hymn—

"King of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee;
And that love may never cease
I will move thee."

Mr. Parnell took up the hymn, and clasping his hands with fervour, added—

"Though my sins against me cried
Thou didst clear me;
And alone when they replied,
Thou didst hear me."*

Mark Wentworth looked at the old man with tender joy. He was thinking of his Saviour; not of Churchmen or Puritans.

'What is the general character of the king's troops?' demanded Wentworth, after a pause of some minutes.

'Alas,' said Mr. Parnell, 'too many of them lost by their lawless and godless manners, what they had won

* George Herbert.

by their valour. The troops under Goring did such foul wrong in the south-west, that the towns longed for yon Parliament soldiers to rid them from the intolerable yoke. But what of this? Are not these poor unlearned soldiers driven into unbelief and all manner of evil living, when they see the handle that is made of piety by those whining rebels?'

'And Goring and his fellow chiefs,' said Mark Wentworth calmly, 'curse and swear, because Cromwell and Ireton preach and pray.'

Mr. Parnell seemed ashamed of the defence he had made out for the king's soldiers, and did not reply.

'What religion—what creed at least, do these royalist troops generally profess?' asked Mark Wentworth.

'That of the Church certainly,' answered Mr. Parnell, with some warmth. 'Their chaplains are all regularly-ordained, orthodox men.'

'Will you then avoid the doctrines, the sound scriptural teaching of the Church of England,' asked Wentworth,' because they are acknowledged and professed by some whose deeds are fearfully wicked?'

Mr. Parnell shook his head. 'But it is the assumption of such peculiar sanctity, such holy communion with the Son of God, joined to deeds so foul, that I abhor.'

'The very hideousness of such connexion,' answered Mark Wentworth, 'proves that the sanctified profession, and the sacred communion, are of God. I believe also that the savour of religion which was universal among the troops of the Parliament, preserved them from some of those excesses into which the royalists fell. But the "salt is losing its saltness." * The language and the

* The reduction of Ireland under Cromwell did not take place till 1649.

laws of religion which bridled the passions, and kept sober, men who are used to scenes of violence and tumult, will yet be used to sanction the sin, rather than to restrain the sinner.'

'Religion!' exclaimed Mr. Parnell; 'It is fanaticism, and fanaticism is its safest name.'

'With some it ever has been so,' replied Mark Wentworth. 'With most it will so become if the troops, with the Bible in their hand, and the words of prayer upon their lips, are still taught chiefly to further the projects of ambitious leaders.'

'Their work has been evil from the moment they took up arms against their king,' said Mr. Parnell. 'Rebellion, sedition, are evil—"Can a good tree bring forth evil fruit?"'

Mark Wentworth paused, and seemed lost in thought. Not for one moment would the man of peace have sanctioned rebellion with his approval, or any thing that might lead one christian man to draw the sword against his fellow. But he had seen the majority of the nation, led on by some of their rulers, oppose the arbitrary measures of the sovereign and his advisers. He had seen the turmoil increase, till both sides unscabbarded their swords. He now saw the military chiefs reaping a proud harvest from the seed sown in these dissensions. Still the Bible kept its place. The curse of Meroz was still denounced. Alas! like the sword of Gideon, its deeply important meaning was generally forgotten, its spiritual warning was overlooked, when the officers of the army, now almost its sole chaplains, repeated the cry, "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."*

* Judges v. 23.

All this Mark Wentworth knew and pondered with wonder, yet the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void," satisfied him, that in these troublous times a large accession of ransomed souls should be added to the great multitude which no man can number, the fruit of the word of God, preached too often in contention, yet constantly, continually read and listened to. At length he replied, 'Almost all sober men with whom I am acquainted, who are against the Parliament, agree in saying, "the King hath the better cause, but the Parliament hath the better men." * This, since the war broke out, is my opinion; before that catastrophe I inclined to think the Parliament had also the better cause. But who, or what am I, to judge my fellow thus? Let us rather leave this matter, and bring the doctrines, the deep experience of which we spoke, to the only touch-stone of truth.'

'The baseness of the metal will then soon be proved,' replied Mr. Parnell. 'The coarse unhallowed familiarity which these fanatics use, agreeth ill with the devout simplicity of scripture.'

'Irreverent familiarity,' replied Mark Wentworth, 'cannot proceed from a heart impressed with the awful holiness of God, but deep experience, joy, assurance, can. The Christian's earnest desire for the presence of his God is thus uttered by the tongue of inspiration—"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in his temple." That intimate communion is promised—"If a man love me he will keep my words,

* Richard Baxter.

and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "I will come unto him, and sup with him, and he with me."'

'It is even so,' said Mr. Parnell, while an expression of joy passed over his countenance, as if he too had "tasted that the Lord is gracious;" 'but these sayings intend not that a man should think of God, and talk to God, as though he were altogether such an one as himself.'

'"But now mine eye seeth thee,"' said Mark Wentworth reverently, '"Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."' Job xlii. 6.

THE COTTAGE READING.

No. II.

It may be justly felt and said that the instance of the Scripture-reading given in the previous chapter is not one capable of general imitation, and that it is not desirable that it should be: but, though the case be not one for general application, instances may arise in which the same course may be called for by the necessities of the poor. Zion has many "waste places," even in our own favoured land, which it may please the Lord of the vineyard to comfort by means of a *peculiar* channel. The fountains of the water of life being "sealed" to them in outward ordinances, and the spring from whence holy instructions by His own appointment flow, being "shut up," He may be graciously pleased to open a more secret channel, whereby to make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord, that "joy and gladness may be heard therein; thanksgiving and the voice of melody. The light of truth is a fearful gleam, when it breaks not upon the soul till it shows the grave at its feet, and no door of hope opening beyond. I have heard the substance of the bitter complaint, "No man cared for my soul;"—I have seen the tears fall fast from the sick and dying, and from the healthy for the dying;—because no minister of peace drew near to tell of "a balm in Gilead, a physician there," by whom the soul's sickness unto death, now deeply realized, might find an antidote and live. Did those whose

hearts are warmed by the love of heaven, and whose wills are free to choose their habitations, only know what is the utter ignorance of the poor in so many of our villages, surely they would trust to the God of grace to supply all their need, and forsaking the means they so justly prize, they would come to dispense the rich drops of the water of life among the poor and the perishing, fixing their pilgrim-tent in some destitute village, while "The wilderness and the solitary place should be glad for them, and the desert should rejoice and blossom as the rose;" and when at last they came to "appear before the God of gods in Zion," it should be theirs to say, "Behold I and the children which God hath given me,"—His to reply, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I will now proceed to give a brief recital of other Scripture-Readings that have passed under my observation, and which may be felt more generally applicable and easy of attainment than that narrated in the previous Chapter.

It was the early afternoon of a summer's day some years ago, when we reached the neat white-washed cottages, the object of our walk: they were turned sideways from the road, and their well-stocked gardens lay pleasantly before them. At the door of the first sat an old man, leaning the weight of more than ninety years on his sturdy staff, upon the top of which his hands were clasped: his hat was drawn over his eyes, and he returned no greeting to the salutation given as we passed him by to enter the cottage. All was cleanliness within, though the scanty furniture bespoke the poverty of the inmates. A widowed daughter, who resided with her aged parents, gave us a kindly welcome. The mother, ninety-two years of age, turned slowly round at our approach from

the white deal-table at which she was busy ironing; her red cloak being laid for an ironing-cloth; her hand still retaining its hold upon the iron which she had been slowly moving. I never shall forget her face and figure! She wore the old fashioned short-sleeved open bedgown, the garb of gone-by generations, now alas! almost discarded in its useful homeliness: it was so patched with pieces of every hue and pattern that I could not possibly discover the original ground-work of the gown. She wore a simple mob-cap as white as the driven snow; its almost plain border crimped round her face, and her beautiful silver hair turned back under it. Her blue eyes had lost much of their light and expression, and the weight of nearly a century had bowed her very low; but no other signs of extreme old age were visible: her articulation though slow, was distinct, and her hearing good.

'Well, neighbour! how are you to-day?' 'But very midlin', but very midlin'; why I thought you was never coming again! why I did count how many weeks it was, but I'm sure I can't tell 'em now!' 'I have not been very well, neighbour, but you see I *am* come again, and when I stay away, you may always know that I think about you, and that I shall be sure and come as soon as I am able.' By this time, the old woman had turned up her iron, and taken her low seat by the little fire which burnt dimly between two bricks, heating the water for the early tea,—her feet upon the clean sacks which served for a rug, and a large white cat purring at her side. The old man had crept slowly in, and was now seated by the fire, cowering over its low embers; his hat was removed in reverence from his head, for even his dim faculties had learnt to attach a meaning to the hour's sacred purpose. 'I din't know

who you was! no, that I'm sure I dint'! Arnt you a cold? wont you come nearer?' The old man's aged sister, from an adjoining cottage, and a widow woman, her lodger, had now come in, bringing their chairs, for the poor dwelling contained too few to furnish many guests; this was all the company. They drew into a little circle, listening with fixed attention; not one of the five could read, and only one attended the house of prayer: the others, from age or other circumstances, had discontinued their attendance. Their souls must have been left utterly destitute, week by week, year by year, but for this cottage-reading. Are there none, dear reader, thus perishing for lack of knowledge, to whom it is within your power to supply it?

With the three elder of the group, all the life's long toil had been bestowed upon the frail tabernacle, now stooping with age and infirmities, and hastening to decay; its immortal tenant had been left uncared-for, uninstructed, and now from each time-worn habitation it was soon to depart, to enter upon, it knew not what, to turn, it knew not whither. For them no weekly or Sunday schools had planted the seeds of holy instructions in the impressible seasons of childhood. The mind had never been awoke from the dreary sleep of infancy: through childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, it had still stooped earthward, and toiled only for the bread that perisheth. The hands had been taught the use of the implements of busy labour, but the thoughts had never been directed to deal with the ample material around them. The mind, in each, lay fallow, unsown, and therefore barren; and for the heart which the God of nature has gifted with growth indigenous to the soil—the holy affections and ties of natural life had not been watered from the well-spring of eternal love;

they had withered away ; and it was not till the seed, which is the word of God, had been sown again and again in the unpromising soil, that the affections of the mind and heart seemed to revive and to manifest themselves in word and action.

A very few verses of the New Testament were read slowly and distinctly to meet the dim apprehensions turning to receive them, and briefly explained in the simplest language ; much being done in the form of *easy questions*, these best ascertaining the comprehensions of the listener's minds ; and when a right reply was given, it was plain to perceive that it was a gleam of reflected light, gladdening and encouraging *all*. The toil in such cases must be a patient one ; the unbelieving thought will perhaps often suggest itself, 'How little of all I now read is received or comprehended by these dull minds ? there is no material within,—no groundwork,—how can I think to raise the superstructure of faith and love ?' To quiet such doubts we must keep ever in mind, that the God we serve, is one whose word "quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were." The ground may lie barren before us, but our hand holds the living seed ; the blessing of fruitfulness is from above, and if asked in unwearying faith and prayer, we shall receive a hundred-fold.

The same village afforded another favourite opportunity for a Cottage Reading, and such an one as many others may probably present. The weekly claimants on the parish were in the habit of assembling about three in the afternoon, of the day on which relief was given, at the house from which it was dispensed. The relieving officer was frequently much beyond his time, and some of the poor women would find a resting-place

at an adjoining cottage while waiting his arrival. The favourite resting-place, was the house of an aged couple who were frequently visited and read to ; and by choosing this above-mentioned day and hour, the visitor had a favourable opportunity presented for bringing to the outward ear of others, beside those the immediate object of her visits, the holy truths of which they were lamentably ignorant, and to which they might not have so willingly listened in their own homes, even had time and occasion offered for seeking them there. In this instance, it was an opportunity too little embraced ; but the interest and attention with which the poor women (some of whom were unknown even by name) would listen when thus met with, impressed the visitor with the convictions that it was an opening worthy of diligent improvement.

The history of the aged people, whose dwelling was thus the favorite place of resort, is so replete with testimony to the genuine worth and sensitive feeling so often found beneath poverty's unattractive garb, and also so strongly illustrates the need often existing for that simple, frequent, and patient course of instruction which female visitors alone can find sufficient leisure to supply, that I will add a few particulars of it as bearing closely upon our present subject. The house itself far exceeded in size the present dimensions of the dwellings erected for the poor. Its tenants were, at the time of which I write, between seventy and eighty years of age : they had lived fifty years, I believe, in that old house, and brought up a large family there. It was once well-stocked with furniture, but, piece by piece, in their helpless old age it had gone for rent ; still enough was left to give it an air of respectability, but poverty's hard pressure lay upon the aged pair, putting

a strict denial upon almost every gratification, the passing desire for which might arise within their minds. Yet all was cheerfully and uncomplainingly borne. In the almost daily intercourse of years, no request was ever preferred, no hint of want ever dropped. They were first sought out in consequence of a remark made by their landlady, to one who never forgot a notice of distress, upon the great poverty of her aged tenants. The fire in the little grate was literally but a handful; yet the room was large and full of drafts. A coal-ticket was given, and when, after the summer's monthly payments, the treasured pile of six or eight bushels of coal, was laid within the cellar, the friend through whom it came, was taken to see and admire it, while this touching comment was made, 'Now, when the days are so cold, I shan't be afraid to put a little on; before this, we never had but *half a bushel a week*, and if you took but a little of that, it seemed all gone.' This feature of privation had never been named before.

The little tin tea-caddy, stood on the high mantle-piece. One day, the enquiry was made, 'How stands your tea?' 'We don't drink it: only sometimes when we are ill, we get an ounce.' 'An English cottage!' the visitor thought, 'and without tea! that most prized luxury? in your age,—which in your vigor your own hands earned for you. What do you drink?' 'We can't afford it—but we cut off the bottom of our loaves very thin, and burn it to a cinder, and pour the hot water over it: that gives it a colour and a taste!' So saying, the old woman took down a little tin-box, and showed the thin black cinders. And this was age so long unvisited! its privations and wants unknown! Age that would suffer any thing, rather than be in debt; age supported *only* by the parish.

A great saucepan had long been seen on the little fire instead of a tea-kettle, but it did not occur to the visitor that any particular cause might exist for this change, till the landlady of the old cottage, in speaking of her poor but honest tenants, alluded to their 'great disappointment.' 'What disappointment?' none had been heard of. 'Why their poor old kettle has been worn out ever so long, full of holes in the bottom, but they stuffed the bottom with rags and used it as long as ever they could when they had their meals; but its lain by ever so long now, and old Nancy's been thinking about the poor's money, (a small charity given yearly), that when that came in she could buy one; and now the gentlemen have given it this year in coals, so she's quite broken-spirited about it, for she sees no prospect.'

The kettle soon again serenaded their evening meal; the friend who first sent to search them out, herself visited the village shop, and purchased a bright little kettle, which was carried beneath her cloak to Nancy's cottage close by. The scene of welcome to the new kettle, of overflowing surprise and pleasure, would have brought the tears to many an eye used to look only upon the comforts and luxuries of life.

One winter brought dangerous sickness for poor old Nancy. The bedroom, open to cold drafts, was as neat as all below. Her friends one day enquired, 'Do you lie warm, Nancy?' 'Yes, pretty well for all that,' was her reply: but the mistrustful visitor lifted up the thin print coverlid, and underneath it found only one old blanket, hardly thicker than flannel, this was the only covering for aged limbs, in which the warm blood no longer circulated freely. Nancy's comment upon the discovery was, 'I had good ones once, but we have had a long house-keeping, and they've wore away.'

It was near the rent-day, one year, and the friend who gave the tea-kettle again accompanied the usual visitor, for she was ever mindful of a time of unusual pressure, when a little aid might meet the present distress, without degrading the poor, by tending to render them the constant *watchers* for a casual gift.

'Are you ready for your rent-day?'—and the poor old woman, sitting on her low seat by the table, drew from her large pocket her hoard of silver, all, or almost all, in six-pences, taken from her trifling pittance weekly by those honest hands: 'It's all there, but three shillings and six-pence, and he'll wait for that; he won't hurry me; he never do.' Did we more truly realize even the temporal need of the poor, I believe we should be led to a more self-denying charity on their behalf.

The principles of these dear old people were true and stedfast, but their minds were utterly unenlightened on the subject of eternal realities. They were constant attendants at the village Church; and they daily knelt, each on a little black stuff cushion, at their bed-side, to repeat their prayers, consisting of the Lord's prayer and the belief,—this comprising their whole amount of knowledge. With the Saviour's blessed name, though thus daily uttered by them, they seemed not to have the faintest association: they seemed totally ignorant either of the need or the existence of a Saviour. They even said they have never *heard* of Jesus Christ; for the mind of either lay in deepest slumber, and no voice of individual appeal had yet called upon it to awake.

The shadows of the evening were now falling fast upon them; the night was drawing on, and their lamp of faith and love unlighted. They stood alone, help-

less and hopeless, none having turned aside from the busy path of active life, to bring home to their hearts a knowledge of that Redeemer, without a belief in whose saving name there is no salvation under heaven. The loving-kindness of the Lord, however, left not these simple-hearted, honest, and industrious poor, to perish for lack of knowledge. The God, in whose fear I believe they walked, supplied their further need; opening for them, at the close of life, a channel through which the words of truth were poured, not only into their ears, but into their minds; and it is earnestly hoped that both of them were led to a heartfelt acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ. Every evening, as they sat on either side of their little fire, would they say over to each other all they could remember of the passage last read to them; so that on their friend's next visit, they would always give her a recapitulation of the teaching of the previous one, and thus the truth of Holy Scripture was more effectually impressed upon their minds. Time after time, too, they would repeat one text over, until at length the feeble memory retained it, and then they would attempt another. Nancy seemed to need but little comment upon the word of God; she often made her own, most touching in their simplicity and appropriateness: and often would she listen to her Saviour's words, till tears were her only comment. 'I sit and cry, I often sit and cry when I am all alone, to think how innocent I have been all my life till now,' (innocent used in the sense of ignorance of learning.)

One day, after a night of terrible storm, their visitor was received with unusual cheerfulness; the pitiless wind driving round and through their old house had been as a key-note of celestial harmony, waking a train

of hallowed thought and feeling; 'Oh!' they said, 'when that wind did blow we could not sleep, but we lay, and thought about Peter, how it frightened him when he looked away from the Saviour! he did'nt ought to have looked away from Him, and then he would'nt have been afeard, would he?'

The old man died; but not until they had several times received the Holy Communion at their village Church. It was most touching to see how strong his love endured to the very last for all connected with his hope. By night, when wandering, he would chide his wife for not preparing for the visitor, who, he would say, was certainly then coming to read; and by day would listen, and ask for her. Prayer was his refuge, and when too weak himself to pray, and almost gone, as he was for days before his departure, it was his greatest comfort to have his aged wife continually kneel by his bed, and to know that she was praying. Her heart was almost broken by the severed tie; she could never face it beforehand without overflowing tears; and bitterly did she mourn it afterwards. She lingered on through one summer and winter, the solitary tenant of the old house, the very walls of which were dear to her, and then her friend received the following communications from a neighbour of old Nancy's, who, with disinterested kindness, had tenderly nursed her, bereft as she was of all, her only surviving daughter having died before her.

'My dear Christian Friend,

'I hope you will not deem it an intrusion on your valuable time in the perusal of this letter, as I am thankful to inform you that it has pleased the Almighty in His mercy to take from this world of sin my dear

old neighbour. As I well know the kind interest you took in her welfare, I thought you would like to hear a few particulars of her last hours. She took to her bed last Wednesday; on Thursday was much worse; on Tuesday night I had the sweet privilege of passing the night with her alone, and a pleasant night it was to me; the dear old creature had her senses perfectly from the time I went to her till three o'clock in the morning: on my reading several portions of Scripture to her, she listened to them with the greatest attention, and even repeated many parts of them after me. She also repeated a short prayer, and after she had said the prayer three times, she said, "Is not that a sweet prayer?"—I said it was; she said, dear Miss —— taught her *that*, to say on going to bed at night, and she had never passed a night since she had learnt it without offering it up to heaven. She repeated that prayer at least ten times in the night, and even when I thought her sleeping, I could plainly hear her saying many words of that prayer, which was treasured up in her mind, as a miser treasures up his gold. Her thoughts were fixed on heavenly things. About three in the morning death made its appearance, and she became insensible to all around her, and remained so till a few moments before her death: then she fixed her eyes stedfastly on my face, and smiled sweetly. I put my mouth to her ear, and said, "Where now is your hope?" she pointed her finger upwards, and with a sweet smile her happy spirit took its flight, I trust, through the mercy of her blessed Redeemer, into the realms of endless bliss.'

THE FAMILY OF GLENCARRA.—No. XI.

By Sidney O'Moore.

Oh! soon from the cliffs by the ocean surrounded,
To yon milder shore by the foamy sea bounded,
May the call of the Shepherd be faithfully sounded,
  O'er marshes and mountains, through isle and through grove.
And oh! be it heard in that language endearing,
  In which the fond mother her lullaby sung;
Which spoke the first lispings of childhood, and bearing
  The father's last sigh from his now silent tongue.
That so as it breathes the pure sound of devotion
And speaks with the power that stilled the rough ocean,
Each breast may be calmed into gentle emotion,
  And Erin's wild harp to Hosannas be strung.

The fresh breeze of morning wafted a balmy welcome to the pilgrim-mother, as she emerged from Malley's crowded abode, glad to exchange its smoky atmosphere for the pure mountain air. She passed over the dewy moss, and fragrant wild thyme, until she reached the Relic Murriah, which is situated on the declivity of the western side, about eleven hundred yards from the summit. The radiance of the dawn still hung over it: no other pilgrim had as yet repaired to the place. The solemn stillness, the sublime beauty of nature, penetrated the sincere heart of Mary Moran; it was drawn towards her Creator, but she checked its aspirations to prepare for the set formularies of her creed.

At the first heap of stones, called a monument, she recited, according to custom, seven pater-nosters, seven

Ave-Marias, and the creed, then proceeding to the other two monuments, she recited the same number of prayers at each.

Of these forty-two petitions, be it observed, the Creator and his workmanship received an equal share. This appears to be usually the case at stations, except where the balance inclines still more to saint-worship. There is besides a Rosary to the Virgin, which is frequently repeated by her worshippers, in which every *tenth* prayer only is offered to the Father Everlasting, and the remaining nine are exclusively devoted to the goddess of Mariolatry.

When Mary Moran had completed her allotted portion, with the assistance of her beads, she went round the entire relic, comprising the three monuments, upon her knees, which is accounted more meritorious than to walk round it seven times. Descending the mountain, she repaired to the well where she found a great crowd of people, who had kept watch all night beside the holy water. Here were the maimed, the lame, the halt, and the blind ; with difficulty conveyed hither, sometimes from a great distance, by their attached friends, who presented them to the saint of the well, and entreated him to relieve them from their infirmities.

Among the devotees, Mrs. Moran recognized several of her neighbours, and amongst others, Mrs. Mulcrone, whose husband Brian had accompanied Cormac Dhu on the night of his disappearance. Mary eagerly inquired, whether any tidings of Brian had been lately received.

'Not a word ever I heard since,' replied Mrs. Mulcrone. 'I'm afraid the good people have taken him down to the fairy place, I dream so often that he comes

to me in the dark hour, and tells me to stand ready wid the knife, next All Saints' Eve.'

'Then, Kate, darlin, be sure to throw it with a strong heart; my mother told me of one Cormac Linsk, that was taken away by the good people; an his wife went out on the Holy Eve to break the charm for him, but when she saw the white horses of the good people passing by, and felt the whirlwind on her cheek, her heart sunk in her, and the knife dropped from her hand; the good people laughed, but as poor Cormac rode by, he gave her a look of heart sorrow, for the time was passed and he must bide wid them now while the world lasts.'

'Oh, Mary, Mary dear, what will become of me, if the like happens me; but, with the help of Saint Patrick, I'll hope better luck. I'll do my best any way, plase G—.'

'Do, and the blessing of the saints be with you. But what was it brought you up the Reek?'

'Sure I came with little Brian to the blessed saint. The boy is not doin' any good this year back, only wasting, wasting always. He is seven year old coming next Lady-day, and he only a weeshee thing: so I carried him up here, and sure it will be the blessed day when I bring him back fine and thriving.'

'Oh, mother darlin,' said the child, 'I'm bitter cold; oh, but the grass is a cowld bed the long night through.'

'My own cushla, its only for the one night, darlin' of my heart, to make you strong an' well.'

Mrs. Moran turned to the shivering child; he was well wrapped up in his mother's cloak, but it was damp with dew, and the night air seemed to have penetrated his delicate organization. His mother hastily procured some warm water and spirits, which the child took with avidity, and which afforded him a temporary stimulus.

The woman then hastened to complete the ceremonies of the well, that she might bring her boy into the warmth and shelter of a household hearth.

Mary wished her every success in her undertaking, and proceeded to Aughawale, where, to her great delight, the sacred trout afforded her the happiest omen, by rising at once to the surface of the water, and seizing upon the baits which she threw to them. At this well she performed another station, followed by watchings and fastings, but space would fail me were I to particularize every trapping of the harness of Rome. Suffice it to say, that after her return home, she was confined to bed for a fortnight, from the state of inflammatory laceration to which her limbs were reduced.

Almost every day, either my mother, Lily, or I, visited her: the incidents of pilgrimage were then new to me, and made a deep impression on my imagination. I frequently repeated her narrations to my father, who was deeply interested in the welfare of his tenants; and although grieved by instances of superstition, yet he shrank not from the investigation, as he wished to be fully informed of the symptoms, that he might administer to the disease.

'We cannot feel surprised,' he said, 'that our poor uneducated neighbours should trust in the efficacy of pilgrimages; for, foreigners, even nobles, are still weak enough to do likewise in Brittany, and many parts of Germany and Italy; while in England, we can trace the practice from Henry the Second's penance at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, down to the year when the last Roman Catholic Queen of England, the daughter of Henri Quatre, the wife of Charles I. was obliged to walk barefooted from her palace at Somerset House to Tower Hill, by command of her confessor, in order that

she might address as deities, the spirits of those Jesuits, who had been executed as traitors, for their participation in the Gunpowder and other treasonable plots.'

'Few customs have been more prevalent in all Roman Catholic countries,' said my mother, 'but it is especially painful to witness religious ignorance enslaving a people so shrewd, so intelligent in other matters, as our countrymen are.

'You could not expect any other result from their creed,' replied my father, 'as a rod assumes a crooked appearance when plunged in water, even so every doctrine becomes warped when steeped in Popery. My tenants are aware that they require atonement for their sins, but expect to find it in their own blood and sufferings. They know they cannot alone enter heaven, but expect that their little children or patron saints will open a gate for their admittance. They call Christ the Lamb of God, not as an expiatory sacrifice, but in memory of a subterfuge of Joseph the Carpenter. They know not that He has bruised the serpent's head, but talk of Maineeune's heel being bruised by the serpent. Now, why are they thus ignorant! One fact will reply. The last hours of the eighteenth century are fast waning to a close, but vainly has Ireland watched through its long career for *one* single copy of the Bible or Testament in its native language. During this period, the little principality of Wales has received 89,000 copies of the holy book in the Welsh language, the Highlands have received 32,000 copies in Gaelic, but the GREEN ISLE NOT ONE, not even one. The natural consequence has occurred; while men slept the enemy sowed tares. Irish presses were at work in the Irish colleges at Louvain, Antwerp and elsewhere, even Paris,

Pauda and Rome sent over editions of such works as 'Lochran na Greidmheach, Lamp of the faithful,' and 'Essay on miracles; or the new miracles done by the relics of St. Frances Xavier,' in the native language. As is the seed, so is the crop. Traditions and legends have usurped the place of Scripture, and I have even heard them quoted as Scripture narratives.'

'You said there had not been an Irish Testament printed during the last century, papa,' I ventured to observe; 'Where then did you get the Testaments which you gave to Aileen and Norah?'

'I procured them with difficulty,' said my father; 'they form part of an edition printed for the Hon. Robert Boyle, more than a hundred years ago.'

'Why has the sacred volume been so long withheld?' asked my mother. 'Why did not those who valued the word send it to those who knew it not?'

'Occasionally some individuals made efforts for the purpose, but whenever the question was mooted, a false policy rendered nugatory every attempt of the kind. "Let the language die," cried the oppositionists, "to print is to perpetuate." Has it then died? Let three millions of native Irish reply. Meantime, as I have just said, the priesthood were fully sensible of the advantages of printing in a language so beloved, and which was the only medium of conveying knowledge to thousands. Even the types sent over by Queen Elizabeth for printing the scriptures in the Irish character, were soon afterwards purchased by the Jesuits, and conveyed to the continent, to be employed in disseminating their doctrines in Ireland.'

'The native peasants are so much more ignorant and superstitious, than those who speak English,' I observed, 'that I am inclined to think the native lan-

guage has been to them a cloud of darkness shutting out all light."

'It need not have proved such,' said my father, 'it was rather misguided policy which shut out the true light. The Gaelic of the Highlands is almost identical with Irish; Welsh and the Manx language are but dialects of the same Celtic origin; yet both Highlanders and Welsh received the light of the Reformation, presented to them in their own tongue. Half the population of the Isle of Man are still ignorant of the English language, yet education and religion walk to and fro the island, disseminating peace and knowledge. In the last thirty years, no less than £4000 have been expended in the publication of Manx scriptures, and books, and the effect is visible. Would that a similar sum were expended in this province, or even country!'

'I cannot believe that superstition is so prevalent among even the Connaught peasantry as you suppose,' observed a fox-hunter, who chanced to be present during the conversation, 'I have never met with much of the kind; stations and beads of course are everywhere, but I am not aware of any very prevalent superstitions.'

'Probably you have not spoken to the people on religious subjects, nor made any inquiries relative to their opinions,' said my father, 'I have made them my study for years past, and regret to say that each day affords new proof of their credulity, and of the frivolous trifles in which they have been taught to place their trust. Many of the objects of their veneration have been summed up by a poet of the reign of Edward the Sixth, as correctly as if he had written but yesterday:

Holy pardons, holy beads,
Holy saints, holy images,
With holy, holy blood,

Holy stocks, holy stones,
Holy crosses, holy bones,
Yea, and holy, holy wood.

Holy fire, holy palm,
Holy oil, holy cream,
And holy ashes also;
Holy water, holy blessing,
Holy kneeling, holy censing,
And a hundred trim-trams mo.

'Even yon lake,' continued my father, walking over to the window, and pointing to the sun-resplendent waters of Lough Conn, 'even that lake has been deemed so sacred from olden time, that people used to cast rolls of butter into its holy waters, in order to preserve the milk of their cows from *Geasa Draoideacht*. I am not certain whether this custom still exists in the neighbourhood, but about forty miles off, at Lougharrow, the people still throw pieces of butter, as offerings to the saint of the lake, praying him to save their cattle for the following year; and some of our poor neighbours, who have visited Croagh Patrick as pilgrims, have even brought home bottles of the water of Lougharrow to sprinkle on their cattle, and spill into the ears of any person who should be taken ill. Their superstition is but too evident, too universal to be incredible.'

'I could believe any thing you state about holy water of any kind,' said the fox-hunter, 'for I'm aware that it is their prime agent, their most efficacious charm; but I think Mrs. Moran must have been practising on your credulity, when she stated that she saw the maimed and sick sitting up all night at the well of glass, expecting a cure, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, I may say.'

'You have only to make enquiries on the subject,' said my father, 'and you will be satisfied; but it is by no means a solitary case,—a restorative well. The well

of Struel, in the county Down, is also supposed to be endowed with sanative powers, the blind especially resort thither from the most remote parts of Ireland; almost every ailment is supposed to be relieved or removed by a visit to that well. When the poor devotees find their sufferings remain unmitigated, they ascribe the failure to their own want of faith, and meekly enquire "who has got the blessing?" They are morally certain a blessing is there, and must be received by *some* individuals at least. There are innumerable other places, to which similar miraculous powers have been ascribed. You must remember the crosses and holy stones, for instance at Clonmacnoise, close to your uncle's residence in the king's county.'

I grew weary of the conversation at this stage, and turned to seek amusement in some new occupation, when my attention was recalled by my father's voice being raised in most earnest tones.

'I have traversed the greater part of the world, and witnessed the religious ceremonies of many nations. I have seen the Mahometans adore "one god," and Indians bow to the Great Spirit. Even on my passage home, I saw our lascar sailors prostrate themselves on deck twice every day to worship the Supreme Being; I returned to the almost-forgotten land of my birth, and found there polytheism and idolatry enthroned in the place of religion. I found that my Romanist countrymen's god is their priest, their goddess the Virgin Mary.'

'How can you call the priest their God?' said my mother.

'Because he occupies the place of God; from him they seek forgiveness of sins, and even salvation. Because, in total ignorance of the revealed will of God, they are altogether governed and guided by the will of the priest.

Are they ill? from his "offices" they seek health. Are they dying? from him they seek admission into Paradise. In health, they keep water sanctified by him in their houses. In sickness, they wear amulets consecrated by his touch. In death, clay blessed by him is interred with their corpses. In eternity, even still, his power is supposed to reach them.'

My father was obliged to leave the room to attend some business of importance, but his observations had sunk deeply into my mind. I began to consider that my people's subservience to the priest, might be justly ascribed to their ignorance of Scripture. I fell into a waking dream, and saw the native Irish of the eighteenth century pass before me; in millions they came, old men and children, women and youths, passed slowly before my mental vision; another generation followed, and yet another; all seeming to extend their spectral hands to implore a true guide, all apparently saddened by disappointment as they glided on into an unseen, unknown world.

Could my musing spirit then have foreseen the irradiating beams which have since burst forth in Dingle, Achill and elsewhere, how it would have bounded as at the sound of a clarion. The dawn has begun. Vainly have bishops, (even in 1830) vainly has the pontiff himself, Benedict XIV., essayed to rivet the loosening shackles by preaching in favour of pilgrimages in general, to Lough Derg in particular; the fetters must break; the captives shall be freed; the lonely moors and wild mountains shall at length hear the trumpet of the gospel, for "knowledge shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea."

LETTERS FROM TYROL.—No. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A VISIT TO MY BIRTH PLACE," &c. &c.

My Dear A——. Of all that you and my other friends have thought or feared concerning me, I have only lately received the report, by learning that my last packet of letters had been lost, and, that my first had appeared in print, and remained there in a very isolated position. Many and many a time have I endeavoured to despatch its successor, but the attempt has been as often abandoned, from the simple fact, that I knew not, nor could at all recollect, whereabouts I left off. At last I have learned that I was at Inspruck, when I ended my first letter from Tyrol; and it is well that I had not gone a little further when my silence commenced, for then indeed you might have been uneasy as to its cause, for I should in that case have told you that at our next halting-place I met with a very unpleasant accident. But as my letters have not reached you, I must retrace our route for your advantage. I must now then imagine myself going over it again. I started from Inspruck full of joy, with my rather reluctant and untoward companions, to go to the Zillerthal; but alas! my joy came to an abrupt termination.

That we, dear A——, are feeble, dependent creatures, is an expression so very common, that I should not reiterate it if its truth were at all less felt at my very

heart than it is this moment, when I am about to give you my lucubrations, not from a green valley, or a mountain's side, but from a Tyrolese bed (which as well as other things I must describe to you) in the large, rude, solitary Inn, where it was my lot to spend more time than I had calculated upon. We proceeded through the charming scenery of the Unter-Innthal, or lower valley of the Inn, to the village of Strass, which indeed appears chiefly to consist of one great stone house bearing the aspect both of a farm-house and inn. We had travelled in a vehicle of the roughest and most uncouth description; our progress was necessarily slow; as we approached this beautifully situated house, the shades of evening began to appear more rapidly than we had anticipated; and in descending from our awkward conveyance—either from the fact of having had too much help, from our host and his co-adjutors, —or that the jolting we had gone through had caused a predisposition to such an accident: but in simply putting my foot to the ground I managed to dislocate my ankle. Here then, behold the Gnädig Frau,* overwhelmed with attentions and honours, but laid upon a bed in sight of the valley she is not permitted to enter.

I must occupy myself in making sketches of what is within my reach, and you must take this letter for better for worse, remembering the pain of a sprained ankle. My Tyrolese bed is certainly the most proximate object for a sketch at present: (you will conclude that no such thing as a couch or sofa is to be had) this bed in form, resembles the simple model of a wide coffin. It is, of course, without drapery of any kind, but its fine white sheets, and immense pillows, are

* A title of respect signifying noble lady.

trimmed with a broad handsome fringe, made of thread, and of a lace pattern; the window-curtains are made of coloured muslin, tastefully arranged; the floor is not *quite* clean, and the furniture is about as good as would be seen in an English labourer's cottage. There is no appearance of any possible means of making the toilet, but I have the satisfaction of knowing, that when I ask for washing materials, a thing something like a small Pie-dish, will be brought, with an economical quantity of water in a jug, equally small, and a towel still smaller, all of which will disappear as soon as they have been used. Then for the looking-glass —how is it that the Tyrolese do make themselves so very smart, if all their glasses are arranged like that in my room—you will laugh, but I assure you I stood on the table, (when my ankle was well) to get a peep at myself in the mirror, which hung on the wall, so that the upper end touched the ceiling. If it had been *on* the ceiling, so as to reflect the objects below, I should have thought it had been designed to answer some purpose. Then there is our host, who stands beside me with so many expressions of concern. Such a fine specimen of the Tyrolese, with his strict, firm-built figure, his independent carriage, and free movements; his national dress consisting of a dark round jacket, black velveteens, bright blue stockings, a curiously embroidered leather girdle, (generally bearing some religious sentence worked in white letters) and the pointed hat, which seems a component part of the male and female Tyrolese, adorned with an eagle's feather, or a bright bouquet of pink artificial flowers, the latter still more worn by the men than by the women.

Also, there is my Kellnerin, or female waiter, carrying always her round hat on her head, her dark boddice

without sleeves, and the white linen sleeves of the under-garment reaching nearly to the elbow, flounced with the same lace trimming as that which trims the sheets. These are the home sketches, but from these I must turn; for lo! the moon rises up, and the shadows that darkened the view before me, are gone. I am laid on a bed, directly opposite a window, which presents me with such a scene!

Nature!—how often hath a weary and world-worn heart owned and blessed thy power—and in blessing it, hath blessed thy Creator. The only joy that remains the same in a changeful world: almost the only friend who never left a thorn in my path.—Nature!—to be alone with thee in thy greatness or loveliness, still teaches me that life hath pleasures; still teaches me the soul which suffers was formed to enjoy;—still kindles those fleeting aspirations which tell me I am not wholly of the earth, earthy; still prompt those longings to know the invisible things of Him,' whose Eternal Power and Godhead are understood by the things that are made.

High up, straight before me, rose a beautiful panorama—snow-capped mountains; the lately fallen snow gemming their sides, though the weather was very warm; the full bright moon, in her serene and quiet majesty, shedding a light as clear, but softer, more poetic, than that of day—the clear blue sky without cloud or star, seemed all to own her empire.

Along the foot of the rocky mountain, wound the road we had traversed, and the valley spread beyond. High up on the steep eminence, white statues gleamed curiously in that gentle light, and on the sunny mountain side. They marked the way to the Chapel and hermitage of Brettfall, built on the summit. This is what is called in Germany, a Calvarienberg, or Mount

Calvary; in French, it bears the more touching title of Le chemin de la Croix—the way of the Cross—which Christ trod to the Mount of Calvary. Oh! how miserably poor the attempt to depict that way.

Generally on approaching these places, there is something too low, too mean, or perhaps burlesque, in their execution, to excite, even in the minds that are not offended by such visible and tangible means of prompting devotion, the sentiments they are intended to produce; but seen thus at a distance, in the moonlight, and on the snowy mountain these white statues tracing out the path, to the hermitage where two monks reside, and the Chapel had a mystical and picturesque effect, which certainly added much to the beauty of my view. At the other side, the prospect was still fairer, but less striking and curious—one that the eye lingered on with more affection, if with less admiration.

The Zillerthal, or valley of the Ziller,* opened out nearly before the house where the great rocky mountains give place to an extended plain. Further on, a ruined Castle, standing on a fine eminence near the road leading to Salzburg, was the most prominent object—its name is a rather mysterious one—The Chateau of the Goitre.

I think I have sketched everything I can see, as I look out from my Tyrolese bed; and wile away the pain of a sprained ankle with gazing on mountains and vallies, and moonlight scenery. So now I will tell you something of what I think about the Tyrolese people, and this must fill up my letter. I know your sentiments and mine do not agree, and you cannot estimate as I do, the character and sacrifice of the Protestant

* Thal, signifies valley. The Ziller, or quivering, is the name of the river.

Zillerthalers, because in many respects, I think, you misjudge them nationally. For instance, I have heard you object to the reputed patriotism of the Tyrolese, on account of their loyalty to the despotic house of Austria. I have heard you contend, that their wonderful defence of their mountain-land, against the claims of Bavaria, and the will of that great self-constituted disposer of thrones and kingdoms, Napoleon Buonaparte, ought not to be considered a proof of patriotism, since they only resisted one authority to submit to another.

Tyrol, however, (I speak in my letters only of the German, not the Italian Tyrol) belongs to the house of Austria, not by right of conquest, but by that of descent. In the charming vale of the Adige—where we travelled in the Diligence along the public road, as if in our English vinery, or hot-house, with the vines trelliced entirely over it, and the rich clusters of delicious grapes forming a boundary at each side, and a nearly impervious roof overhead, we saw also the fine old castle of Teriolis, which gave the title of Tyrol to the country, and was the residence of its native Princes down to the middle of the fourteenth century, when the marriage of its last hereditary Princess, Margaret Maultasch—or as she is singularly named—Pocket-mouthed Meg, with an Austrian Prince, was the means of annexing 'the Little Land,' as her ancient dominions are still called, upon her death, to the House of Austria.

The Tyrolese therefore look upon the Emperor of Austria as their legitimate Sovereign, and do not regard him as one who held them in subjection by a usurped power. Their loyalty is almost as great as their patriotism; indeed, I think on Phrenological

principles, a Tyrolese head must have a large development of the organ of veneration, for their reverence for rank, and all higher powers, in a land where the greatest degree of equality exists, is remarkable, and partakes of the nature of that sort of spiritual veneration which ranks them perhaps the most superstitious of European nations.

My chamber, for example—for I forgot to mention this among the visible things I could sketch for you—is hung *entirely* round with a set of royal *portraits*, representing, or intended to represent the whole of the members of the reigning house of Austria, with its collateral branches; and when I spoke to our host about them, I assure you he regarded them with much the same air of devotion with which he would look upon the religious memorials so abundant on the way-sides of his country. I do think, if he had had his hat on his head, he would have taken it off.

It was not then for nothing that the Zillerthalers resisted the will of their emperor and of "the powers that be:"—all their prejudices, habits, and feelings, would have inclined them to obedience.

I find an extract concerning Tyrolean patriotism which describes it better than I can do. 'Love of country among the Tyrolese ranges over a wide scale; it comprehends attachment to the glaciers of the Glochiner, or the corn of the Innthal, and to the sugar-loaf cap of the women, and the green braces of the men. It comprehends not only mountains, vallies, and cities, but the shape of a scythe, or the construction of a shoe. All that is Tyrolean is sacred, and the Tyrolese are all brothers.'

The very step of the Tyrolese, his air, and carriage, bespeak a lover of freedom and independence. The

dwellers in the mountains are usually so, for in the mountains all is free. The plains are left to the art and rule of men; in the mountains the cry of the bird, and the rush of the torrent; the spring of the Chamois, and the course of the breeze,—all are free, and the mountaineer is free among them—in the wide domain of nature he calls no man Lord.

As it has generally been allowed that a love, or a sense of freedom, is inhaled with a mountain air, so I think it may be generally observed that a religious feeling seems to be in some sense generated by the same. Infidelity is rarely to be met with among mountaineers. The people of the Pyrennees do not partake in the so-called philosophic infidelity that prevails throughout the rest of France. The dweller in the Alps may be "in all things too superstitious," but can hardly be an unbeliever. The voice of God speaks to man in the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar: he feels his dependance, at every step, on the Almighty's power: in the terrible greatness of the things around him, man is nothing, God is everything. The avalanche that hangs over his path—the precipice that yawns beneath him—the resistless torrent that bears away the strong pine on its flood—all have power over him, and he has no power against them. His preservation is a daily miracle, and without hesitation he ascribes it to miraculous intervention: his religion assumes the form of a devout veneration for, and belief in all spiritual existences; and to saints and angels as the ministers of the Almighty, he ascribes every deliverance, and commits himself in all time of danger.

The remarkable story of the Archduke Maximilian, according to the manner in which it was related to us by the landlord of our Inn, in the Zillerthal, as it

illustrates these observations I will give you in this place, reciting it beforehand. After we had left Zell, the chief town, or village, of the valley, our grave-countenanced landlord accompanied us in a carriage, of which he, F ——, and myself, occupied the front part first behind the driver.

On the road to Landelz we passed an immense wall of rock, called Martinswand, or the wall of St. Martin. Here we stopped to see a hermitage made by the emperor Maximilian, where he lived as a hermit for fourteen days every winter. The emperor became an annual hermit from the following occurrence :—

That enthusiastic huntsman bounding after a Chamois, missed his footing, and was precipitated half way down this frightful precipice, where a ledge of rock suspended him in an awful predicament, beyond the hope of help, and in a position where the least effort to move threatened instant destruction. The people, who from below perceived his inevitable fate, unable to lend any temporal aid, besought the abbot of Wilten and his monks to offer up prayers; but death being supposed certain, the rites, as for a person *in articulo mortis*, were performed, and although at an immense number of feet from him, the sacramental wafer was extended towards the suspended emperor, who was supposed thus to have partaken of it.

At this moment a hunter, who had been driven to the mountains to avoid a prison, came to the spot whence Maximilian had fallen; and seeing a man hanging between life and death, called out and asked what he was doing there. The emperor meekly replied, 'I am waiting.' The intrepid hunter, it appears, thought there was no use in his waiting; he slid down the rock, took the emperor, no one well knows how,

from his perilous position, and brought him down to the midst of the monks who were praying for him below. Now it must be quite impossible that this story, sufficiently wonderful in itself, should in Tyrol be reported in this manner; human agency in such cases, is there quite out of the question, and consequently our host, in telling us the legend of Martinswand, transformed the hunter into an angel.

I cannot forget the shocked and offended expression of his face, when F —— affirmed that the emperor's deliverer was not an angel! Our driver half turned his head, and seriously glancing at the sceptic, said briefly, 'Mein Herr is an unbeliever.' I was really distressed at the impression which the refusal of F —— to believe in the descent of the angel made on these persons, as to our want of faith. Our landlord, and also our driver, were eloquent on the necessity of praying with faith in times of trial, and on the error of disbelieving that protection was then sent to us from heaven. Affirming that gentlemen who travelled, or lived in France, generally had little belief, they appealed to me, and finally the matter was compromised by our declaring our full agreement with them in the efficacy of prayers, if offered in faith through Jesus Christ; and our faith also in the protecting providence of God, and in His interposition by instruments divine or human in our behalf.

'The hunter,' said F ——, 'was the instrument the Almighty employed to save the emperor, just as much as if he had been an angel sent in a human form.'

'Ah! you say well,' said the landlord, 'certainly the angel could take a hunter's form if he pleased.'

And so all our discussion ended with the admission that though the emperor were apparently saved by a mere

human being, appointed in God's providence to effect that purpose, it might have been an angel directly sent down from heaven in that disguise to perform the same heavenly will. Argument was useless, and conveyed the impression that we were French infidels. In fact, though superstition abounds in Tyrol, it wears a different aspect from what we see it assume in Italy, Belgium, Spain, or Portugal. I never, in any Roman Catholic country, saw a people so simply, cheerfully, and firmly devoted to religion, and therefore the conversion of whole provinces in liberal France to the Protestant faith, would not be so surprising as that of one single Tyrolean valley. A writer, who does not enter deeply into religious questions, has made these remarks :

'I must say that among the Catholic nations of Europe, (and I have seen more or less of all of them), I do not know one in which there is so large a measure of real piety, or so few of the abuses which, among an ignorant people, spring out of that religion. The grossest abuses that exist in lands where the Roman Catholic faith is dominant, arise chiefly from the state of the priesthood. In Spain, or Portugal, where there is a very unequal distribution of wealth among the clergy, evils naturally arise. Poverty leads to devices their religion winks at, and which the cunning avail themselves of to fill empty coffers : while among rich and poor austerities are practised or pretended, with a view to obtain a stronger hold in the minds of the people, or to veil the transgressions to which men are prone. Such a state of things divides a people into two portions—bigots and infidels. But in the Tyrol, where clergy are neither rich nor miserably poor, there are less temptations. . . . .I have more than once heard from zealous Catholics in the Tyrol, the utmost horror ex-

pressed of the abuse of indulgences, and other excrescences which have been nourished by roguery and ignorance.'

It was against this milder form of Popery—not against its tyranny, its grosser corruptions, that the Zillerthalers protested; and their love of liberty—even of that "liberty wherewith Christ maketh his people free"—triumphed over their patriotism; and they left the mountain land, for which the aged had fought, and for which the young would have died, because they desired, after the manner that was called heresy, to worship the God of their fathers.

I hope, dear A——, that if you wish to accompany me in my researches after the interesting people of this charming valley, you will not think these slight preliminary observations are wholly useless or tiresome. If you do, you must remember the sprained ankle which prevents me from doing more than gazing over the green vale and towering mountains before me, and join me in the hope that I soon may be permitted to enter on the scene which now I can only behold in its loveliness. Adieu till then.

Affectionately yours,

S. B.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

NATIONAL blessings,—the Lord's unwearied kindness to Israel was the constant theme of the Psalmist: he celebrated Jehovah's faithfulness to his covenant, the promise that he made to a thousand generations. "The merciful and gracious Lord hath so done his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance." Israel's deliverance was so great—the overthrow of their enemies so amazing—their triumph so complete, that it is no wonder that such enemies should be the theme of adoring gratitude from age to age. Not one advance to Canaan could be put to the account of human foresight, or strength, or wisdom: for the Lord's stretched-out arm was always manifest, his pillar of cloud and fire never departed from them, it was God *alone* that led, and protected, and gave the victory. It was the remembrance of blessings so glorious that induced the exhortation, "O give thanks unto the Lord: make known his deeds among the people; talk ye of all his wondrous works." The Christian too, has a like deliverance and triumph to record, though as far transcending those conferred on Israel, as heaven is higher than earth, and eternity above comparison with time. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." What riches of love! and how glorious are the results which are involved! But then the fulness of forgiveness—the perfect atonement—the freeness of grace, should not be the *alone* topics

which occupy our mind, with respect to the God with whom we have to do. These things are *comprehended* in, but do not *include all* God's works, which are said to praise him; (Psalm cxlv. 10.) this little word *all*, not only directs our minds to the Lord's *providential* dealings, but to every created object. And Oh! must not the Christian rejoice in, and *love* that which brings glory to his God—must not that interest him which speaks of his Father's *power* and *goodness*, and *Godhead*? All nature bears God's image, and the superscription with which we should encircle all we behold, should be, "bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul." "Consider the lilies of the field," what beauties are presented to us! A *leaf*—how beautiful in form—how lovely in colour—how curious in the delicate tracery of veins which overspread its surface, and how astonishing is the active principle which is incessantly in operation within its tiny compass! Every leaf and stem is made up of countless tubes, separated by the most tender and pellucid membranes. This cellular structure extends to every part of vegetable existence; even the fine down which is sometimes found on leaves, is not an exception; within these vessels, the juices which are taken up, are altered and converted into peculiar secretions, such as gum, sugar, &c.; this cellular construction in fruits prevents fermentation; leaves are laboratories, in which foreign substances are changed in their nature; they give spirit to the sap, and convey it to the buds; their footstalks also afford nourishment to the buds of the succeeding shoots, which are formed at the base of them, and they serve also to introduce into the plant a necessary measure of air. Loudon tell us, that as 'long as fruit is green, it possesses to a certain

extent, the physiological action of a leaf, and decomposses carbonic acid under the influence of light; but as soon as it begins to ripen, this action ceases, and the fruit is wholly nourished by the sap elaborated by the leaves. Thus the fruit has, in common with the leaves, the power of elaborating sap, and also the power of attracting sap from the surrounding parts. Hence we see that where a number of fruits are growing together, one or more of them attract the sap or nutriment from all the rest. As the food of the fruit is prepared by the leaves, under the influence of solar light, it follows, that the excellence of the fruit will depend chiefly on the excellence of the leaves; and that if the latter are not sufficiently developed, or not duly exposed to the action of the sun's rays, or placed at too great a distance from the fruit, the latter will be diminutive in size, and imperfectly ripened, or may drop off before attaining maturity. Hence the inferiority of fruit which grows on naked branches, or even on branches where there is not a leaf close to the fruit; as in the case of a bunch of grapes, where the leaf immediately above it has been cut off, or in that of a gooseberry, where the leaf immediately above it has been eaten by a caterpillar. Hence it is evident that the secretions formed by the fruit, are principally derived from the matter elaborated in the leaves next to it; and as the sap of all the leaves is more or less abundant, according to the supply received from the roots; the excellence of fruits depends ultimately on the condition of the roots, and the condition, position, and exposition of the leaves.

'There are two orders of veins and nerves in leaves, one belonging to each surface; the under side of the leaf has the ramification larger; they are capable of ad-

mitting liquids to pass through them, those of the upper surface will not: the under side of the leaf is supposed to be intended for receiving, preparing, and conveying the moisture imbibed from the rising vapours of the earth, by which trees and plants are greatly nourished.'

We must admire too in the formation of leaves, how a great injury has been guarded against—for 'the action of air upon vegetable substances would produce a complete desiccation; their tender parts, if openly exposed to the evaporating power of the atmosphere, would soon become obliterated,—their fluids, by which they are kept alive, would rapidly become absorbed, and the vital principle within would be withdrawn: to counteract, therefore, these powerfully destructive causes, the Creator has surrounded them by a membrane called the cuticle, by which every living vegetable is protected from the injuries of the air, and through which a due absorption and transpiration is permitted to take place. It is this membrane which mainly contributes the power to retain the various juices of the plant, and thus to avoid those destructive evils which result from drought.' This cuticle has thousands of pores, which seem to have the power of expansion, and of being contracted according to circumstances. It is most interesting to observe, that while every thing is fitted to its position, there is nothing lavishly expended; a thing is not made altogether uniform; where the *necessity* exists, there the need has been supplied—the provision made—the danger averted; we may see this in the leaves of aquatic plants—we have seen that the use of the cuticle is to protect from the injurious effect of the atmosphere, and so, on the *upper side* of the leaves of these plants, we still find it; but *underneath*, where there is no necessity for such protection, it is not

afforded. We have another illustration of this fact, in the leaves of the holly,—to prevent the depredations of cattle, the leaves *within their reach* are furnished with strong thorny points, while the branches *above*, are destitute of this defence. And again, in the Caddis worm, a water-grub, which builds itself a curious moveable tent of various materials. 'These grubs are admirably fitted for their mode of life, the portion of their bodies, which is always enclosed in the case, is *soft*, while the head and shoulders, which are for the most part projected beyond the door-way in search of food, are *firm*, *hard*, and consequently less liable to injury than the protected portion, should it chance to be exposed.'

And how beautifully are plants adapted to the regions where they are found. 'Leaves turn to the part whence they may derive the most nourishment; if we observe the trees which grow on a steep mountain, we shall find that the leaves do not take a horizontal direction, but a perpendicular one.'

Again, those which float on the water are supported by large air-cells, by means of which they are kept to the surface, and are brought into communication with the air, which is necessary for their existence in life.

If we go to mountainous districts, we behold a wonderful deviation from the ordinary course of nature, in the peculiarity of proliferous flowers—the cold at a great elevation, might prevent the seed from ever being perfected; but what a wise provision against such failure has been made.

'Every bud, which in ordinary circumstances would have been developed as a flower, assumes the character of a young plant.'

A singular fact is attached to the history of the

Mangrove, namely, the germination of the seeds, while they are yet attached to the branches of the tree. We know that water is essential to the very life of plants, and yet how do those exist which are found exposed to a burning sun on naked rocks, and without the means of resisting its influence? We behold some things in situations of such danger that we perhaps apprehend their destruction; but we need not fear; their position has been considered, and their structure has been adapted to it, and those beautiful lines written on the stormy Petrel, are found to be applicable to all nature,

> "Bird of the ocean, whose fluttering wing
> Seems ever to touch the brink of the grave,
> How can it be that so feeble a thing
> Successfully combats the wind and the wave?
> He who hath formed thee, he only can give
> Strength 'mid the war of the waters to live."

Without water, plants wither and die, but there is an exception to this in the case of Lichens: 'they are often so dried as to crumble at a touch, their very races might have been exterminated; but the Creator never leaves his work imperfect, for the principle of life is not withdrawn, and they are ready to revive and resume their functions at the slightest return of moisture.'

In hot sandy countries we find another wonderful developement of care and adaptation. Plants found in such districts have very insignificant roots, but they have a great power of absorbing liquids by their leaves; the cuticle is curiously constructed to admit of ready absorption, and very tardy perspiration; thus we find the most succulent vegetables flourishing amid sands so scorched and arid that no water can be extracted from them.

There are certain plants again which demand a large supply of moisture, and yet require a hot and powerful

sun to mature their juices; such plants are found in the *hottest*, and at the same time in the *dryest* places, where there is no rain for months together.

How diversified are the works of God—how numberless the means by which they subsist, and how wonderful the contrivances, in order to maintain their existence, for how, in this instance, do we find the need supported? The leaves of 'the Traveller's friend' (urania speciosa) have the property of radiating heat so rapidly after the sun retires, that a vast deposition of dew takes place upon them, which soon collecting into drops, form little streams, which run down the branches of the trunk, and are there received into hollow spaces of considerable magnitude, one of which is found at the base of every branch, all the branches of this tree set in one plane, like the feathers of a peacock's tail.

Then again, the Pitcher-plant, which has a little cup which is always filled with water; in the morning the lid is shut, it afterwards opens, and some of the water evaporates, but at night it is again filled, and the exhausted traveller is often refreshed at these vegetable reservoirs, which are also the resort of birds, and animals, and insects. And this leads to the remark, how mercifully things are arranged, not merely with a view to beauty, or to the fitness of the object to its *own immediate* existence; but how many important purposes does everything subserve? We find this in animal existence, in that of insects, and in the very moss we trample upon.

'While creatures are gratifying their own appetites, and following the lead of their own instincts, they are promoting the good of the whole system, and combine into harmony almost universal discord, and out of

seeming death and destruction bring forth life and health, and universal joy.'

In the wonders of the vegetable world, what abundance of illustration to this remark crowds upon us. Williams, in his Missionary Enterprises, mentions that in the Coral Islands of the South Seas, there are neither springs nor streams, and were it not for the cocoa-nut, the inhabitants must perish. On a sultry day, when the very ground burns with heat, a native by climbing the trunk of one of these trees can pluck a dozen of their nuts, each one of which contains more than a pint of water, as cool and refreshing as from the limpid stream.

Again, the Camel-thorn affords, says Morgan, a most beautiful exemplification of the merciful care of providence, and the fitness of the Creator's designs. It abounds in Arabia, Persia, Africa, and Tartary. In the vast deserts of those countries it is the only food of the Camel. Its lasting verdure refreshes the eye of the traveller, and from the property possessed by its deep searching roots, of collecting the scanty moisture of the arid plain, it is converted to the essential purposes of aiding in the production of nourishment for man. In spring the stem of the plant is divided, and a seed of the water-melon is inserted in the fissure; the seed becomes a parasite, and derives that nourishment from the root of the thorn, which its own brittle succulent root is not fitted to obtain. An abundance of good water-melons is thus periodically found from saline soils incapable of other culture.

We have another example in the Doum: according to Delille this tree is of much use in preventing the encroachment of the sands of the desert; many species of thorny shrubs finding an asylum under its branches,

gradually spread themselves in the neighbourhood and form a kind of fence to protect the cultivated spots.

Another use of trees is taught us in the fact that the fertility of the West India Islands has been greatly abated, owing to the cutting down of woods; for the spiculæ of leaves diminish the electricity of the clouds, and produce their fall. Mountains operate also in like manner, so as to become the source of rivers.

The resistance of plants to the wind, is another manifestation of infinite wisdom and goodness—'the leaf which is destined to fall at no distant day, defies the storm, while its appointed office is required. The feeble rose-bush is tormented by the winds, as if it would be dispersed in fragments, yet scarcely is a petal displaced, till the time approaches, when it would have fallen without a touch.' Seeds are dispersed by the wind, 'yet never perhaps was an unripe one detached by the severity of the gale, tender as its attachment may be, tender as we know it to be in the case of the Dandelion: no one knowing the nature of these parts in plants, and not knowing these facts, could have expected such resistance; it is only the experience of the cultivator, which tells him, that neither will his corn-stalk be broken, nor its seed destroyed; all this is effected not through *strength*, but through *weakness;* by *yielding*, not by *resistance*. Plants are endowed with flexibility and elasticity; leaves are empowered to place themselves in a parallel to the stream, and thence to defeat or elude its force. The Agave is constructed to meet the same danger, but in a different manner. Its structure resembles that contrivance in bones, by which bulk is produced without weight, and strength without mass of materials. In the Vine, the tendril does not merely serve as a support, since in curling

itself more than is necessary for that purpose, it becomes a spiral spring, allowing the plant to yield to the winds, and restoring it to its place as their force passes away.'

In reference to the structure of bones, an interesting fact may be mentioned, which demonstrates, that man's contrivances and inventions are but imitations of nature.

'When Brunelleschi was charged with the erection of the dome of Santa Marià, at Florence, of nearly equal diameter with that of the Pantheon, but at more than twice its height from the pavement, upon a base raised on piers; and by no means of the strength and cohesion of the original model, the Pantheon, it was apparent, that in giving it the same solidity, the weight would be insupportable on such a foundation. How was the object to be accomplished? Brunelleschi reflected that the bones of animals, especially of birds, possessed solidity without weight, by the double crust and hollow within. But above all, he remarked that this dome which completes the architecture of the human form divine, was constructed with a double plate, connected by the light and fibrous but firm walls of the hollow Cancelli; so that strength and lightness were combined in the utmost degree. Brunelleschi followed this model in his dome of Santa Marià; and the traveller now ascends to the lantern, between the two crusts or plates forming the inner and the outer domes. Michael Angelo adopted this contrivance in the dome of St. Peter's; and almost all the subsequent domes are upon the same idea.'

Must we not also praise God for his wise dealing in the distribution of his gifts, according to our need and circumstances?

We find 'cucumbers, melons, and pine-apples, the product of warm climates, and contributing by their coolness to the refreshment of the inhabitants of these countries. Rice is of drier nature, and less subject to fermentation than wheat and barley, and therefore more fitted for the food of the inhabitants of hot countries; the same may be said of maize, or Indian corn.'

In the sultry regions, where the sun's rays descend perpendicularly, we find animals calculated for human food but few, and widely spread; an abundance of animal food 'in hot climates, would be injurious to health.' And it is always true, that those products which are most necessary, are found in the greatest abundance.

Surely nature is full of loveliness—the acquisition of knowledge so much interests the mind, that men have often hazarded their lives in the pursuit of it. It is said that an ancient naturalist devoted upwards of fifty years to the study of bees, and that another spent his whole life in forests for the purpose of observing them. What a lesson to the Christian!—why should the child of this world be wiser than the child of light? —why should all the energies of body and mind be wholly consecrated to the attainment of knowledge, while no self-devotion and sacrifice is made in the pursuit of that knowledge which is life everlasting; and upon the measure of which hangs the degree of our holiness and happiness?

Nature and revelation speak one and the same language. On the page of Scripture, we find the inscription, "Be careful for nothing;"—and on Creation's page, the ravens are fed—the lilies of the field are clothed—shall not your reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, much more clothe you?" The consolation

coming from this inscription has been tested, and its value and efficacy proved. Who has not heard of the pitiable state in which Mungo Park was left, plundered by banditti, destitute and naked? 'I sat,' he says 'for some time looking around me in amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, *naked* and *alone*; surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was 500 miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once upon my recollection; and I confess my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain and that I had no other alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence, who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in flower, caught my eye. I mention this, to shew from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of the roots, leaves, &c., without admiration. Can that Being (thought I) who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflections like these, could not allow me to despair: I started up, and

disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed—in a short time I came to a small village.'

And do we not also find the character of our God, as revealed in the Bible, and as seen in nature the same? From the two sources, we have but one testimony—from the one we learn his gracious dealings to individuals, the statement of his attributes, the unfoldings of his love, the aboundings of his compassion. We turn to nature, we hear the wind in its rushing fury, every thing is scattered and driven before it, and laid low—do we not tremble for our plants? Will their tender nature survive such sweeping fierceness, will not their delicate tissues be shivered? but a voice comes from them, and tells of the wisdom displayed in their structure, which shows the groundlessness of our fears.

Thus we see *fitness* for position; *difficulties*, not *removed* but *provided* against. What encouragement for the poor, tossed and not comforted, now dwelling in this world of storm. Afflictions beat hard, and difficulties oppress, but are we left uncared-for to bear the burden? O there is one who knows our state, who will cause the trial to work for good, and who will give his strength to support under the dispensations of his love and providence. Afflictions spring not from the dust, nor trouble from the ground; the Lord appoints the rod, and "he knoweth our frame," he will adapt all things to our wants and circumstances and condition; he ordains nothing without having in view our *profit*; as our *day*, so shall be our *strength*. We may be assured, that our condition in life, and the occurrences which arise, are all suited to us, and we to them; how lovely is this care of the Lord for us, seen in the

manner of his dealings, "he shall *feed* his flock as a Shepherd—some he *carries*, and some he *leads gently*." Jesus is the balm for every wound, if we 'constantly fix our minds on him, we shall indeed be happy and joyful, for we shall see our *completeness* in *him*, and his fulness; and be assured more and more of the love of God, who sent his Son to die for us while we were sinners, and who with him will freely give all things. Our misery of mind arises from our bias of looking upon *ourselves*, and upon one *another*; and we thus overlook the glorious truths of the gospel, which are pressed upon our notice and acceptance. We want *simple* minds to receive *simple* truths—large capacities to accept the riches of God's gifts, to comprehend his love which passeth knowledge.

We find every thing in nature full of wonder and beauty and adaptation. May we not thence deduce the comforting truth, that we may with the fullest assurance commit the keeping of our souls to God, as unto a faithful creator? If the *body* is precious, if the creeping thing of the earth has not been forgotten, if perfect organization and fitness of purpose mark the existence of creatures invisible to the human eye, shall God not care for the soul, for that for which Christ died? Our want of a right perception of truth, our lack of faith, leading us to walk by sight, robs us of *peace* and God of his *glory*. We are conscious of the temporal mercies we possess, because they come in contact with our *senses*, and we thank God for his goodness in renewing them day by day; but of spiritual blessings, of the *substance* and *reality* of the promises, we have little enjoyment. It takes little to depress us, let us rather believe God than ourselves or any of our fellow-creatures, let us take our stand upon the firm

rock of his faithfulness. And may the Spirit apply to our souls the comfort to be found in the assurance of God's graciousness; he upbraideth not—he giveth richly to *all* that call upon him—he will freely give us of his Holy Spirit. Ask, and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find. We are straightened in ourselves,—our low position in the Church,—the little polish we bear—the withering of our leaves—the small harvest of our fruits—is not (if we be willing and obedient) a part of God's discipline. Such a doctrine finds a place in our thoughts;—we cannot find it in the Lord's revealed will. "Be fruitful in every good work. Be ye holy—rejoice in the Lord," are exhortations abundantly found there; we never find the hungry sent empty away, or the child asking *bread* receiving a *stone*, or for an *egg*, a *scorpion*. Such a course is at variance with the tenderness of man—sinful humanity has a love which dictates better things than this. May this thought create in us a holy trust in our heavenly Father—we cannot have our expectations too much raised—we cannot open our mouths too wide, for in Christ there is an inexhaustible fulness, and in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

S. S.

MY SAVIOUR.

When in the morn I ope mine eyes,
My Spirit soaring to the skies
In holy thought to thee shall rise,
My Saviour.

Thy grace preserve me all day long,
In faith and patience make me strong,
And loving right and hating wrong,
My Saviour.

When on my bed at close of day,
My weary limbs adown I lay,
O let thy blessing with me stay,
My Saviour.

Nor leave me in the darksome hours,
But then, like soft refreshing showers,
Thy genial grace renew my powers,
My Saviour.

Y.

Review of Books.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE SCRIPTURAL VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH: *and its Relation to the Church Universal. Also into the Evidence respecting the alleged fact of Apostolical Succession. By William Albin Garratt, M.A. Barrister-at-Law.* London: Seeleys. 1846.

We will venture to assert that this volume is the most unpalateable morsel placed before the Romanizing party from the commencement of the controversy. A layman of undoubted piety, of unquestioned talent, and conspicuously crowned in his earlier years with the honours of high scholastic attainment within the walls of the University, has stepped forward to investigate with all the skill, tact, and persevering sagacity of an accomplished Barrister, the validity of some leading assumptions put forward by the class in question. The questions to which Mr. Garrett has principally confined himself, are,—I. Has Scripture furnished us with any authoritative model for the constitution of a Christian Church, applicable to all times and to all places? II. Does Scripture sanction the principle that it is the bounden duty of a Christian state to provide religious instruction for its subjects. III. Is the alleged fact of apostolical succession to be proved either from Scripture, or from the writings of the very early fathers, so

confidently appealed to by the upholders of the doctrine? Taking the word of God for his guide, our Author has, to our mind, disproved the first of these points; established the second on a firm basis; and left the third in a state of most forlorn discomfiture. All this is done in the most admirable spirit, so calm, so mild, so sober, as to give twofold force to what in any garb would have been powerful enough to stagger the doughtiest opponent. No root of bitterness is planted, or has room to spring up among the pages of this admirable book: it is the production of a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman, who, instead of encouraging strife or debate, labours to lead his conflicting brethren to submit their difference to Him, who, meek and lowly of heart, is the Author, not of confusion, but of peace.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM. *Part First.*—Religious Tract Society.

THE society continues to issue its monthly series: we did not see the "Song Birds," but the present number on a subject of great general interest, bespeaks no small care and talent bestowed on the task. Scientifically, it ranks amongst some of the best of our elementary works, with the additional recommendation of still keeping before the reader's mind, that the object of these magnificent heavens is to declare the glory of God, and of the firmament to show his handy work. We take a deep interest in the success of this admirable series, and earnestly hope that the support afforded to the society, will enable them to continue their truly patriotic course on the same liberal scale that has hitherto marked it.

LIGHT IN THE DWELLING; *or, a Harmony of the Four Gospels; with very Short and Simple Remarks, adapted to Reading at Family Prayers, and arranged in 365 Sections, for every Day of the Year. By the Author of "The Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," &c. Revised and Corrected by a Clergyman of the Church of England.* Hatchards.

NOTHING can be more simply sweet than the style of this book: nothing more important than its subject. Brief remarks, always to the point, full of spiritual meaning, and what is far better, of spiritual feeling, meet us in every page. Altogether it comprises a very complete Harmony of the Four Gospels, judiciously arranged: where the one great object of the soul's hope, even Jesus, is continually before the eye, and all the gracious words proceeding out of his lips, all the tender mercies of his healing hand, are dwelt upon with most touching skill. The grand doctrines of Redemption are also set forth very attractively; and in no ways above the comprehension of the youthful class for whom it is intended. It is a large book: a giant compared with its author's first production, and is intended for a more advanced age; but we can easily imagine one of the smallest members of a family toddling and tottering beneath its weight, while bearing it to the lap of a mother or sister to hear some of its beautiful little portions read. We do from our heart join in that prayer which the author has dictated at the close of her modest Preface, nor do we doubt its fulfilment.

A COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF LEVITICUS, *expository and practical. With critical notes, by the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, Collace. Author of "Memoirs of Rev. Robert M'Cheyne," "Narrative of a Mission of Enquiry to the Jews," &c. &c.*—Nisbet.

We took up this volume with some misgivings; for, as our readers must be well aware, we cannot go along with that extreme class of spiritualizers, who carry their system into what Dr. Wolff has well called 'Phantomizing.' Our apprehensions were, however, groundless; Mr. Bonar's views are scripturally broad, and he is very far from venturing on the hazardous, but too common attempt, of explaining away the literal meaning of unfulfilled prophecy into nothing, because it does not happen to square with certain generally received opinions. We honour the man who will think for himself and speak out what he thinks, whether we fully coincide with him on all points or not. The notes contain a very rich fund of deep spiritual meaning, consolation, and edification, and though he has felt himself authorized to examine on both sides the veil that was actually rent, yet he has not assumed, like some less judicious, and certainly not abler commentators, to pluck and tear the corners of that other veil which is still spread over *all* nations, and which the Lord in his own appointed time will himself remove and destroy.

SIX LECTURES *on the importance and practicability of Christian Union, chiefly in relation to the movement of the Evangelical Alliance. By J. Aldis, Pastor of the Church in Maze Pond, Southwark.*—Aylott and Jones.

THIS is a contribution from one of our Baptist brethren, in aid of the good cause which, though surrounded by difficulties, neither few nor small, is progressing, must progress, and will ultimately triumph. Mr. Aldis does not in the least flinch from speaking out as a conscientious dissenter, and we like him the better for it. We have heard it urged as an objection to the Alliance, that though while assembled together, the very best spirit pervades all its members, still in separating, each denomination returns with unabated acrimony to its denunciation against all others. If this be so the latter is undoubtedly the work of Satan, and we can scarcely adduce a stronger argument for a steady perseverance in these prayerful assemblages, on the ground of that sure promise, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh unto God and he will draw nigh unto you." Mr. Aldis writes in a very fair spirit; he has emptied his flask of oil in the troubled waves, and when the calm commences, he may be thankful that he had instrumentally, a hand in producing it.

A MANUAL OF HOMŒOPATHIC COOKERY, *designed chiefly for the use of such persons as are under Homœopathic treatment. By the wife of a Homœopathic Physician.*—Bowron.

HOMŒOPATHY forbids to those under treatment, strong, stimulating drinks, highly-seasoned dishes and articles

notoriously indigestible, or which are themselves imbued with powerful medicinal qualities. Hence the alarming outcry, that its poor victims are starved: a calumny against which we can testify from personal experience of some years. A doctor's lady has here stepped forward to do what all the doctors combined could not accomplish, and by the abundance of good cheer served up in a small volume, all strictly accordant with Homœopathic rules of diet, has given the most timid doubters full sanction to grow as fat as they please upon fish, flesh, fowl, game, pastry, fruits, and all manner of good things. It is a nice common-sense sort of a book, and no person in delicate health, whatever be his or her private opinion of the system, will be the worse for conforming to its plan of diet. We have ourselves cause to bless God for Homœopathy, and we shall ever delight to promote its advancement.

Our readers may render a service in the important work of preserving human lives, by putting into the hands of their husbands and brothers, a small four-paged pamphlet (Bagster's) entitled, 'Marine safety seats!' by W. G. Rhind. It is valuable, simple, practicable, and the author leaves it open to be improved on by others as God's good providence may direct them.

We have seen a very little book entitled, 'Parting words are weighty subjects,' (Nisbet and Co.) in the form of a dialogue, which we can recommend as a most suitable gift for any young female friend not yet rescued from the world's entanglements. The youthful author's name is suppressed: if known, that honoured name would carry the little tract to all corners of the Christian world.

THE PROTESTANT.

'After all,' said my uncle, 'the Jew is the key-note, and he alone. Trace him to the proper pitch, and all may be arranged in harmony; but till then, never.'

'And what do you call the proper pitch, uncle?'

'That at which, convinced by the signs of the times, that the period of his long, long delayed deliverance is at hand, he, that is to say, the whole body, shall turn to the Lord their God in earnest supplication, their eyes and their hearts being towards the land of their inheritance; and when, encouraged by the full and sure promises, they shall resolutely seize, and vigorously use the means placed within their reach for accomplishing the great work of a restoration, however partial, to that waiting land.'

'I feel more and more convinced that, in the work you refer to, the Jew himself must take the lead.'

'He must: he will. Nay, a Jew has already taken the lead most nobly; and with a measure of success, the amount and the value of which we do not rightly appreciate. When that devoted champion, whom I believe to be specially raised up of God in this our day for the deliverance of his people—when Sir Moses Montefiore resolved upon his mission to Russia, every thing was against him. The Czar had shown an evil spirit against the Jews; and every new item of intelligence brought forth discouragement. A resolution was evidently formed to compel them by every species of per-

secution to embrace the idolatrous creed of the Greek Church; and there appeared the most hearty zeal on the part of subordinate agents to carry into full effect the worst suggestions of the imperial will. The arrival at such a time among the congregations of Israel, whom it was their policy to reduce to utter despair, of one, whose very name carries with it the cordial of hope to the oppressed Israelite all over the world, was likely to be opposed with all the power and all the craft of unscrupulous despotism. My own impression was that passports to enter the Russian territory would be, on some pretext, denied to him; and this I know, that he himself viewed the enterprise as fraught with many difficulties and great peril too. Nevertheless, he strengthened himself in his God; and I felt a deep conviction overpowering all my fears, that he would prosper. I felt it; because I plainly saw that his hope was based on the prophetic word; and that if he gained the ear of Nicholas it would be to plead as Nehemiah did before the Persian monarch, for his afflicted brethren. Oh, how my very inmost soul was moved in fervent prayer, as I looked upon his thoughtful and anxious, but determined countenance, "Lord, give him favour in the sight of this man!" I tell you, I love that devoted Jew, and honour him with a feeling akin to what is inspired by dwelling on the acts of his heroic fathers, Gideon, Nehemiah, and the host raised up of God to deliver the nation, whenever the hour of their deliverance was at hand.'

'You do not love or honour him more than I do, uncle. I bless God for the wonderful gifts bestowed on him; and also for that very precious gift, a wife who, instead of interposing her own fears and solicitations between him and the path of perilous duty, is evermore

at hand, to encourage and to strengthen him in his boldest resolves, evermore at his side, braving fatigue and suffering, danger and death, as though she had been reared in scenes of peril, and struggled through a life of hardship and privation; instead of being cradled in the lap of luxury, and moving in the midst of all that affluence and elegance can supply to enervate the natural character. There is a positive enjoyment in contemplating that undaunted pair, mild, gentle, quiet, as the unassuming dove in aspect, and to know, as we know, that within them dwells the lion-spirit of Judah, destined yet to rouse into startling energy their mighty tribe. I pray for many, uncle; and earnestly I pray for some; but when in supplication for them, my tears gush forth, and my spirit has no rest till I have asked again and again for them all the richest fulness of the blessing pronounced on Abraham—the satisfying experience of all that sovereign, redeeming grace can give. From a little child I have feasted with intense delight on the records of those champions whom the Lord raised up on Israel's behalf. I have trembled with exulting joy amid the falling beams of Dagon's mighty temple, when Samson shook the pillars and died beneath the ruin: I have stood by Gideon as he held unconscious converse with a heavenly messenger; have gone with him to examine his dewy fleece, and watched the repeated test applied, till his band was small enough and feeble enough to work a mighty rescue. I have stooped with David over the brook, to select the smooth round pebbles best suited to the Shepherd's sling; and with queen Esther I have pressed into the monarch's presence, to plead the cause of my afflicted, doomed Israel. With Nehemiah I have gone forth by night surveying the ruined walls, and planning the restoration of every

bulwark; and this has been my delight, even from my babyhood: Blessed be the name of the Lord my God, that He has planted and nurtured in my heart so dear a love for Israel, His own Israel! And now, uncle, he has brought me to this day, when I think I have looked upon one who is chosen to do a work that for many a weary century none has even dreamed of contemplating as a possibility; and in the course of His good providence has even given me the glorious privilege of communing with my Hebrew brother, and bringing the little that I could contribute of help to the enterprise, by reminding him of all that God of old had wrought by the hands of such as he!'

'And better help he could not receive, nor any half so welcome. Now let us trace the progress of these patriots, and mark the wisdom with which it has pleased God to gift our friend so far. In the first place, he declined to have a public meeting called, or to receive any testimony of public sympathy, lest, by what might appear an ostentatious proceeding, the jealousy of the Russian Government might be roused; and also lest the tidings of his approach might so reach his desponding brethren as to rouse them into excitement fraught with danger to themselves. The exact time of his departure was therefore known but to a few select friends; and it took place at night: for his last day in England was the Sabbath of his people, and his last act was to worship in the synagogue, when special prayer was offered for some about to engage in a long journey. Thence he and his dear partner repaired to the vessel that was to bear them to the continent. It was the first act of the first day of the week with them, commencing some time after sunset, to proceed on this expedition. How many ardent prayers accompanied their outset! Yet, consi-

dering the object of the mission, and the vista of fast-fulfilling prophecy that it opened to the eye—considering what the believing Gentile owes to the Jew, and how surely the Jew is the appointed future medium of the fulness of spiritual blessings to the Gentile world—should I not rather say how few and how cold were those supplications?'

'Indeed, uncle, as the circumstance was very generally known, though the precise plan was kept secret, I must lament that so little notice, and in the way of open prayer I fear none at all, was taken of the event, by English Christians.'

'Well, here is our comfort, "I will work, and who shall let it?"

> What though none on earth assist him?
> God requires not help from man;
> What though all the world resist him?
> God will realize his plan.

I feel sure that such was the deep conviction impressed on the minds of our Hebrew brother and sister, as they felt the first movement of the vessel that bore them away on their blessed enterprise. We know but few particulars of what occurred since, excepting that the first information which greeted them on their continental journey, was the astounding news of the Polish movement; which menaced the cause of Israel with more disastrous effects than any it had yet encountered; and which was beyond measure calculated to extinguish any hope kindled in the bosoms of the travellers, as to a kind reception in Russia.'

'Some thought Sir Moses would turn back.'

'Turn back! he turn back, when weeping Israel beckons him on! No, God be thanked, he would rather say with Ezra, "Shall such a man as I flee?" and that

not from any assumption of personal importance, but from a deep sense that he is sent forth of God to do a great work for his people. This I know, that no adverse tidings prevailed to induce a pause on the route; and that our friends reached the great capital of the north, unharmed and undaunted. Now was the trial to come; now was an individual of that race, concerning whose future destinies an ignorance as profound seems to reign in the bosom of the Czar, as is that which deceives him as to their actual characters, and for whom a consequent contempt is engendered that augurs every evil practice towards them, sanctioned as it is by the persecuting virus of a false Christianity—now was this individual Jew to appear before the dread-inspiring Autocrat, who held in his hand the fate of hundreds of thousands of Hebrews, even as many as bent under the iron yoke of Pharaoh; and without any divine commission to plead, without any miracle-working rod to uplift, he was to interpose between a despotic ruler and the prey that he held with a most tenacious grasp!'

'We were praying for him: oh, what a privilege to have been kept so praying!'

'I feel it so. The caution indispensable in transmitting letters from such a country must keep us yet unacquainted with the details of that eventful audience; but this we know, that the judicious self-denial which led our champion not only to decline the personal attentions of great men in places through which he passed, which, to an ordinary mind, would have imparted a feeling of added importance, and given greater weight to his intercession, but also to avoid entering into the communities of his brethren, whose greetings of love, of gratitude, of enthusiastic veneration, such as they invariably express towards the deliverer of their

Damascus sufferers, would have been a cordial most sweet to cheer him on his way—that wise self-denial was rightly appreciated by Nicholas, who at once invited him to do what, under any other circumstances would have been most perilous to his people; and it is with the imperial sanction that he now visits all the scattered communities of Israel, on the Russian frontier, to enquire into their state, and to report to the Emperor his own opinion thereon.'

'And even this is not all. "I will say to the north, GIVE UP!"'

'Glorious word of promise! Yes; it is perhaps a small matter in the eyes of the mighty Czar, out of six hundred thousand to permit ten thousand Hebrew individuals to emigrate and to settle wheresoever Sir Moses may deem expedient; but ten thousand emigrants, under the sanction, and tacit protection of Russia, bringing their silver and their gold, their merchandize, and their mighty energies awakened to full life and twofold ardour by the wonderful event, to PALESTINE, to their own land—the land of their fathers, the land of their posterity, the land to which the Lord our God hath sworn that they shall dwell therein for ever —— why how doubly foolish and how trebly blind must we be, blinking and winking over our own petty concerns, and not lifting up our eyes to regard such a sign of the times as this!'

'And I feel very sure that it is to Judea alone that Montefiore contemplates their removal.'

'Is he not a Jew? Not in name merely but in heart, soul, faith and affections. Moreover, the way is made so plain, the whole plan proved to be so practicable, by the calm, experimental, common-sense view of the matter given by Colonel Gawler in his invaluable

pamphlet,* that nothing is wanting now but a decided manifestation among the trading Jews in London, and a vigorous effort to engage, if it be but the passive goodwill of our own government in the cause, to place the whole matter on a sure basis. Even political caution will assist in this; for if Russia sends a large body of her natural subjects to settle on a territory of acknowledged importance as a formidable frontier between herself and more southern powers, (for Turkey accounts as nothing now) it will behove those other powers to retain a hold also on the land, by a similar settlement of their own; and if each contributes but its ten thousand Jews, oh we shall see the dawn bursting of a day that will never, never close!'

'Is there no fear, dear uncle, that these nations may send Gentile settlers?'

'If we had no sure word of prophecy to guide and to cheer us, we might apprehend some such event: but we must rest on the bright token of what the Lord hath already wrought, and believe from that token that "the time to favour Zion, even the set time, is come." Now, our work is to help the Jews, to stir them up to the mighty, yet in this case very easy enterprize, and to be most careful that we cast no stumbling-block in their way.'

'How shall we help them? Would it be desirable to call a public meeting for the purpose, and form an association?'

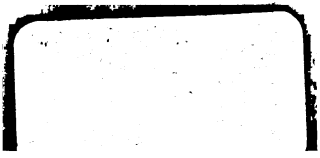
'Oh, no; nothing of the sort, my dear. Our part is to proceed as we would in pressing forward any great national measure for our own advantage: to influence others, who might in turn extend that influence in a higher sphere, and so to familiarize the minds of legis-

* "Tranquillization of Syria and the East."—Boone, Bond Street.

lators, statesmen, and royalty itself, with the subject, clearing the way for a demonstration of right feeling towards the Hebrew people. As a basis for all this, take Gawler's plain statement, itself founded on his own actual experience as governor of an infant colony for the first two years of its existence; and appeal to the Bible in confirmation of the fact that such a thing must yet be. Let the Jews know, but not ostentatiously, that thus the stones are being gathered up out of their homeward path; and leave to them the arrangement of their own plans and movements. We must furnish them with ships, political protection, and such other help as they may require at our hands: but unshackled by any terms of our prescribing, in religious matters; and unincumbered with any interference. It is to me a most strange anomaly, that almost every preacher and speaker who has any thing to say about the Jews, now openly admits the unqestionable truth that their national restoration is to precede their national conversion, and this last to be followed by the conversion, through their means, of the whole world; yet nobody comes to the legitimate conclusion, "Let us do all in our power to forward the restoration:" no, with a laudable, but most inconsistent zeal, each winds up his argument by urging us to strain every nerve to "convert them from Judaism." I exceedingly dislike that expression: what would Paul have said, if, as a believer in Christ, he had been complimented on ceasing to be a Jew?'

'We may judge of what he would have said, by what he did in Jerusalem, when, before the Church of the uncircumcision had trampled down the Church of the circumcision, he was taxed with that as a crime, *by believing Israelites*, which the Jew of our day is congra-

tulated upon by believing Gentiles. And here, uncle, I must protest against the bold assertion so continually made in public, as to the enmity against a baptized Jew, on the part of his brethren, being excited by his believing that Jesus is the Messiah. Of course, among Jews, as among nominal Christians, a true profession, evidenced by a consistent walk, will excite the obloquy that must be the portion of him who follows Jesus; but the heavy charge brought against the baptized Jew by his brethren after the flesh, is in a great measure that brought against Paul by those who were also his brethren after the spirit, "Thou teachest those Jews that are among the Gentiles to apostatize from Moses; that they should not circumcise their children, nor keep the customs of the fathers." Paul lost not an hour in refuting this as a calumny.'

'Wait patiently: we shall see things put on their right basis ere long. Meanwhile, let such as desire the salvation of all Israel, such as truly breathe the prayer "Thy kingdom come," put their hands to the work before them. Or, if they are afraid so to do, let them at least stedfastly fix their eyes upon its progress for a while, and we shall see them ere long coming forward to help, ere it be too late, to reap the blessing of him that blesseth Israel.'

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